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A

GREEN HAND'S FIRST CRUISE,

ROUGHED OUT FROM

THE LOG-BOOK OF MEMORY,

OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS STANDING:

Together with a Residence of

FIVE MONTHS IN DARTMOOR.

BY A YOUNKER.

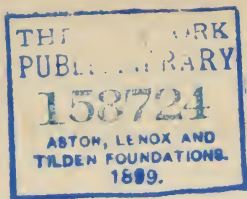
[Josiah Cobb]

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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A

GREEN HAND'S FIRST CRUISE.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST WEEK IN DARTMOOR.

As soon as we dismounted from the wagons, the five of us were ushered into the clerk's office, to have our names recorded and numbered according to seniority of entrance, and our ages, heights, complexion, trades or employments, and birth-places, noted down opposite to our names. My number was 6632, which shows how many prisoners had preceded me in the dismal abode I was about entering. After each had been gone through with his registering, a hammock, bed and blanket were given to him, *'to be returned when released.'* These preliminaries had consumed so much time, that when we were in readiness to follow the turnkey to the 'lock-up,' it was pitchy dark.

We kept close in the wake of our conductor, fearing we might be left out if we strayed from his track, now being as loth not to go to prison, as we were buoyed up with the idea of not going at all, when we spoke the schooner as related in the last chapter but one ; for to be without shelter this pitiless night of storm and darkness, was not to be desired, however abhorrent to the mind, to be confined within stone walls, made fast by bars and bolts.

The turnkey swung open the portal, in we entered, and the ponderous door of bars and rivets was slammed in our rear, with a hollow sepulchral sound, that was only equalled in dolefulness by the harsh grating of the key and the snapping of the bolts, as they shot into their deep-sunk sockets in the granite jams. I stood for a moment or more, before I could collect my sight and senses, from the glare of light and the hum of many voices which burst upon me; and the only conclusion I came to, was, that I had suddenly awaked from a disturbed dream, which had left me where I was in reality, in Pandemonium.

We stood in the upper end of the first story of the building, all thrown into one apartment, of not less than two hundred and fifty feet in length by sixty in breadth, each and every part thickly studded with lights, and more thickly peopled with human beings of every possible shape, dress and occupation. Some were cooking, some were reading, some were walking, dancing, singing, fiddling, fising; but more were gambling, or clustering around tables, on which were piled heaps of coin of all colours and value. No one noticed our entrance; so frequently were prisoners or nurses admitted from the hospital and other places, after dark, that it excited no curiosity to those inside. There we stood, and knew not which way to go, as all places seemed alike occupied to a close jam; no one portion of the apartment offering room for the stowage of either our bodies or bedding.

As I had been the first to enter, those in company seemed to await for a move or proposition from me, how to proceed. I said if we could find out any of our ship-mates, who entered with the detachment in the afternoon, they probably could give us some directions. With this sage preamble, we set out upon an exploration, but had as little guide to go by in this unknown sea of human beings, as had Robinson Crusoe, in his first survey of his desolate island. Yet, unlike him, instead of being 'lord of all we surveyed,' we were more like (not in cooing

meekness, but in forlornness,) the dove sent forth from the ark; for we had no place for the 'soles of our feet,' and had nothing but our chilled and wet carcasses, to which we could lay claim; these for a certainty were ours, with the greater certainty of the claim not being disputed, by the worthless appearance of the property in question. We had specimens of the different kinds of mud that we encountered since leaving Plymouth, varied in hue and consistency, plastered in checkered work upon an underground coating of tar and grease of a seven weeks' gathering, and brought into full relief by the trickling of the rain from head to foot, making us, without flattery, truly amiable.

After going the entire circuit of the first floor, without being 'invited in,' we then ascended to the second, crowding and jostling through the throng of this odd population in fantastical dresses, and passed through its long and seemingly endless alleys with the like success, we had met with in the first story. To the oft repeated interrogatory, for those who entered before night, we were uniformly told, that no new prisoners had come in, or that none were seen to enter who appeared like strangers, so little did the forty-four add to the large number of twelve hundred and fifty souls, already in captivity in the same building. We proceeded on to the third story, and here also we were to be disappointed in not meeting with any we knew.

I was particularly struck with the apparent high spirits all were in, as I was expecting to see nothing but misery and woe from the time of entering the prison, till liberated therefrom. I never fancied otherwise than that hunger and crime stalked uncontrolled, that the weak were at the mercy of the strong, or that aught was here but weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. To the contrary, every thing indicated happy feelings and blitheful minds, with as good order as could be met with elsewhere. None or but few appeared cast down; and while

one seemed to strive how he could show more mirth than those around him, who were listening to his nonsense, another was at his books, music, mending his garments, or making a party of cards, draughts, or other games of amusement; a third was at his stall with his scanty stock of goods, busily waiting upon his customers. Among the vast crowd, but few appeared wretched.

We retraced our steps merely for the sake of keeping in motion, not likely to be gazed at by the eyes of the curious. I felt my strength would not allow me to walk much farther, and, regardless alike of the corporal's caution and ultimate consequences, I must have lain myself down upon the stone pavement, had not I suddenly came face to face with one I had known before going to sea, and with whose relations I was intimate, I gave him the welcome intelligence of his friends being well eight weeks previous, and that I had conversed with a brother of his, the day I went on board of the brig. This man insisted I should make his hammock my bed for the night; and, not knowing I could do better, the offer was accepted. My invalid companions, not having the same offer made to them, kept on in search of the like good fortune if possible, in some other part of the prison; for windfalls of this kind seldom occur in the same latitude, when I lost sight of them for the night.

The Doctor, as he was familiarly called by his acquaintances, assisted me to divest myself of my clothing, still dripping with the wet they had been gathering through the day, and after he had warmed his blankets at a neighbouring fire, I crept between them; and never have I experienced so comfortable a bed, from that night to the present. To add still more to my enjoyment, my friend procured for me a bowl of hot coffee from a cook-shop near by, which proved as great a relish, as the warm blankets had proved a comfort.

The Doctor was a man of sensitive mind, and the sudden and unexpected news from his relatives, made so

great an impression upon his feelings, that he slept not a moment the entire night, and was either at my side, asking questions, or hastily walking the alleys till the morning dawned.

The strange noises to which I was exposed and unaccustomed, prevented me from sleeping, till long after many others were quiet in their hammocks. I had not been long in that belonging to my friend, before I espyed one of the prisoners nearly in a state of nudity, sitting in his cot, close by where I was lying, who occasionally put a question to me, concerning affairs on the other side of the water, but with so abstracted an air, as scarcely to make it apparent whether he expected an answer, and seemingly not noticing it, when given to his random and irregular queries, so deeply was he taken up with his employment. I watched him closely to find out what he was about, but I could neither learn nor imagine, and turned over with the intention of sleeping; but instead of this, I soon found myself pondering upon what that fellow *could be* about, or what strange freak should cause him to strip all to his night cap, and sit upright in the chilly draught of air, not in the least screened from the gaze of the hundreds that were constantly on the move. But their walks were as little annoying to him, as his posture or employment was a source of curiosity to them; and to the surrounding crowd he paid about as much attention, as he had to the answers I returned to his questions. He certainly was not mending, making, or doing any thing I had ever before seen done; yet he was busily bent over his small farthing candle, which had been mostly consumed, since I had first observed him at—what, I could not tell. Once I supposed he might be slightly crack-brained, and had set himself about plucking the fibres of cotton-wool which were sprouting from the ends of his fingers, much faster than he could clear them away, as we sometimes see in the fantastical imaginings of the harmless crazed. Again, the idea suggested itself, that he had been taking private lessons at

knitting through the day, and fearing he would not be perfect in the morning, he was going through the false motions, using his fingers for the lack of needles, as school boys will run their lessons over in their minds when in bed, to make them the more easy to recite in school hours.

My curiosity so entirely got the better of me, that I found it impossible to sleep or lie still, unless that chap either put out or burnt out his light, or I could ascertain what he was about; and, as it appeared the butt end of his candle would never be less, I resolved to inquire, rather than longer thus be kept in this most intolerable suspense. Accordingly, the next time my friend came within hail, in his to and fro perambulations, I beckoned him towards me, and with a suppressed whisper, lest I should be overheard by the busy-body who had raised my curiosity to fever heat, I asked what the man *could be at*? The Doctor, after casting his eyes about, without resting on *my* man, more than others within his range, said he saw no one particularly employed, beyond what was customary at bed-time. I pointed out more directly the one in question, when the Doctor, after looking at him and then at me, with a meaning that plainly told, 'you *are* a gaby,' said with much suppressed mirth, in tones to be heard by the exciter of my curiosity—

'Oh, the one without a shirt, you mean, do you? why, now that his walks abroad are over for the day, he has stripped to see if a stray louse from a foreign breed has not crept into his flock; for he has taken a strange fancy that none are equal to his, and is determined to have the breed crossed by no other, come they ever so well recommended by blood or pedigree.'

Had he said the man was searching for the plague spot, or lizards which were constantly dropping from the ceiling, I should not have been more disconcerted, or been seized with a colder shudder, than I was, at the knowledge of there being lice among the prisoners. The tale the corporal related, of the many deaths by the small-pox, was a

mere shadow to this annunciation of the Doctor. I asked him if all were liable to be in like condition. He carelessly, as he turned to pursue his walk, said, 'those who choose, have them in abundance; but others, who have no taste that way, and are willing to take a little trouble, are not bothered with them.'

I was far from being sleepy for hours after this, and was devising the best preventive against vermin so loathsome; and I fully resolved, as far as taste went, that I was decidedly against harbouring any such, however close the connection, rich in blood or renowned in pedigree. It seemed strange to me, that the Doctor exhibited so much indifference to a subject so revolting, knowing that he was from a good family, well educated, and even here, his dress was clean and neat, as were his blankets and bedding in the nicest order. I thought of but little else than the subject of the Doctor's mirth and my squeamishness for some-time; but at last, I fell asleep, and did not awaken until long after others around me had turned out and were moving.

The answer of the Doctor, to satisfy my prying curiosity, must be his introduction to the reader; for I cannot give a better delineation of this worthy man's manner, than was manifested in his dry humourous answer to my query, and the nonchalance with which he treated the whole subject. At times he was extremely witty, but he seldom followed it up by sallies, for as soon as a jest was uttered, he left others to make the most of it, and was himself the gravest of the grave.

At eight o'clock of the morning after our entrance within the walls, the prisoners were notified to be in readiness to count out in messes. As each number of six were allowed their choice of companions, I was at once initiated, or voted into the one my friend belonged to, in the place of a member, who had been guilty of something derogatory to the good standing of the same.

The men passed out of a door left open for the pur-

pose, and to every sixth man was given a numbered ticket, indicative of the number of his mess. Of course each party of six were in close connexion; and before being counted out, had formed the association. There were many who could not become members of any mess voluntarily, or by consent, on account of their ill conduct and rowdyism; and when all others had passed out, it mattered little to them who were their companions, and these then went out indiscriminately, till the whole were ticketed. These latter were denominated 'ROUGH ALLEYS,' a body of whom I shall speak more fully hereafter.

If any through carelessness, contrariness, or any other cause, remained inside till the 'messaging out' was finished, he received no rations, only as a pauper, or by a friend sharing with him, till the next counting out, which was as often as any new prisoners came in, or any number went to, or returned from, the hospital. The oftener the 'messaging out' was ordered, the greater harmony there was with the whole; for whoever became unruly, filthy in person, or any wise obnoxious, he was thrust out, and could mess with none others but his like, the Rough Alleys.

Directly after the whole had received their tickets, the cook's horn gave notice that the bread was in readiness to be served out; when the one from each mess who received the ticket at the door, being dubbed cook for the day, proceeded to the cook-house, and there waited till his number was called. The calling began at the low numbers, and proceeded in regular rotation to the highest; the cook received the ticket as he delivered the bread to the holder, strung it upon a wire, and so on in succession until all were gone through. At the next serving out of either bread or soup, the cook of the mess received his ticket, together with the provisions for the day, the numbers being now called from the highest to the lowest. Each member of the differ-

ent messes took his regular day as its cook, as often as it fell to his turn.

I found my portion of bread so much more abundant than while on shipboard, that I wondered how I should ever be enabled to get through with it. It was made of barley meal, of a dark brown colour, rather coarse, but sweet, and when warm, light and very palatable.

I was assisted by my new messmates, to rig up my hammock, set to rights my disarranged wardrobe, and directed where I could find the prison barber and the best 'washerwoman' (in man's attire.) These, together with many other tokens of like kindness I hope I may never forget. As the 'ground tier,' as well as the next above, in the portion of the space allotted to the mess, was already occupied with hammocks, mine was swung close under that part of the roof, which slanted down below the cockloft floor, and was not less than fourteen to sixteen feet from the landing below—a rather ticklish place to dress and undress, while it was swaying backwards and forwards, by the unsteadiness of my movements while within it. Yet this was more than counterbalanced by its being secure from the gaze of any, and beyond annoyance, by hanging higher than the others. I was over particular in examining its slings, before venturing my goodly person to the trial of its strength. The only way I could get to it, was by climbing a stanchion to the above height, and then crawling upon the beam, like the bear upon his horizontal limb, about ten or twelve feet, till I came to my sleeping, or rather swinging couch, where I was as snug and retired as one need desire, fearing no odds that might assail me, if missiles were not resorted to.

After I had trimmed up, and taken a survey for an hour or more, about the prisons, meeting with several whom I had known before sailing, as little expecting to see them here, as they thought of meeting me in the other world, besides falling in with my comrades of yes-

terday's march, I was lost in wonderment, so different was every thing I saw, from what I expected to find them—all, all, for the better.

In the morning I felt stronger than I could expect, after the tediousness of the march, and from the previous evening's threatenings. The Doctor, and many others, confirmed what the corporal had told me at the half-way house, that many had come into the prisons in a similar situation with myself, and not finding a place to swing their hammocks, or who had been too fatigued with the march to exert themselves to self-preservation, had lain down upon the damp pavements, taken an additional cold, with fever, and died within the week. I afterwards had many opportunities of seeing their assertions verified.

My first object now was to secure my best suit from the possibility of its being peopled with a population heretofore unknown to me. For this purpose, after well brushing, I folded, and enclosed it in a double covering of duck, stitched and sewed it till all was air-tight, determining in my own mind, it should not be disturbed till I was beyond the danger of what I was striving to avoid.

The third day after our arrival in prison, those who last entered were notified to repair to the clerk's office, for the purpose of receiving a suit of clothes entire, with the exception of a hat, of either blue or yellow, stout woollen cloth. The suits were handed to us without the least regard to fit, the largest in size as like to receive a garment only suitable for a boy of twelve, as the boy was to get one, which would hang loose upon the frame of a six-footer. I had a tolerable fit throughout, as good luck would have it, but others were on the 'list of exchanges,' as it was termed, and were searching about among their comrades, to see who had a non-fit, and was willing to swap. Now commenced a trial of evasion and recommendation, which for finesse and cunning, cannot be surpassed by the veterans of Wall-street, establishing in my mind, that

the greater part had been either brokers' boys, in their early career, or were immediate descendants from those educated in that far-famed shaving thoroughfare.

One with a scanty suit compared with his person, would stretch it to the danger of parting the unneighbourly stitches, with which it was held together, trying to fetch it into merchantable shape, so as to fit the one he was bargaining with, of far less bulk than himself; while the other in turn had a large one to fashion and put in trim for his respected opponent—both intent upon the trade, but each loth to make the first advance, thinking it showed too much anxiety to be rid of what was no use to him in its present make. Others, who had a garment which fitted, or was near enough, without the owner being over-particular, were in a bartering mood, claiming boot, according to the customer's necessities with whom they had fallen in—extolling the superior texture, make, cut and colour of theirs, over the worthless one of their opponents, that they were anxious to obtain, when the true case was known, even if they had to give double the boot they had demanded for their own.

Not unfrequently, when the bargains were consummated, the different parties would banter and jeer those with whom they had made exchanges, pointing out the many deficiencies of the very garments they had so lately been extolling to the skies, thereby showing their worst failings were not a tact for trade.

‘May they do you much good,’ as the cook said when he tossed a couple of hot shot to the shark, who mistook them for pills in a fit of the gripes; but if you don't find the larboard leg of your new trousers half a fathom shorter than the starboard, I'm no judge of longs and shorts. You can hide the cripple easily, however, by hauling the long stocking over all—that is, always supposing they are strong enough to bear a pull; for may I be blown up with a torpedo, if I don't think the sneeze I let off while handling them, went through and through, without touching a yarn.’

'That's more than yours will hide—they are so spare, and have so many inlets and outlets, you never will be able to find the way into them, without a pilot; and as to the other parts of the suit, that was so lately boasting of me being its owner, why, the jacket is well enough, only the tailor has put two left sleeves to it, and set the pockets upside down; but the trousers are second-hand, as you may know by the crumbs of tobacco the last wearer left in its fob; and by a small label on the waistband, you may also learn the last wearer was doing hospital duty in his hammock, since dead, no doubt, and has no farther use for them. I hope you have had the small-pox in the natural way, otherwise you'd best make another swap—hoping the next may be more to your liking than the last, if scowling means dissatisfaction.'

'Top my lights, shipmate, but you have the weather-guage of me this time, cheat though you be. If I don't bother some one yet, call me a marine.'

'Here are shoes 'paired but not matched,' as the parson said after marrying a couple in the dark, and found one was a nigger when the light came. This one was made for my gouty old grandfather, the toe fashioned from the stern of a Dutch lugger, while the other is small enough to raise corns upon the bowl of my pipe, should it wear it.'

'I have the match for the smaller, and Hek. Johnson has the broad-beamed one, so let's toss up for first choice.'

This was the only and last resort, when they could swap or exchange no longer, the missfits becoming so far out of the way, that none would take them from first hands at any odds, and they were forced to keep and wear them as best they could, making a most ridiculous figure, for the sport and jesting of their companions. One would have what the tailor intended to be pantaloons; but with a pair of cuffs, they would answer equally as well for a roundabout. Another's jacket sleeves were placed so near in contact upon one side, that the wearer

was under the necessity of asking advice of the bystanders, which was the larboard and which the starboard, chalking them as directed, to keep his memory right for the future. All these mishaps, or rather misfits, were taken in much good humour, none showing anger at their disappointments.

These 'served out suits' were always hawking about the prisons, by the Jews, (old-clothes-men,) when the owners wanted to raise the wind, or were over nice in their persons, and not wishing to appear in 'king's clothing.' They could generally be purchased for six or seven shillings, or one dollar and fifty cents; that is, the trousers, vest, and roundabout. How often these suits were renewed to the prisoners, I know not, as none received more than one while in Dartmoor; or what provision was made for clothing us differently from the above, or how we should have been provided for, had the war continued, and we kept in confinement, I am equally ignorant.

I awoke one morning, and was surprised that the usual noises were hushed, or not yet begun, and turned over, intending to sleep, supposing it was too early to rise. After lying till I was tired, I arose, found it two hours later than common, and I the last of the mess from my hammock. The others were up, shaved, tidily dressed, as were those moving around in better trim than formerly, which admonished me it was the Sabbath, and the first to me in Dartmoor.

The contrast to the usual noises of the prison, was strikingly apparent—no cries for the sale of articles, no music, no play, no loud laughs, all was order and quietness, each one appeared in his best suit and cleanest apparel, as though he were at his native village, prepared to attend church, and meet those who would frown alike upon the neglect of his person, or the careless indifference as to his habiliments.

The day was spent in reading, visiting each other, so-

cial intercourse, rationally narrating the events each had passed through, in the checkered and eventful life their occupation had brought upon them, bringing by-gone circumstances again to life, keeping alive the remembrance of their far-off homes, and those of their connexions, whom they hoped again to meet, after years of wanderings upon the stormy and troubled ocean of life, and speculating upon the probable time of leaving the prisons; all very well knew this could not be, however, till the sloop of war Favourite should return with the ratification of the negotiations for peace. As she sailed about the first of January from England, she could not be looked for till about the first of March.

There had at times been meetings in the prisons, by preachers from without; but none was held this Sabbath. The day passed off as it had begun, uniformly quiet and still; and I have never seen the Sabbath more respected in any of our populous cities, than it was here, while I was a sojourner within the walls of Dartmoor. Even up to the last of our confinement, when none had employment, when the whole were moneyless, dispirited, and almost frenzied with their lengthened imprisonment, all looked to the coming Sabbath as a day of rest; and by the quiet demeanor of the turbulent, the softened feelings depicted upon the countenances of the woe-worn, the careful adjustment of the garments of other times, it was manifest the day had its influence upon the greater part of those in confinement, either by early instruction, or after association.

My health was still getting worse, and vainly was I endeavouring to obtain relief from my harsh cough, and as vainly endeavouring to be vaccinated for the kinepock. Each day from the one after my arrival, did I go to the doctor's office in the hospital yard, at nine o'clock, A. M., the hour set apart for those in ill health to receive advice and medicine, who chose to remain in their messes; but I was told at every visit, after waiting from

one to two hours, so great was the crowd thereat for the same purpose as myself, to 'call again.' And call again I might, till the present time, if the head physician, Dr. McGrawth, had not intercepted me on my eighth return, I being the last that left the office, and inquired my wants. I stated I had never been inoculated, and was otherwise indisposed; that I had called at the office every day since my arrival, without receiving any thing but 'call again;' and that I was certainly not mending under the treatment.

After rating his subordinates soundly, none the smoother by his native broad Scotch accent, he inoculated me, and gave me a mixture which eased my cough, with instructions to call every morning for the future whether better or worse. Had the dagger looks which I received from the basilisk eyes of his understrappers, been boluses, shot from their own syringes, I should have had no farther occasion for medicine ever after.

At each of the visits, which were continued eight successive days, before the matter took in my arm, I was in close contact with those who were in every stage of the small-pox, except the last, yet without taking the disease. The prisoners had a great aversion to going to the hospital, and many would not go till the last moment. When the scab on my arm was in a proper state, I was required to be in the office daily as usual, to have the matter transferred to others, who were to be inoculated; but after the third morning, I was among the missing, when the list was called. Whether search was made for the absentee, was not known, but up to the present time he has not been there, nor have they ever encountered him. I found when the superintendant was engaged, little attention was paid to the sick by the others, and the medicine they had latterly given me, with the exception of the cough drops, did me more harm than good. Albeit, I had no small misgivings, that my former complaints to the head physician, with the consequences, were still remembered by his

subordinates, and might be cancelled by a change of my cough mixture, with the certainty of its curing the cough, at the expense of what I valued more, without the public ever being the wiser as to the cure, or my relations why I tarried in England? So I firmly resolved to let nature take its course, and either live or die in the prison with my kind-hearted messmates, who were doing every thing to relieve me, their scanty means allowed.

I may as well go on with myself and be done with it, but I would sooner speak of any six others, be they friends or enemies; yet in spite of our endeavours, the first person singular will thrust himself upon one's attention whether favourably received or not.

I had gradually been getting worse, from my entrance into the prison, till I was extremely ill; and one Sunday my sickness, aggravated by the cough which had greatly increased, was such, as to cause me to think seriously, I could stand it but little longer, unless speedily relieved. I had taken no nourishment for several days, and I was so low as to be unable to help myself. I believe this was the only time I felt a conviction, that the sickness under which I was suffering would terminate fatally. After trying every expedient my messmates could devise for my relief, ineffectually, my friend the Doctor recollected he had a quantity of wormwood in his bag, that he had preserved in good condition since his capture; this he boiled until it made an extremely strong and bitter decoction, and gave it to me in a dose sufficient to kill or cure a horse, or a family of horses, if bitterness and quantity have either virtue or bane in them.

My medical acquirements then were not so profound, as to allow me to say, that such a dose was judiciously or injudiciously administered; nor are my elaborate readings now only sufficient for me to know, that Lee has long since given place to Morrison, who, in turn, has had to knock under to Brandreth, and that quackery stalks unblushingly throughout the land. But of this much I am certain, that,

immediately on taking the decoction, I slept, nor did I waken for thirty hours afterwards. As soon as I opened my eyes I felt a change for the better. I was in a profuse perspiration, which had continued from soon after I first slept. I gradually mended, till I entirely recovered my strength and elasticity, though not till three months had expired, from the time of my swallowing this strong decoction of wormwood.

During my long slumber, from which no efforts of my friend could arouse me, it began to be whispered about, 'whose fault was it, that he was drugged so high?' The Doctor, notwithstanding his squirmings to avoid investigation, reluctantly had to father the blame, which was freely thrown out within his hearing, at the supposed dangerous effect, that must follow his over-dose, and could screen himself from the fault of not holding a consultation in no other way, than by boldly saying, his title fully legalized his proceedings. As he risked his reputation on the cure, so of right he ought to have all the praise; for verily to him and his decoction are the public indebted for the life of him, who is inditing this for their edification.

Some few weeks subsequent to my 'first week in Dartmoor,' it was rumoured that more prisoners were on the way from Plymouth, who, I supposed, might be the remainder of the crew of our brig. I was long upon the look-out before they arrived, and at last was much gratified at seeing the tall figure of the Fifer, surmounted by the red cap of port-hole memory, among the throng, as they were ushered through the gate, at the upper end of the market square.

This portion of the brig's crew had been sent round from Fayal to St. Michael's, where they had to remain till a vessel was found to take them to England. The Fifer was nearly naked, so careless had he been of his clothing. He said it was not his fault, 'for looking after one's duds, I am not used to, and hang me if I think I ever shall be, till I have nothing to look after.' I thought

the time was nearer at hand than he was aware, when his attention might be turned that way, without any accusing him of letting matters of graver import pass, while his mind was taken up with the adorning of his person. I had the satisfaction of rendering to his comfort, the like kindness the Doctor had shown me when I first entered the prison. This, together with the clothes he had given to him the next day, put him in tolerable trim. But the sailor suit became the wearer as little as the wearer graced the blue jacket and trousers.

I had likewise the satisfaction of meeting the kind-hearted corporal, who fought so bravely that I should ride over the hills leading to Dartmoor.

Nimble Billy had absolutely grown fat since I saw him last; and he had now learned to look upon nothing as strange; nor would he, if taken to the king's palace at Windsor, and told that was to be his prison-house, so utterly different was all from his expectations. He was told by one of the brig's crew, 'that if he ever reached his home, it would take a six months' unravelling to get the kinks and knots out of his knowledge-box, before he would be fit for shore duty.' Billy said nothing, but looked very much as if he should like to be on the trial.

The smiling face and well-trimmed curls of the coachman, were not among the least conspicuous of the detachment. No one could suppose him to have passed through the scenes he had encountered, with his former trig appearance unimpaired; for were a coach in readiness, he would have mounted the seat, without any one knowing he had been otherwise engaged. I mentally came to the conclusion, (probably if I had spoken my thoughts, some one within hearing might have confirmed my reasonings,) that he must naturally possess cleanly habits, or I was for the time being, a great sloven. How he managed to keep himself so tidy, I know not, unless by the enveloping his person with the great-coat and three-yard square shawl, without which he had never passed a moment.

Our captain and first lieutenant were paroled out, after a day or two messing in prison, and resided at Ashburton, some twenty miles distant from the Depot, with the other prisoners of war, who were also entitled to their parole. All within the walls fared alike, none having the least preference or distinction above his neighbour, except by natural abilities and personal qualifications, such as will always place one man above the level of another. Had the guns of the brig been thrown overboard during the chase, the two officers before mentioned could not have obtained their parole. No one enjoyed it, but such as commanded a certain number when taken.

CHAP. II.

FIRST WALKS THROUGH THE PRISONS.

My first walks through the prisons were interesting in the extreme, and afforded me much amusement, as well as matter for reflection and instruction. Apart from the idea that I was one of the throng, nothing could be more delightfully engaging. Perhaps I was the more taken with the walk, by being accompanied with the Doctor, who had an abundance of ready wit, lively humour, and instructive good sense; and above all, he possessed that happy knack of mingling raillery with praise, buffoonery with gravity, ludicrous grimace with a serious aspect, without others, unacquainted with his manner, knowing which was his drift.

Here sits a man, of rough and uncouth exterior, busily engaged fashioning a tiny ship, from such materials as he can collect, giving it the rake, rig, and jaunting appearance of the one he sailed in when in his glory, and

his greatest favourite—imitating it to exactness, as to number of guns, stripes at the sides, figure-head, and all other particulars, save the name, which he has christened after his former sweetheart, as you can read, by looking below her cabin windows. This feature goes far to show the constancy of a sailor's thoughts, however his conduct may be exaggerated by evil reports. This industrious fellow never tires at his finical job, having already spent months at his favourite, but not yet half finished, ship of the line, which, when completed, he intends to box up, and take with him, when he gains his liberty, to his home, to give it as a keepsake to that 'dear little darling,' his former sweetheart, whose name she bears, and who, most likely, is now a grey-headed matron, surrounded by daughters, older than she was herself, more than twenty years back, since the one has seen or heard of the other. On all other subjects this man is perfectly sane. To convince him of the falsity of his musings would be cruel in the extreme, and but little less than an infringement upon sanctity itself.

Now we have fallen in with an industrious firm of half a dozen, each differently employed. While one is cobbling at a pair of wooden soles, of an inch in thickness, which he is striving to fasten in their proper places, by driving in nails of sufficient length to clinch; another is covering a worn-out hat-body with canvass, to be afterwards smeared with wax, blackened and polished, till it is in a suitable condition to receive its christening of a real 'tarpaulin.' The third is plying busily his single needle of bone, converting the ravellings of his cast-off stockings into a *new-made* pair of gloves, the material being finer than common; the coarser yarns are worked into caps, suspenders, and stockings again, which will always sell at the many stalls you see about the prisons, where the like commodities are kept. The fourth is at his former occupation before he tried his luck upon the ocean, giving the latest tip to a new-made sailor's suit of

navy blue broadcloth, which a customer of his has been enabled to raise, with the last and final dividend of the prize-money accruing and due to him, while doing duty as an impressed seaman, before he gave himself up as a prisoner of war, and was here incarcerated.

The fifth is busily dealing out a dark-coloured beverage, first from one, then from the other tin boiler, with a furnace attached to each, to his numerous customers in waiting, with a promptitude and handiness, that not only shows the long practice he has had at the occupation, but also tells his fitness of temperament and zeal to excel others in the same line of business. The beverage he serves up to his customers is not unlike the countryman's sign, so little resembling what the painter intended, that he found it necessary to put underneath, 'this is the man, this the horse;' so with this loquacious dealer in hot slops, no one can know what he is drinking, when at the stall, only for the standing sign above.

'At hap'urth a point, hot teay sold heaer,
Hot kofy at dubble the furst,
If les, in a weak, bye hoka, we fear
We shud fale, so dam'me—no truste.'

You can hear by the questions asked, the landlord as often draws out of the wrong boiler as the right, in his hurry that none shall be kept waiting for their morning's meal, and the customers have only his word that they have what their tastes so peculiarly crave. Nay, if it were not for the known honesty of this caterer, I should think the difference of price between the two slops warped his memory at times; for while we have been loitering here, he has thrice drawn from the teapot, when he should have tapped the coffee, without the guests knowing the trick put upon them. This firm deserves all they gain, for their tact in making the tea not to be distinguished from the coffee, and vice versa, still charging double for the one than the other.

The sixth stands cook for the day, as you see, while he is busily gathering up the dishes from the mess table, preparatory to taking them with his neat kid to the run of water out-side for a wash, (not liking to displease the missus by sprinkling the carpet,) afterwards they are to be arranged in the window recess, with as much taste as the ingenuity of the man can display. The thriftiness of these men, tells well the success they have met with, as much by the dashy appearance they are enabled to make when off duty, as the certainty that when leaving the prisons, each can take with him in coin the greatest half of a thousand dollars, which a certain box in their mess-place can verify, if needs be. This is another instance, where men are determined to do, against all odds they will succeed.

There to the left is a new beginner at shop-keeping, who has but just laid in his goods, consisting of a pound of butter, a plug of tobacco, half a dozen pipes, as many skeins of thread, a paper of needles, and eight or ten rows of pins. He already shows the future merchant, by the multiplicity of his designs in exhibiting his scanty stock, so as to make it appear as large and attractive, as his neighbour's of longer standing across the way, who is now sneering at his rival, for hoping to entice the secure custom from his well-established stall, by adding a crumb of butter of a pea's size to the top of the usual penny's worth lump. If one may be allowed a free use of his opinion, by the industry of movement, tact at displaying his valuables, and intelligence of physiognomy, the new trader is like to supplant the one of longer standing, in the good business he has been driving without opposition; for now there is an opposition, many customers of the former can find faults, when before they displayed no dislike, at either the price or the quality of the goods sold them. These fault-finders are generally confined to those, who once have been in credit, or would like to stand on the debit side of the ledger. Now the new trader is making

his first sale; and if his adroitness, at slipping off the pea-sized crumb from the larger lump, unseen by the purchaser, does not tell from what section of the States he hails, it matters not whether others are left in their ignorance in this important fact, or not.

Hark! oh, that is the crier of the prison, who will shortly be this way, for he goes through every avenue before he is done with his duty. We will just glance at a few of the many pictures this man has for sale, till he comes along. You see the greater portion of them are representations on ship-board, battles, and such things as the painter is best acquainted with. Although of much ingenuity, he ventures not beyond his knowledge.

Here comes the one we are waiting for, who is a great favourite among the prisoners—always striving to make others laugh, but is never seen to smile himself—yes, he is never without his smile, but laughs not. His long and severe duty on board a British man-of-war, as an impressed seaman, has given him a little of the head-and-shoulder push forward, and a timid rather than a tottering gait, else he would still measure his six feet. The low-crowned hat, with curled brim or continued gutter, tells, by the peculiar manner it is worn, the owner is a man of mirth and fun. If we listen we shall know why he is out with the call and the whistle, a better cannot be blown in prison. With his other attributes, he claims to be a legitimate rhymer; but at times he is as sadly deficient in memory, as is the tea vender, and often makes worse blunders without the gain, especially when he attempts to soar.

‘Know ye all, short and tall, great and small, that Bob Star and Shott Morgan are to settle the difference that is between them, to-morrow morning at half past nine o’clock, at the ball-alley, the usual place for affairs of this kind; and, as Bob is a rare one, and Shott is a dare one, and the box is a fair one, much sport is expected; so now come and see, this chicamaree, and know that ’tis me, Old Davis, afflicted, who is crying you this notice; although a little

rounded in the shoulders, yet he's a r-r-r-eady old dog! whether or no, Tom Collins!! twee-it; twee-it! tu-wit! tu-wit-twit-twit-twit,' and away he goes with his whistle, to vary his crude poetry at the next corner. These renowned pugilists have given him a penny each, to gather a crowd, that the fight may come off with eclat. They will both have their seconds, and the set-to will go off with as much decorum, as such scenes can, with proper regulations.

Now we are jostled in our walk by this 'Jew-pedlar,' or 'old-clothes-man,' though young in years, with his pyramid of hats upon his head, and altogether so loaded with his commission goods, as to be nearly hidden from view himself; the more so by the wish to exhibit each of the many owners' wares to equal advantage. By his hanging the blue trousers astride his neck, with the waistbands spread upon his broad back, one might suppose his object is to display them to the best advantage, to quicken the sale; but his aim is, to keep the brown patch stitched to the seat with light thread, out of sight. Across each arm are three or four shirts of different material, stripe and colour;—tied to each of his many-buttoned waistcoat, is either a stocking, cap, comfort, or variegated basket—the good qualities of each he is telling forth to those within hearing, in all the quaint sayings, ludicrous grimace, bombastic style and vociferous gesticulation he is master of, to attract buyers to his goods and wares. 'Here is the hat, (twirling it upon the tip of a cane) which was worn by the brave Decatur, when he boarded and set fire to the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbour of Tripoli, giving the Turks a chance of a roast or a swim, when hanging was too good for such thieving infidels, who recite their prayers as my competitor over the way praises his goods, without meaning what he says, a crime worse than being Turk, Jew and heathen together. The hat, the hat, who'll buy the hat, which has a charm that will ward off the bullets of the enemy, as can be seen by the one which entered it

on that memorable occasion, without harming the head it covered. Who'll buy a charmed hat, now going cheap? Who'll buy the charmed hat for one shilling and ninepence? the buyer by giving two shillings, can have a look at the bullet that entered the hat, for the odd change. Now buy the hat, that one was shot, while on the head of him that took, and killed outright a bloody Turk, without himself once being hurt; now here it twirls upon the cane, that once belonged to him so great of Trafalgar's almighty fight, which can be had for a shilling, with bond and security (as far as hard promises go) that the ferule is of solid silver, and alone worth eighteen pence, at half the price old metal is selling at. Or if the hat or cane don't suit, try a cap that was worn at the battle of the Nile, by one that was so close in the fight, as to have its nap carried away by the enemy's shot, till it was left in the threadbare state you see it. Had I the impudence of some in the trade, I might say *it* had a charm against danger, but I scorn to say what I have not authority to prove.'

And thus the fellow is rattling on, giving each of his many wares their necessary puff, without partiality to any, if we except the entire suit his good body is covered with, which belongs to a particular friend of his, who has been for a long time sick in the hospital, but is now convalescent, and wishes to raise the wind against the day he comes out, by parting with this suit of clothing. To quicken the sale, or to exhibit the clothes to advantage, the pedlar has taken this method, without apparently its having answered the object, as no price has as yet met the wishes of the salesman, and probably none will, until another suit is handed him of equal fit and fashion. We shall see many of this man's calling, but none of greater tact, readier wit, finer fancy, more favouritism, or surer thrift, than this Jew-pedlar, Frank Dolphin.

While we are loitering, up comes a bawling chap, with 'hot plumgudgeons! who'll buy nice large hot plumgudgeons, for a penny a-piece;—just now smoking from the

frying-pan, warranted to cure all diseases, and a never-failing remedy for that very unpleasant, as well as ungentle complaint about the region of the stomach, most commonly felt after some hours fasting, vulgarly called hunger;—come, buy my large, fine lot—crisping, nice and smoking hot—plumgudgeons, for a penny; be quick, I have not many—they've double the worth of fish, to say nothing of the dish, the potatoes and the fat, onions, pepper and all that;—at once now don't you all, for plumgudgeons so fast call, but give time for me to see, if all pay who've bought of me. Oh-ho! my brown plumgudgeons, hot, crisping, nice and smoking hot.' This being interpreted, means, boiled potatoes, mashed, flavoured with codfish, (the mixing of the fish with the potatoes cannot be called more,) put into saucer-shaped cakes, and fried to a delicate brown—a very palatable dainty, here or elsewhere.

Now here comes that chattering, monkey-faced negro, with his platter of fritters piled chin high, who has gained the reputation of making the best in the prisons—mayhap, his trumpet-toned voice has no small share in drawing buyers to his delicately flavoured fritters. He has the art of making them appear double the size of others in the profession, without the waste of material, by the peculiar blisterings he gives them. 'Fr-r-r-r-itters lighter dan da 'punge, bigger dan a nobodies—de pan so clean what fry 'um, a man can shabe heself in, or see he purty face, dout tearing it to tatters;—tur-r-r-r-it! tur-r-r-r-it! frit! ter-r-r-frit! ter-r-r-frit!' The fellow's tongue is hung in the middle, with a double spring at each end, of a quivering material, to keep it in operation.

Now come we to the region of good living, by the savoury smell that assails our olfactories, from yonder table of well-spread dainties, whose proprietor can vie in taste or display, with any in christendom. Look at the nice trussing of yonder suckling, which is not yet old enough to enter the porker state; how gracefully is it re-

lieved by the fowl at either flank, as are the whole shaded by the curling stems of the delicately bleached celery. The heavy goose, farther down the table, is not unlike a dismantled three-decker, moored to protect the smaller fleet, which are hovering under her lee, that the first crash of the attack shall fall upon the tough ribs of this unconquered of many a fight, which show symptoms of a determined resistance; and whose enemies, after silencing her, will have but a poor relish for a fresh onset upon this fleet of duck, fowl and quail, which, with each a butter-boat at its stern, show a wish to gain the shoal water of safety, rather than risk a bout with a victorious enemy, in which they must inevitably be cut up and destroyed. So nicely are those perch browned, that it requires a second look to say they are yet without their scales. The round of beef, with its volcanic shape, now throwing off its savoury steam, from its smothered internal heat, is not second to the surloin sweating its surplus fat from each and every pore, indicating the hot region it has but lately passed through.

Here come the patrons of this richly overloaded table, in the shape of a trio of portly fellows, who have been successful at the faro, and knowing 'what is mine to-day, may be yours to-morrow,' in this uncertain business of theirs, they are resolved to have one full meal, and that one fit for a king; for to-morrow they will have lost their all, and be obliged to go upon their rations alone, as others do, who are more honest than themselves. By the length of the table, the number of covers, and the varieties of meat, fish, fowl and pastries, one can judge of the business the proprietor does. At this board, a dinner will cost three shillings, enough to keep a man for a week, together with his rations, when expended judiciously, and yet he may live well.

As seduction is in the looks of the many gambling tables, both to the right and left, covered with heaps of copper and silver coin, according to the respectability of the company around them, we will give them a wide

berth, and pass on to the glazed window to the right, which affords light to the master and his pupils near by. The teacher has a severe task in explaining the difference in the meaning of the hackneyed 'young idea how to shoot,' and the practical illustrations his class have received of such things; for their minds are so set with 'ram home well—throw in the langrage—depress a little—steady lads—wait the roll—let 'um have it—fire!' that any one who can make them disbelieve what they already 'know to be right,' deserves LL.D. to his name for his powers of reasoning, or A.S.S. for attempting what is impossible. Here, at the end of the table is one of fifty, if greyness be authority, as busily poring over the first rudiments of spelling, as ever he was, when working a turk's head at the end of a hard rope, under the eye of the officer of the deck. Hear him gravely remark, that he is all in a snarl, lost in the fog, at finding *be* in one place, and *bee* in another; swearing in the midst of his troubles, that the printer has spliced on the extra *e* just to crack his brain, when if ever he comes athwart his hause, he will show him a harder argument. The teacher sets him aright.

Opposite to the weather-beaten speller, sits one at his figures, substituting the table-top for a slate, and chalk for a pencil. The hard grinding of his teeth, together with the many thumps his head is undergoing from his lignum-vitæ fists, conclusively show, the hard task his Turk of a teacher has given him; but whether the thumps are thus lavishly plied to knock out the problem, or knock in the necessary sense to solve it, is not so apparent.

'Teacher, my old lad o' wax, you say, by adding the two lines of figures together, and carrying according to rule, I shall get my right reckoning—now I have added all I know, besides much I am ignorant of, and have carried the sum to every corner of the table, yet I'm as far from port as was the monkey, when he mistook the ash-hole, after spreeing all night, for his own box, saying,

‘snuffling and sneezes, what a smothering atmosphere.’ I’m not the first to find fault or breed a mutiny, but unless I shortly get soundings, I shall become desperate, rub all out, and begin anew.’ He is relieved by the teacher doing his figurings for him, thinking it shorter, than going again for the twentieth time into particulars.

But here is one, who can do, as he applies mind to matter in forming his letters—his death grasp to the pen, fully shows his determination to do or die; and were he splicing a cable off Cape Cod, in the month of December, he would not twist and work harder, with his frosty marlin-spike, than he does with his pen. Now, by the enlarging of the eyes, and gradually circling the mouth, is he doing his best at the o—giving the mouth a wide expansion, but ending with a puckering eyelet, as he connects the lines at the beginning. Again, by the crampings of the face, twisting it to a strong side glance, regardless of the nose taking the place of the larboard eye, while its starboard is altogether knocked out of line, he is endeavouring to win the next medal for the most delicate hair-stroke and curve line. Now is this veteran of fifty or more, reaching forwards with the firm but determined lunge of a boarding-pike-thrust, to fashion the capital letter to his liking—still he is pressing on, as oft before in the deadly onset of boarding—look! by his eagerness to excel, nothing less than a shout can be expected, or a leap forward—there! he is upright! storming at an unruly urchin of some ten years his junior, for having thrust a pin to its length in his stern. The writer has been so absorbed in his task, as scarcely to feel the pin at first, till the mischievous scamp gave it the finishing drive and cleared out. It was this that caused his reachings forward, and not the intention of boarding an enemy, nor the endeavouring to form the capital, for he had not progressed so far in his studies, a mistake I am happy to correct before its getting abroad.

By this discoursing of sweet sounds, we can be in no

less a latitude than that of a teacher of music, who has a variety of performers around him, with fife, flute, clarionet, a trio of violins besides his own, all of different keys, and none in tune, each heartily striving to drown the discord of his neighbour's instrument, by the harshness of his own unmusical sounds. The teacher is scraping away lustily upon his only remaining string, and he is doing good service both to his class and his hearers; which should be a sufficient excuse for the lack of the given number that he is not able to replace, till the next quarter bills become due; but he is promised the loan of a full-stringed instrument at the ensuing exhibition, for which they are now practising, provided he is disappointed in the promptness of his pupils to pay up; so on no consideration shall the public be disappointed in their expectations. The exhibition to take place without regard to weather. Let me ask a question of this bystander, who is making ears of his mouth, by the way he is stretching it.

'Can you tell me whether the man with the clarionet is in fun or in earnest, in ecstasy or pain?' (A look is the only answer.)

'Perhaps you can say, by his gobbling its end, twisting his body, and thus desperately stretching his eyes—is he trying to swallow it, or is he endeavouring to hold it from being drawn in by the tremendous suction caused by the strain put upon his stomach in striving to keep up with the others?' (Another look, with a move to the left, where the sane portion of the audience are standing.)

We will take a look into this boxing academy, if we can penetrate the compact ring of spectators, whose numbers argue well for the taste for science. While the boxers are busily engaged with their clumsy gloves, pummelling each other's knobs and ribs, for the amusement of the junior fry, who are yet to be the Cribs and the Mollineaux of boxing celebrity, the most renowned heroes

in all christendom, in the youngsters' estimation, we will keep an eye upon that mercurial chap, who has caught the infection of this all-absorbing play, and is now squaring away at the post in his front, trying to restrain his elbows from their hankering propensity of flying out at right angles, then jerking back in a threatening obtuse angle, to again be brought in a line with the mischievous fists at the arms' extremities, which begin to coil in hostile array ; and, I believe, are the more guilty of the two, by their pugnacious intentions of picking a quarrel with the cleet nailed upon the post, which the boxer has mistaken for the nose on his antagonist's face, and seems determined to tap it for claret ; but he will speedily be sensible of his error, if he does but graze the wood with his knuckles, in one of the many scientific hits he is furiously making at it, each one closer than the last—good ! He's got it now—he's already hit the wood, but finds the claret nearer home, than his selfish feelings relish. By his hopping first on one foot, then on the other, giving the relieved one a high twitch up, while mumbling his skinned knuckles in his mouth, one might suppose that the pain is in doubt where to locate ; or that the sudden transition of this solo boxer's amusement has so distracted his ideas, as to make it entirely uncertain where it lies. One word in his praise ; his elastic spring, excellent—his guards, none better—hits, good, but not well followed up.

In yonder corner is a dancing-school, which we might have passed without seeing, only for the heads of the dancers bobbing one above the other ; for they are noiseless, compared to the surrounding crowd. The teacher of this divine art, unlike him of the musical school with the one-stringed fiddle, which, by-the-bye, argues sadly against the taste of the community towards this polite accomplishment, cannot raise the wherewith, by his profession, for either strings or fiddle ; but he does far to make good the deficiency, by going through the false

motions to a nicety, of both fingering and bowing; and his supplying the notes from his own inimitable whistlings, is a substitute for the violin of no mean worth, especially if accompanied by quirks and grimaces suitable to the tune, and judiciously put in; and then it is much more laughable than the scrapings upon a real Cremona, to the by-standers, who are watching his nervous excitability, as he comes to any particular turn in his tune, by the stretching of his lank, crawling fingers to his wrist, and holding fast the supposed instrument with his chin. Now, he slides back and forth, up and down the finger-board, and ends with that graceful trill, worked out from the extremity of his every limb, in which his head comes in for the greatest share, as the whistling changes to a low blubbering growl of savage sullenness. How vain to attempt imitating this master movement; and it is doubtful whether he ever could get through with it himself, only by the admirable manner of his handling the bow. These by gesture and costume are entirely French, both teacher and pupils.

Let us pass on, making no stop at the numerous cribbage and draught players, card parties, the many glee clubs and other sociable gatherings which we may meet, as they can be seen any day, when nothing more interesting offers. But here at this theatrical establishment, we will stop and take a look inside, before the time arrives for the performance to commence, which is close at hand, as you see the players have already begun to dress for the exhibition.

Keep your eye upon that tall and portly fellow to the left of the front wing, whose face has been depopulated of its surplus carbuncles, to add greater attractions to the nose, which has gained what the face has lost, and is now preponderating with its heavy burthen of blotches, till its weight has drawn the right eye two points out of its parallel line with its mate; and, as regards bulk, is worth the entire face. This man is to take the part of the gay

lover; while he with the sabre-gashed nose and cheek, is to be the stage beauty. The latter has but few charms, to attract either the pity or admiration of an audience; but he is selected solely on account of his certainly very handsome head of hair, of several years' growth. He has taken an oath, it shall not again be cropped, till he sees his country and his home. The curling locks serve in part to conceal the ugly scar that the sabre has made, by its taking an upward slant, after being well bedded in the nose and cheek, shoving up a pound lump or more of the flesh close under the eye, where it cooled and became stationary. As I was saying, the hair serves now, in part, to hide this revolting deformity, by the fanciful manner the owner is twisting and patting it over the left blinker and knarled cheek, preparatory to appearing before the audience.

Whilst the lady, that is to be, is busily engaged tricing up the trousers' legs, so they shall not show below the petticoats, (the missus thinking herself too large to sport paddies) lest we shall be accused of ungallantry in watching the heroine at her toilet, we can turn aside, and still listen to the short dialogue that is going on between this gay Lothario of forty-five, and his senior partner in trade, in petticoats, as well as co-worker in theatricals, without interfering with our time, as it is yet fifteen minutes before the audience will begin to assemble.

'Mac, my darling,' says he in the petticoats, 'now as we are to receive prize-money all alike, try and do your prettiest—come it strong in the love scene; but don't get into your tantrams, as you did the last performance; if you do, why the audience shall see a bit of interlude not mentioned in the bills, just between ourselves, began by me, depend upon it my joker.'

'Blowsy, (he is called Blowsy Bet, for personating female characters,) you are always saying what you will do; were it not for the respect I have for your dress, your right eye should have nothing to boast over the ugly-

ness of the left, for the handling it would get from me. You know very well you had not studied your part, but had been frolicking with that devil's own, Ned Fleury, the whole day previous, and being ashamed to take the word from me, you put in such as you had to spare from your own muggy head, making nonsense of the whole.'

'You lie, you lubberly son of a cow—begging pardon for blaspheming;—I was applauded the whole night. No sooner did I make my appearance, than the fellows began to laugh at my drollery, keeping it up, while you were not noticed; and for your disappointment, are you belabouring me with your scoldings. Verily, I must bid the audience to direct their attentions to the cut-water in your face, as it is the most attractive feature in your playing.'

'Yes, the fellows did laugh, but only at the careless lashing you had given the petticoats; they had worked down below the hips several inches before you knew it, and while you were hitching away at the trousers, as you thought, you were hoisting higher and higher the petticoats, till the audience could see your rolled-up tarry ducks, far above the knees. For this was the laugh raised, which you call applause.'

'Never mind, mistakes will happen; and it is no use raking up old scores, because a fellow can't get the hang of this kind of rig-out at once. I shall strike for a raise of wages, for wearing petticoats, and talking female lingo, is equal to working two watches, any how.'

'Besides, you freshened your nip with a new chaw, of double the usual size, just before the last scene; and hugging a fellow who is ready to squirt tobacco juice in one's face, is very obnoxious, and I never can stand it.'

'To give up the weed; when nothing of life—nothing whereby a man may know his own disposition, can be had, is more than I intend, to satisfy either your squeamishness or dislike—no, not if I have to 'bout ship and rig the toggery of others like yourself, who can't attract a notice when alone upon the stage.'

‘Well, to look you in the face is bad enough, with that cut gaping at one, let alone the tobacco juice. I advise you not to express yourself so freely upon others’ good looks, till you take a squint at your own ugliness, in the first glass you meet with. The chap that gave you the wipe with his cheese knife, deserves to be kept on three-water-grog, for doing his work so clumsily. Had he pushed on with his job as he began, the cut might have proved fatal, and then I should have some one to hug in the love scenes of decent looks, at least.’

‘Fatal! fatal! you say! why, the fellow never spoke a word—never said where we should send his back-rations to meet him;—I let daylight into his weasand before it was fairly out of my left blinker; and if that ain’t making it fatal, I don’t know the meaning of the word. Fatal, indeed, the Frenchified whelp. I never should have rested in my grave with that chap alive; for the lubber used malice, by striking me when I was hot at it with two others;—had there been a boat’s crew, I would have let them all off, for a pink at the Turk who spoilt my looks. How he gaped when he felt the steel in his bosom, and thought to frighten me by turning his eyes inward, and enlarging them accordingly; or may-be it was to see if all were in good trim in the log-book of life, and he in fit order to take a sudden trip among strangers, where the chart of his former cruising would be overhauled with impartiality. The favour I lent him did me just as much good as it did him harm, that is, judging from appearances.’

The last of this is lost upon Mac, who has started to see how is the state of the ticket-office; or perhaps to keep an occasional eye upon the treasurer, who is known to be a little tricky at times; but yet a good-hearted joker, who lends his help behind the scenes, often takes a part when short-handed, can repair worn-out scenery, is handy with the brush, and has more than once, rather than the play should not proceed, or the public be disappointed, ap-

peared in petticoats; yet, withal, never making any extra charge in his salary account, for his multitudinous duties, ameliorating, in no small degree, his slight delinquences in the ticket-office. We will not wait for the play to commence, but may take an opportunity, when not otherwise engaged, to spend a six-pence and note down the performance.

You see, besides individual concerns, and conjunctive firms, we have joint stock companies, that drive all minor competitors from the field. By the rapid run the many are making upon yonder beer cask, it is not to be wondered, that the stock of this company is at a premium. It always stands higher in the market than that of the less encouraged library association opposite, who let out their books (mostly odd volumes) at hap'orth per week. Dividends are occasionally made by the latter, but much less regular than those paid by the former, which tells poorly for the love of letters within these walls, although much can be said in praise of the taste of the beer drinkers; for truly the porter sold at this establishment is excellent.

We will pass on to the outside of the prison, and not stop to notice farther than a glance, the many busily engaged trying to complete by to-morrow's market, the naval pictures they are employed upon; whilst opposite is a trio equally as industrious tipping off their fancy baskets, with party-coloured straw, for the like purpose.

But none can excel those rough-fisted, weather-beaten sailors, farther to the right, who are engaged upon a set of ornaments, worked out of the beef bones from the cook-house, which, when finished, will bear comparison with any from China, and only require a passage thither and back, to bring a price to enrich these ingenious workers. But now, if they can get a penny or two for each day's hard labour bestowed upon these trinkets, they will think themselves amply paid, as employment, and not gain, is their object.

Those four, you see so industriously employed beating

beef bones to a powder, between stones, are a firm who have undertaken this mode of making something beyond their rations, and a fair return they receive for their labour. As dry as these bones, which are gathered from the cook-house, appear, after being reduced to a powder and boiled, a palatable, sweet, unctuous marrow is extracted, which is far more rich as a shortening for pastry, or any other culinary purpose, than either butter or lard. It readily commands a shilling per pound, and is bought up with avidity by all who know its worth.

Let us just take a peep inside the cook-house, as it is near by the door we pass out; but our visit must be brief, for cooks like not to be troubled, as every one knows, for they are the best natured people on earth when off duty, and the worst when on. The three by the window, are busily engaged weighing off the bread for the next serving out, under the direction of the fourth, who is at the head of the establishment. All are prisoners, who obtain the situation through interest alone with the committee of the prisons; and they receive for their labour, the skimmings and slush of the kettles; but woe to their backs, if they are caught skimming too close; as, for the offence, expulsion follows conviction instanter; and if their crime be of a very heinous nature, they are tried before the committee, found guilty, and are punished by whipping with the cat.

One of the committee has stepped in to see if all is going aright, none else having free access while cooking is being done, (the utmost extension of the phrase.) Now they have gone through with the bread, the cooks begin with the meat for the day's dinner, and are weighing it off in parcels for each mess, with the nicety of gold dust, to be again subdivided and weighed to the different members of the messes, when they receive it. You can see that we form an expensive family for his majesty to feed, by yonder pile of bread of more than four hundred loaves, weighing four and a half pounds each; with these two

copper boilers, each capable of holding more than a large sized bullock, a cart load of turnips and cabbages, and two or three bushels of barley, the whole mass to be multiplied by five, the number of prisons occupied; and this is to be provided every day. Besides these, there is the feeding the two regiments of soldiers kept here to guard us, as well as the numerous doctors, clerks, turnkeys, carters, lamplighters, &c. &c. too numerous to particularize, as newspaper editors say, when they have nothing further to round off the sentence.

This mass of flesh and vegetable in the copper kettles, has been boiling for the last six hours, and is nearly in readiness for delivery to the messes, which is one cause of this man of authority coming to see that it is properly managed, and 'dished up' at the stated period required by the order-book; for the guests to be served are extremely tenacious of the least delinquency, of the horn's giving notice that 'dinner is served up,' sometimes placing the cooks in an unpleasant predicament, when they have been negligent of setting their fires going in the morning; and these gentlemen boarders are equally as tenacious of having their soup well done, which, when hot, is a very palatable and nourishing broth.

As the head cook has already cast rather hard glances at us, besides raising his voice to an angry key at one of his subordinates, for some fancied remissness of duty, which, in good vernacular, spells the same as the placard over the door, yet far more direct in its personal signification—'no loungers allowed here,' we will take a stroll in the yard, where we shall have room in common, with the many washerwomen in men's attire who are congregated about the different streams of water, which are constantly running through the yard, in great abundance. This is a general wash-day for all hands; and from its being the only fair one for the last twelve, it makes a 'two days' washing,' as the old women say in my part of the country. This is the cause of the vast number

of clothes strung upon cords to dry in the air, of every colour, hue, quality and fabric known to man. Some of the washers are so by profession—taking in ‘linen at a hap’orth a piece, or a penny including soap and starch—extra charge for ironing.’ But the greater portion are washers on their own account, either for the sake of saving the penny, or that they have not the penny to give, nor credit till the penny comes.

How plain it is to discern the experienced from the bunglers in the profession; the latter is rubbing away with his fists, as though he is trying to warm the hands by the use of friction, while the former turns one underneath, bringing the other down with a heavy surge, which soon completes what will take the other hours to accomplish. So with the wringing; the novice takes the wet garment as he would a handspike, and can twist water from it, in about the same time it would take to wring the clothes dry. But the initiated seizes it back-handed, and when bringing the hands into a reversed position, it enables him to exert the strength of the elbows as well as that of the wrists, and by a single turn, the garment is ready for the line.

That noisy set of tatterdemalions we have just passed, have neither location, character, nor occupation; but are ever at their mischief, spunging, loafing, begging, stealing—any thing rather than being regularly employed, as are most others here. They go by the general term of ‘*Rough Alleys*,’ and are a community by themselves—can mess with none others but their kin in theft, riot, and wickedness.

We have now entered prison No. 4, occupied exclusively by the blacks, except a few whites who have been driven from the other prisons by their bad conduct, and are compelled to take up with such accommodations here, as they can find, or the blacks will allot them. This prison is almost entirely under the control of yonder Ethiopian giant, of six feet seven inches in height, with

a frame well proportioned, and has strength far greater than both height and proportions together. Most tightly does he draw the cords of despotism around his good subjects, giving them an extra twist, when his white aliens come under his handling, as often they do, either for real or fancied crimes. His word is supreme, no higher authority can be appealed to than his. When a culprit is brought before him for trial, 'Big Dick,' the familiar name he answers to, makes short work of it—never has been guilty of delaying or putting off 'till next term;' and he is equally prompt with the punishment as with the trial, being both judge and executioner, and not unfrequently sole accuser. He will often, while going the rounds of his dominions, catch a chap at a trick he does not like, when without the ceremony of a trial, the culprit is lambasted upon the spot, and on goes Big Dick, to spy somebody at something, whereby he can have a chance of displaying, not only his prowess, but also his authority, with an occasional exercise of his fists, merely to keep his hand in, without the semblance of crime to sanction the flogging. Hard is it, for such as are weak, to fall under his displeasure, for they have no redress, and must submit to his will and his harshness. However, it is thought anarchy would reign where now is despotism, only for the sway this man of might holds over his sable brethren. Big Dick is a great favourite with the authorities of the Depot, and is allowed greater indulgence than any other within the walls. He frequently obtains permission to pass through the gates, remains outside for hours, roaming about the fields, occasionally visits Princeton, and returns at his will.

Here is wretchedness in all its horrors; vice here abounds to a greater degree than in the other prisons, and in sum total, amounts to more than the combined whole within the other buildings. By the many speckled faces we meet, one may know the extent that the small-pox has been raging, as these have but just come from the hospi-

tal, where now are hundreds confined by the same disease. In this prison, gambling is carried to a greater degree than in any of the others. The inmates here have nothing to restrain them, except the ready fist of their king, Big Dick, from indulging in all the vicious principles and habits man possesses.

We will take a cursory glance at the market square, by going through this pondrous iron-grated gate, by which the prisoners are allowed to pass and repass, to lay in the necessary articles for their business stocks, provisions for their sumptuous tables—bread, flour, meats, fish, vegetables, which you see in abundance. Here likewise the prisoners resort to sell their little knick-knacks for a mere pittance, after having spent weeks or months in the making of them.

Standing by his bench is that burley Jew, with his enormous bales of cloths, of every description of colour and fabric, from the coarsest kind, to that of a texture fine enough for the wear of an alderman. Here you see the Jew a different being from the surrounding crowd; their scornful hatred or endearing friendship is unnoticed by him, for he is callous to both; his dress is unlike any, his speech differs from all, his looks are peculiar to the fraternity—every outward object is absorbed in his trade—money, money alone is his idol.

The Israelite is now trying hard to sell a suit from the piece of navy blue, which he is keeping from the sun, lest the logwood-dye may be discovered. He has tacked on to an old man-of-war's-man, who stands in his front, by some one whispering in his ear, 'the blue-jacket has the silver.' As the Jew has fallen to within three prices of the worth of his cloth, it is not improbable a bargain may be consummated; but as he has now got hold of an old joker, it is the more probable, the owner of the cloth will rue it in the end; for you see he is in an accommodating mood—cuts the cloth according to order, so much for trousers, so much for waistcoat, and so much for the round-

about, all in scant patterns for the smallest sized man. Now the joker gravely tells the worthy Israelite, that unless he can trust him till better times, or till he gets his month's advance, he cannot take the cloth. It operates like the gridiron of old to the soles of the Jew's feet, by the way he is dancing and hopping about; and to make his curses the more efficacious, he is uttering them in Hebrew, Slavonic, Arabic, or some other equally intelligible tongue to the surrounding crowd, who are jeering him for his mishap of having more remnants than dollars.

The straight and handsome market girl, by yonder bench of vegetables, with the fancy trimmed apron, high patens to keep her shoes from the mud, neatly turned bust, and by far the handsomest female that visits the market, is the general favourite of the prisoners; not only from her comely appearance, but from her extreme naiveté, bland social expression, kindness of heart, and peculiar happy turn she possesses of securing the confidence of those with whom she has dealings. It is quite useless for others to try to sell, while Agnes has the article wanted. Equally fortunate is she over her companions, in having her baskets carried to and from her donkeys, as she comes to, or leaves the market—each one is striving to be foremost in rendering assistance, and in displaying his zeal to gain a word or a smile from Agnes. But these attentions are lost upon the trig vegetable seller, as a certain drum-major can tell, who is shortly to make her his own.

There is a knot of Rough Alleys congregating within the gratings, who mean no good; for they have sent two of their number into the market, and if we keep an eye upon them, we shall shortly see either fun or mischief—the latter I predict, for they have set upon a Jew, who does not understand the manner of their doing business, as he is a stranger. This Israelite is as lank in person as he is sour in visage, and to make his frame still more inharmonious, from head to foot, he is a compound of oddities. His spindling shanks never would be tolerated

by the body corporate, only for their being so bowed, that the deformity of the one fully makes up for the ugliness of the other; and so on throughout, you cannot decide upon a feature ever so ill in appearance, but that it is balanced by a worse looking one near by. While one of the rowdies is cheapening a piece of vesting of the stranger, the other sees something wonderfully fascinating in the dozen of stockings he is handling; but as the texture or colour does not suit his notions of gentility, he has lain them down where he found them, and is sauntering among the vegetable and fruit baskets of those buxom young lasses to the left.

But see! the bundle is slowly coming into life, and sidling to get clear of the Jew's bench—now it drops to the pavement, and has attracted the gaze and wonderment of the owner by its strange locomotive propensity of hitching, tumbling and side-rolling, first on end, then flat, now rolling, to be again as unsteady as an egg-shell in a counter-current; but with all its irregular hobblings, it is regularly edging its way towards the gratings. The Jew is following and tasking his misshapen form to unbecoming severity, in his endeavours to catch the perplexing fantasy before him; which, like the brooding partridge, coyishly slacks its flutterings, till her enemy is sure of his grasp, by the desperate plunge he makes, to cover her with his arms, when he finds all he has caught, is a fall, bruised knees and skinned elbows, whilst the object of his plunge is fast nearing her thicket of safety. So with the Jew and the bundle, as often as he comes up with it, is he 'sure of it now,'—naught but disappointment has he caught, however, for it is still hobbling, bobbling, bouncing and jumping about, and is nearer the gratings than when he made the lunge previous, back of which are the knot of rowdies, who are *working the strings* to the amusement of the by-standers, the Jew excepted, he not being classed as such, for he has either been running or tumbling since the scene began; and to a careless observer

is striving to imitate the fantastic gait, leaping attitude, and tumbling zigzag propensity, of the bundle, his property. He has now succeeded in gaining his runaway, by the hook having slipped from its hold, showing the careless manner the one has done his part, who was entrusted with the end of the cord, at which the hook was fastened. The other end is in the hands of those behind the gratings, who do their work better. Had the hook not broken out, the stockings at the next leap would have been on the side of safety, where the Jew cannot enter, on account of his religious prejudices.

If the object of those rowdies had been frolic alone, the hook would have been made fast to a bale of cloth, and the Jew's fears would have been at an exact ratio with the amount of property in danger, when the moving power applied thereto was set in motion. I scarce need say, the bale could not be prevailed upon to travel farther than the gratings, however lavish might be the company on the other side, in their enticements to help it on. These tricks are often played upon new comers, the older traders being awake to all such pranks, can easily detect those who are the propagators of mischief, ere they have began their deviltries. Shoes, hats, handkerchiefs, and such light articles, frequently travel a space of sixty or eighty feet, with much speed, when no intervening objects stop their course, and are lost to the owners. A bunch of turnips, radishes or lettuce, and occasionally a stray chicken, is missing, and can be accounted for in no other way, but the one we have just witnessed.

When a prisoner is known to be dishonest, he is not allowed to come into the market—the double guard at the gate prevents him from passing through, when pointed out.

We will merely glance at the hospital, for infection rages in every ward, as can be seen by the great number of bunks filled, and the few empty. The room we have entered is of sufficient size to afford accommodation to

three hundred invalids, but it has less than that number at present. The good condition of the patients, show that Doc. McGrawth, the superior physician, has been here of late; for during his absence things go wrong; no one takes the interest that he does in the welfare of the sick. The many nurses you see moving about with noiseless tread, are prisoners employed at one or two pence per day, and think themselves fortunate if they have sufficient interest with the managers, to obtain these situations. Nothing can be neater, nor more comfortable than the accommodation and fare, both for the sick and convalescent.

CHAP. III.

OUR MESS.

THE mess to which I belonged, and the same which I joined when first entering the prisons, as noticed in a chapter or two preceding, consisted of six persons, as dissimilar in disposition as possible, but yet living in the utmost harmony;—never, for the five months I was in it, was there the least jarring or even angry words. High words occasionally did arise between the different members, but I shall be prepared to prove, as a lawyer would say, that they *were* high words, though not in strife. As the good reader has followed me thus far so patiently, I hope he will permit me to introduce my messmates to him severally, by seniority of station; for, in the words of the pedlar, ‘like me, like my dog’—without them I cannot journey.

The Doctor must head the list. Not from the respect which age always brings, (for he was among the juniors,)

but by tacit consent did the others give him the head of the table, where he presided, with his insignia of office, a miniature marlinspike, at our *good* dinners, and also at the many debates which followed, always deciding the questions which gave rise to the debates; and whether wisely or not, there was no appeal from his decision—the Doctor has said it—it is so.

The Doctor had been thus dubbed, not in derision, but from having studied with his father, who was a physician of reputable standing, in an adjoining county to the capital of the Bay State. Not liking the profession, he was put to a counting-house in Boston, at the age of about nineteen, where he remained till past twenty-one. During his minority he formed an acquaintance, which ultimately ripened into something else, with a daughter of a wealthy citizen, whose parents refused their consent to the wishes of the lovers, 'till he could show an equal match to their daughter's fortune.'

He offered to go as supercargo to China, was accepted, and embarked with a respectable adventure of his own. He returned—had been fortunate, went again, and again was lucky enough to increase his gains to the amount required. He came back with the bridal dresses embellished with all the gaudy tinselings the east could produce, found his intended bride had been faithless, and had married one who was her senior by two score years. The dazzling brilliancy of a pair of *gilded epaulets*, succeeded in hiding from her sight the grey hairs which his military cap was unable to conceal.

Before the Doctor had taken to the sea for ambition, but now he was determined to follow it, and never again to remain on land. As there were but few vessels at this time putting to sea, during the non-intercourse laws, just previous to the war, he could not obtain the situation wanted; but he was nevertheless determined to go. He had offered to him a second-mate's berth, which he accepted—went the voyage, was on his return, when he was

taken by a British cruiser, carried into Halifax, and after lying in prison there some months, was then sent to Chatham; here again he was confined on board of the hulks for a year, after which he was sent to Dartmoor, among others of the American prisoners, where he had remained till he was introduced to the reader.

The facts of his disappointment I have learnt since my imprisonment, from others, for he never dropped a syllable of this affair to me, although I had reason to suppose I was fully in his confidence, but it appears I was not. I have often wondered, at seeing him rise in the dead of the night, and walk the paved alleys of the inside prison, with a haste and silence peculiar to himself; but not a hint did he ever drop that he was aught but happy. He, as well as his intended, was highly connected in the sea-port above mentioned, as I could easily prove, by merely inserting three names—the Doctor's, the parents of the bride, and the antiquated beau's, she married.

The Doctor never saw the faithless one after her marriage, although an interview was requested by *all* the other parties, to explain away certain angular points that did not appear quite so smooth before the public, as they wished. The bridal dresses were sent to her by the agency of an intimate friend of both parties. These she, in her thoughtless giddiness, accepted, which caused a flare-up between her and her husband, that ended in a divorce.

The Doctor had a scanty 'medicine chest,' contained in a canvass bag, about eight inches by ten, from which he dealt out to the sick and the needy, to the best of his abilities. He likewise was no mean dentist, as far as strength went, and the only person in the prison who had the 'right sort' of pulicans; with these he drove a fair business at 'threepence per tooth, including salt to stop the bleeding—the *poor* attended to gratis,' which was nineteen-twentieths of his custom.

The next in respectability was Nap-lo-tan, generally called Little Nap. This man was born upon the green grassy banks of the Merrimac, where his parents resided when he left his home for the life of a sailor. He had been early impressed into the British navy, where he was kept nineteen years, and had braved the many battles, with others, that eventful period had produced. When the war broke out between England and this country, in 1812, he, together with the many American prisoners on board the same ship, made a declaration that they 'would not fight against their countrymen.' Their wishes were granted them, and they were not compelled to do duty afterwards, but were sent to prison, to be liberated only at the close of the war, should it continue to ever so long a period. Little Nap was in the battle of the Nile, as well as that of Trafalgar; and was attached to Lord Nelson's ship from soon after the first was fought, till his lordship was killed in the second. 'During this engagement his station was at one of the quarter-deck guns, and so near to the admiral, that 'he staggered against him when shot.'

He had received his cognomen from the circumstance that, after the battle of the Nile, being transferred to the admiral's ship, then lying at Palermo, he escaped to the shore, when on boat duty, and concealed himself among the rocky cliffs upon an island, till the hue and cry should cease, when he hoped to get on board of some merchant vessel, and ultimately reach his much-loved country and home, to which he never for a moment ceased to turn, with all the childish yearnings of a boarding-school lad of twelve. But his aim was frustrated by a reward being offered for all runaways, setting the inhabitants by the ears, with the eagerness of bloodhounds, lest their neighbours should be before them in claiming the bounty. He declared he could not bob his head above a rock, after lying close for hours, but that three or four muskets would be let off, from as many direc-

tions, at him, without their asking his wishes or permission. After toughing it out for three weeks, living upon roots and grass, with no other *animal* food than the snails he could pick from the crevices of the rocks, he gave up his first intentions, and one night swam off to his own ship, hailed her from the water, was taken on board, and afterwards pardoned, from the circumstance of his voluntarily giving himself up, and it being the first offence charged against him, since his impressment into the service. From his sojourning upon the island, he used jocosely to say, that he had been on a mission to the dominions of the Napolese, and was so well received as to live at the public expense, with a guard to attend him whenever he went abroad, who kept up a feu-de-joie till he returned to his lodgings. This gained him his given name of *Nap-lo-tan*, as he himself pronounced it.

This man had been well educated in his youth, of which he gave evidence after a severity of twenty years' cruising, and possessed more sterling sound sense, than commonly falls to the lot of others, with a retention of memory equal to any I have ever met with. There were none in prison that he could not converse with, although individuals were there from almost every country in Europe. He was, however, extremely eccentric in many particulars, one of which was, he had taken a solemn oath, when going to prison, never to have his hair cut, till he could see his home. And truly he might be proud of it, as he was; for it was of a jet black, long, smooth, luxuriant, and reached two-thirds the length of his back; he would part it at the forehead, carry it behind the ears, and then let all flow as it would. This together with the upturning slim mustachios, and the smallest tuft in the hollow of the chin, with the features all fashioned to a sharpened point, gave the individual a singular appearance, always drawing the eyes of the curious towards him, whenever he walked abroad.

The dress of Little Nap was as eccentric as his per-

son ; that is, what was seen, for he never appeared, whether hot or cold, without his enormous great-coat of blue shaggy cloth, large enough for a man double his weight, with the cuffs rolled up, the collar thrown back, and the skirts, when not held up, dragging in his rear. His head was partially covered with a fanciful cap, jauntingly worn in a care-for-nothing style, which few could assume, adding much to his before attractive appearance. No one would suppose, in general conversation, unless otherwise informed, that he had ever been on board of a vessel, so correct was his language, and fertile his imaginative sayings ; he seldom uttered a sea-phrase, unless circumstance or subject required it ; and he was always ready with an argument upon any subject broached—proving himself an agreeable as well as highly instructive companion.

Little Nap was the best card-player in the mess, his astonishing memory enabling him so to keep the run of the cards, as seldom to be beaten in the game. I have known him with a single penny, take his stand at the *vingt et une* table, watch for hours till the bet suited, put it on, win, hold on till the run of the cards again pleased him, when he would clap all down, and follow it up, doubling each time, till he had change enough for the week, when he would desist, till again reduced to the last penny. So proverbial was his certainty of winning, that whenever he would take his stand by the table, a throng would gather around it, to bet only as he did, till the banker would become alarmed at the combination against him, and shut up for the day. Not unfrequently would Little Nap, when those watching his movements were sufficiently numerous for the sport, stand for hours at the board without speaking, enjoining silence, likewise, upon those 'who were to win,' lest the charm might be frustrated by their gabbling, and then carelessly say he did not like appearances, and would not bet. When his winnings would afford it, he would purchase a pot of beer, stronger than

that he never tasted while I knew him, invite one of the mess to join, and with his short pipe in his mouth, sometimes with tobacco, but as often without, and thus set and chat, tell stories for hours upon a stretch, never flagging in his chatter for a moment, proving himself an inveterate talker, but never a bore.

From the time of my entrance, Little Nap was ever asking questions about Old Massachusetts, her people, her improvements, and her prospects; he seemed to revive at the bare mention of the name; and as he inquired into events, many of which had taken place long before my remembrance, his eyes would glisten with delight, saying they were as fresh in his mind as though of yesterday's transactions, notwithstanding he had been absent from the place of his nativity nearly twenty-two years. He would speak of his 'dear little brothers and sisters,' as though he should see them on his return, as he had left them in their childhood. This I often said, he could not rationally expect, as they now must be grown to manhood, and most likely they have become fathers and mothers. He admitted all; yet shortly after he would unconsciously slide into 'the dear little fellows, how I long once more to see them, as when they would cluster about me for the first present from foreign parts, and I would toss something among them and laugh at their mad scramblings; how delightful will it be again to see them; and Lottee, that dear little blue-eyed Lottee, she is my favourite, she shall have the best present, and one that's worth receiving, if I starve for a week to gain it.'

He had often written, while in prison, to his parents; but as it was not usual to receive answers to letters sent from thence, he easily persuaded himself they had gone safe, and that he was expected and anxiously looked for with open arms. His intentions were, never to go to sea again. 'I will work upon the farm (meaning his father's) and shall take delight in it, or I will hire as a common labourer; for never will I go to sea again, after once

reaching the States,' was always a saying of his;—'how pleasant to roam over hills and woodlands I once knew—to rig ships for the boys, and gather flowers for the girls; and after the day's work is completed, to have them cluster around me in the moonlit porch, while I am recounting scenes for their curiosity and amusement, that I have passed through since last we parted.'

Poor fellow, how cruel his lot, thus to be separated from a kindred on whom he doated, and kept in servitude till the prime of his life is past, then to be set upon the world again, to which he has been estranged, without a helping hand to cheer him on. And how little will his home appear to him as his imagination depicts. So different will he find every thing from what he now expects, that he will tire before he has been thereat a day, and almost wish he had continued his enjoyments in imaginations, for now all, all must be changed. Methinks I can see the wayfarer reach the home of his birth, with all the high wrought flushings of fancy, his long pent up imaginings have excited, where he finds none to welcome him—some are dead—many forgotten him—more have other and dearer objects to bestow their affections upon;—or, perhaps, the home of his boyhood is in the hands of strangers, who cannot tell him where are his parents, his brothers or his sisters, when, with a heart-sickening despondency he turns aside, saying, 'forever have I been the child of fate—fate do your will,' and ends with a life of indifference, sloth, and indulgence—desperation finishing what years of hardships could not assail.

This singularity of expecting to see relations as they were left, by those who have long been estranged from their homes, I have often noticed in others, though displayed with less feelings than Little Nap exhibited; but yet they would return in imagination to the homes of their childhood, and view scenes, persons and pleasures as they left them. I was acquainted with one man in prison, who had been forty years without having seen or

even heard of his relations; yet he was ever fond of speaking of his play-mate brothers, sisters, and cousins, as though he was sometime to see them as he had left them. He said he knew that they like himself must be getting old, but it was the happiest hour of his life, while musing over scenes of by-gone days; for he loved to enjoy his play-mates in imaginations, the only way he could think of them, as innocent children. It is more than probable he never saw them, only as he loved to see them, in imagination.

Little Nap used to say he never dodged but once in his life, and then to save it. During the hottest of the fight at the battle of Trafalgar, the gun at which he was stationed became unmanageable, and for a spell he had nothing to do. So, to while away the time, he put his head through the port, to make good the gun that had been run out and discharged till of no farther use, and to see how matters and affairs were progressing in the neighbourhood. He had timed his lookings abroad so badly, that it happened to be just as the enemy's ship Redoubtable had fallen nearly on board of the vessel Little Nap was in. The marines had all been drawn from the farther portion of the French ship, to that nearest the Victory, to give her a salute worthy the station she held in the line of battle, when he thrust his head and shoulders out as a mark for their muskets, which were already levelled. He had only time to give himself a whirl to the deck, a little at the side of the port, ere the balls came whistling through like hail, splintering the planks, and riddling every thing in the line, where he had chosen to place himself, to make his cool observations. He, when jeered about his dodging, would say, 'let those whose nerves are better than their shipmates, try the experiment; and if they like it, they can enjoy it, for they will find no opposition in standing fire under such odds.'

The third one of the mess had nothing peculiar to recommend him to the notice of the reader, except his

proportions, which were enormously great, although without his being fat. He was a Bostonian, where his parents resided at the time he was in prison. He likewise was an impressed seaman, and had been a shipmate of Little Nap, for seven years, both mutually attached to each other. This man used to boast, with much pride, that he had never put up elsewhere than at Boyden's, when in his native city, and scowled at the bare mentioning of 'sailor boarding-houses.' He was constantly speculating in his conversation, how heavy he would ride down upon that worthy caterer's eatables, when once again at liberty. 'I will let my old friend Boyden see, the little excursion I have taken since last we met, has sharpened my appetite, and I can now bowse on double watches till he cries enough,' was a favourite saying of his.

This man generally went by the appellation of 'Josh-the-Tiger,' from the circumstance of his extreme timidity, when assailed by spirits of the air or of the dead, which he strictly believed were always hovering about, and did not hesitate to say he had often seen them in propria personæ. On one occasion in particular, he said there was no mistake in his seeing a real spirit. I will give it in his own words.

'The night before my impressment, a beautiful female, in white, with her hair flowing carelessly and in disorder about her shoulders, came into the fore cabin, and seated herself by the side of my berth. She said not a word, but kept weeping bitterly for the space of half an hour, when she passed up the companion ladder, wringing her hands in grief. I don't think I breathed during her stay below, for I was so frightened, I liked to have died. I went on deck in the morning—could neither work nor eat, and told the first mate something serious would happen. Before eleven o'clock, myself and four others of the crew, were on board of a British frigate; since when, I have never heard from my relations, nor ever put foot to land, till I was marched here to prison.'

I have known him to be afraid, after the prison was still at night, to leave his hammock, unless accompanied by a messmate; and to speak disrespectfully of an 'old woman,' was the climax of blasphemy, in his estimation; 'for it will bring the worst of all luck upon those who harbour an ill thought towards them.' He firmly believed there was a French recruiting sergeant, walking the prisons without his head, after others were still in their berths, and whomsoever he invited to enlist, or to whom he showed his book of enlistments, with his name inscribed therein, the same would die ere a week should pass. He was not alone, however, in this belief, but had companions and acquaintances who would take their 'Bible oath,' that they had seen the headless soldier ghost go to such and such a hammock, (whose owner previously had died,) open his book, inscribe a name, and be off without noise, neither showing whence he came, nor whither he took his leave.

These seers of ghosts gained not a few proselytes to their belief, by one of their number falling sick, and averring, during his lucid spells, that the sergeant had essayed to gain his consent to join his corps, but he had twice stoutly resisted him, not without serious misgivings, however, of the third and last trial, which would take place at twelve o'clock on a particular night. At that hour the man died, calling with frantic ravings upon his companions to keep off the sergeant without a head.

Notwithstanding this man's timidity on this point, I have been told by those who have been by his side, when boarding, cutting-out, and in all the various risks of life a man-of-war's-man has to encounter, he was always foremost, and never showed the least fear, and that it was proverbial, he stood the bravest among the brave, in a desperate fight. At boat duty, cutting-out and boarding an enemy, he, as well as his shipmate, Little Nap, was always first in volunteering, and their numerous scars gave witness that their way often led them where danger was rife.

The fourth man of the mess was an Irishman, who had been impressed into the British service, from on board an American vessel; therefore he was a 'real, genuine American born' subject, in every thing except looks, brogue, disposition, gait, temperament, and temperance; in all else, he was a 'republican to the heart,' as he oft said. He was never called otherwise than Irish Pat; and I very much doubt whether he did not think it his legitimate name, so long had he answered to it. I never knew that he had other than Irish, the given name, Pat, the patronymick.

The fifth was Black Tom, so called from his dark coloured skin, and unusually sombre and taciturn disposition. He hailed from Baltimore, and had recently belonged to the United States' sloop-of-war Rattlesnake, previous to his coming to prison. As one of the prize crew, he was put on board of a vessel the Rattlesnake had taken, that was afterwards recaptured, when he with the rest of his shipmates, was sent to Dartmoor.

Tom belonged to that class which has no expression of countenance, the skin covering the face not being flexible enough ever to alter the original gluing it had first received to the bones beneath. His eye was ever roving, till caught by the one confronting him, when it instantly dropped, remained dormant, till it could again roll in safety upon the surrounding crowd. He would sit for hours, with his elbows braced upon the table, resting his chin in the hollow of his hands, with the fingers covering his dark cheeks to the darker locks above, peering upon the passers by; but he was never known to look any one in the face, only by stealth. To a stranger his odd ways were often mistaken for a sullen moroseness, but upon becoming accustomed to his temperament, he improved wonderfully; for he was ever choosing quietness rather than strife, was known to wrangle with none, harboured good will towards all, and, when apart from the throng, he was a social and agreeable

companion, conclusively proving, that, to the effects of his prison confinement, rather than to his natural disposition, was to be attributed his seeming sombreness at our mess table amusements. Black Tom was our singer.

The sixth has been already too often before the reader; and as he is likely to be again thrust forward, we will merely say, he too came honestly by a name, besides his own; for having once or twice in the course of conversation, happened to refer to 'the office,' he was at once dubbed 'the Professor,' in derision, and had to answer to it ever afterwards. There was scarcely a man in prison, who had not a name pinned upon him, other than his own, or he was called by his first, when short and easily spoken.

I believe I have before observed, the building on each floor was divided by two alleys passing their whole lengths, with upright stanchions about twenty inches apart. From these stanchions to the wall was ten or twelve feet, and each mess of six persons was allowed the space of three stanchions. When the messes so agreed, two or more joined, and screened off the portion of the space allotted them, as did ours—thus having a double mess at the same table. The few preliminary remarks must be a sufficient excuse for introducing a part of the members to the reader, who were not strictly belonging to ours, but yet were always with us.

There was 'Well-bred Jim,' from the circumstance of his always saying, 'a man can easily be told how his breeding has been, by the cut of his jib.' This man was English born and bred, had been early impressed and taken on board of a man-of-war, escaped while in the West Indies, shipped in an American vessel, was again pressed into the British service, served 'with a halter around his neck,' till the war broke out, when he managed to get upon the list with others who were American subjects, and came to prison, without the officers under whom he had served ever knowing he had before been in

the service. His relations resided within a dozen miles of Dartmoor, yet they knew not that he was there, and he took especial care they should not be informed of his whereabouts. Undoubtedly once he had been a handsome man; but now!—I fear to begin, as I shall not do him justice. Buonaparte has said, he should always choose a man with a big nose, if he wished to be ably served. Had Well-bred Jim been in front of a column at one of the emperor's reviews, his fortune would not only have been made, but the emperor would have been saved from his downfall, if there be virtue in being well served by one with a big nose.

This nose was of the class that sparkles in all weathers, and contained every variety of shade imaginable. It had been for thirty years drawing its red colouring matter from the carbuncled face of its owner, till it had apparently burst with its variegated warts, resembling much the over-ripe balsam-apple in its pickled state, and varied in hue by the difference of position it was viewed—the red and purple predominating. The mouth (when the owner was surly or in a musing mood) was not to be outdone, by the flushings of the nose, and pouched out with a rose expanding exuberance, like the tie of a miller's full bag of grain; the lips striving in very scorn to show their dislike to the confinement, which the suction of the cheeks produced, by their long exercise of taking the stolen draught from the wooden noggin, used for the smuggling purpose, when grog was not permitted on board in quantities sufficient for the health or good feelings of Well-bred Jim. But if he was in a laughing mood, as always he was when in his cups, the whole features changed, nose excepted, showing the remains of a once handsome man.

The dress of this man was such as farther to help off with the figure head. On receiving his 'served out suit,' he got a miss-fit—traded several times, getting at each swap one worse than the former, until he had a suit, that

offered no farther inducements to future trade, not even to the most worthless Rough-Alley in prison, when he was forced to put them upon his own frame. The trousers were ample enough in breadth below the knees, the short distance they reached, but were more than tight above, till they became so cramped about the swell, that they were forced to stop short full eight inches, before they gained the height originally intended. The jacket was equally scanty, and in the frequent endeavours of the wearer, to pull the sleeves to the neighbourhood of the wrists, it had taken its perch upon the shoulders, disdaining to hide the deficiency of the trousers; and while it was daily rising in the world, the former were getting lower and lower in the estimation of the hips, leaving a miniature Sahara desert between the two, as uncomfortable to the owner as it was ludicrous to the beholder. He had for pastime stitched his cap with fancy coloured ravellings, and covered its entire surface with a plush of a couple of inches in length, giving its wearer a rather top-heavy appearance. When in full dress, as above described, he would study his attitude, never carrying his hands awkwardly, saying, were he commander of a ship, he would bring every man to punishment, who was seen with them in his pockets—a sin he was never guilty of while in prison, for the want of pockets to stow them. Notwithstanding his laughable appearance, one could always see something about the man, that told of former gentility.

Our next in rotation was Six-penny Bob, so named from his ever saying, 'it was little to hint of lesser coin.' So tenacious was he in this respect, that when pricing an article of the value of two-pence, he would instantly stop the speaker with, 'a third of a six-pence, you mean,' or a sixth, a twelfth, or whatever it might be, never allowing any in his presence to use other than the fractional parts of a six-pence. Six-penny Bob was ready at all times to defend his opinions either by argument or blows. With

the exception of his being the greatest borrower and worst paymaster, he stood among the cyphers in the mess.

The next we have to bring forward is Capstan Jack, so called from stolidity of temperament and immobility of person, being rigidity personified. He was of short, stubby frame, iron hardness, and granite throughout. In early life, the nose of this man had taken a freak to grow as other noses had grown before, but the surrounding features soon after detected its intention of aping humanity, set about controverting this unhallowed propensity of 'quitting family to turn Turk,' and withheld all aid to its comely development. In the many strifes that followed, they so far succeeded as to hold back the tip, while the lower part went journeying on to its first destination, never doubting till too late, but that the end was where it should be, instead of being in the middle.

The eyes at first frowned indignation at this upturned barrier between them, and flashing with anger, denounced all companionship with it; but as they could not exchange soft glances without crossing the hammock, they gradually became reconciled to its company, till at last they were so fascinated with its beauties, as never to let it be out of their sight; and made a compact agreement with each other, to stand watch and watch, that their coyish beau should not be led astray by the many soft glances thrown out for its lure, by other eyes than theirs, which were ever leering towards them, both mutually wishing it to be kept straight in the path of rectitude. This watch and watch worked well for a time, till these ever-jealous orbs became over-jealous of each other, at some shy ogling carried on by the one off duty, when the compact was cut short in a pet, and both resolved to do their own watching; and so extremely fearful were they of their favourite playing them falsely, that neither ever after looked elsewhere for pleasure or amusement, but hour after hour, nay, day after day, could they be seen with set determination of looking nothing else in the face. I

trust I have been sufficiently explicit to acquaint the reader, that Capstan Jack was cross-eyed.

The mouth too had taken a fancy that it would be all the more amiable, by opening with a circular expansion, instead of the every-day way of others; and so well pleased was it at the expertness it had gained by long practice, that it was never at rest (Hibernicism) but when enlarging and lessening the circle, by an apparent puckering string reeved inside. The opening always displayed a good set of teeth firmly and rigidly locked together, corresponding with the other parts of this fellow. Some of the mess used to say the lips were making mouths at the upturned nose; but sayings in derision are never authority. Be there ever so much enmity existing between the one and the other, no sympathy nor partiality was manifested by the by-standers or adjoining features for either party, they being well matched and able to defend themselves in their hard combats of grimace. Often, however, was the nose supposed to be backing out of the fray, whilst as often did the mouth exhibit symptoms of a drawn game.

This man had but few words, and these were forced out between the teeth, as though he begrudged the parting with them. He would set bolt upright, without moving head or body, nor speaking to any for hours together; but whether he was looking at the man frying onions to the left, the one directly in his front, with a pair of worked moccasins for sale, or at the buttons upon his own waistcoat, it would defy all the magicians in christendom to say, always supposing they based their judgment on the direction his eyes were pointing.

The last, though far from least, whom I shall introduce to the reader's attention, is 'Chaw-tobacco Joe.' A better hearted soul never lived—always in good humour, contented, obliging and kind. This fine fellow received his worthy appellation, from the manner he carried his quid, which was directly under his tongue. In so enormously

large quantities did he lay in the weed, as to occupy all the space originally appropriated for that very necessary member, in the multiplicity of its duties. However, with this man there was one from which it was entirely exonerated, that of talking; which I shall show as we progress with the other amiabilities of this last of our auxiliary mess.

The nose, excuse the lack of varieties of my personalities, as history is my theme; and however this sameness may appear uninteresting, I very much doubt whether any of my readers, be they ever so fastidious in this matter, would willingly part with this necessary member, to complete the group of the features, even should theirs vie in colouring and bulk with that belonging to Well-bred Jim. As I was saying, the nose of this man was of the peering kind, which seems to insinuate itself into one's good graces, whether willingly received or not. This long, straight-pointed feature had its lurking excuses for its length, deeply embedded at its connection with the face, in the flexibility of its movements, and the humour it concealed under its rough exterior. The mouth told nothing but laughter, by the sly workings of its corners, and curious puckerings in which it was always indulging, even when nothing apparent offered to set it in motion.

This man stuttered so badly, that he seldom attempted to speak—talking was entirely beyond his ambition; and when he did speak, to a casual observer, he appeared not to stutter at all; for if he wished to say a word (beyond that he never attempted,) he would begin internally to twitch and start, the spasm gradually gaining the outlet, by its cut-and-thrust workings, with throes sufficient to eject a dozen political oaths, battened down with as many promises to 'look to poor relations.' These inward workings were continued sometimes longer sometimes shorter, accordingly as the stutterer was in a hurry, or had leisure; if the latter, he had no great difficulty in throwing off what he wished to say, in five minutes, more or less; but

when hurried, he seldom could relieve himself of his burthen in double that time, so great was his anxiety to say his say and be done with it. At the moment he was to be relieved of his inward contortion, his chin was thrust forward with a spasmodic motion, displaying the well-bedded quid that gave rise to his name at the christening, when out would slip the word, that was the cause of the aforesaid hard delivery, with the force and fury of pent up steam from a high pressure boiler; always accompanied with a soul-cheering laugh, (he could laugh without the premonitories) being the first to show sport at his infirmity of speech. Not a sound would he utter while in his throes, and to a stranger, he appeared to be in an agonizing inward spasm. He was likewise extremely nervous, easily excited, seldom in anger, but ever in good spirits. To his other acquirements he was as nimble as a cat, and the best amateur boxer we had amongst us.

Yet there is one other I cannot pass over in silence. 'Double-me-up' (from his stooping posture) left his home in North Carolina, for the first time in his life, at the age of eighteen, because his widowed mother would not allow him to marry a female of lost reputation. He went to New York, became reduced, and in a fit of anger took a trip to sea, was captured, sent to prison, where he had remained two years and a half. Till going abroad he had never been used to labour or employment of any kind. He was well educated, and, as he said, 'should be possessed of much property when of age.' The hardships he encountered were too severe for his strength of frame, which was delicately slender and femininely weak, apparently adding twenty-five years to his former age, and nearly doubling him up. His tale was generally believed, and if false, he possessed a faculty of concealing his deceit beyond the scrutiny of others; besides, he must have had an excellent memory, for the tale of his sufferings never varied, nor was he ever known to speak of his home, but with tears in his eyes. Poor fellow, I

shall have occasion hereafter to notice him, but with less merriment than grief.

The other members of our auxiliary mess were but common-place, and I must crave pardon for not bringing them forward, on the ground, that I have already said more of ourselves, than has been said of all other individuals in prison.

CHAP. IV.

MESS TABLE CHIT-CHAT.

OUR mess place being a 'wall berth,' gave us the advantage of a window, directly against the table at which we sat, not only at our meals, but also at our employments and our amusements. This window had been glazed by the mess, long before I became one of its members, a luxury but few enjoyed, as glass was higher than came within the compass of most of their purses. The greater part of the inmates used oiled paper, while some few let the light in by a hole through the shutters, or by throwing it open; either way extremely unpleasant during the constant fogs, with which the region was enveloped for more than half the year.

When seated at our social board, each with his daily allowance before him, nicely weighed in scales we had for the purpose, to be afterwards taken by lot, one might suppose we were the happiest set in christendom, by the jollity of our proceedings; and not without reason, for at times we were so in reality.

It wanted but a little stretch of imagination, to convert our barley soup into the best of turtle; our tough beef to the tenderest surloin, or the delicate bosom of wild fowl; the coarse brown bread, into the black plum-cake

for the desert; and our well burnished tin cups of water, to the silver goblets, of not greater lustre, brimming with wine. Had the imagination been realized, the dainties would not have met with a readier reception, the wine excepted, than did the homely fare before us; for we possessed what high livers would give half the contents of their groaning tables, to have—good appetites. Our rations were never so abundant, as to cloy, or to make us at all fastidious in our feastings; nor, were we ever accused of prodigality, in permitting too much to go into the kitchen from the parlour tables. We were over selfish in the matter of enjoying what we had, without sharing with friends; and our mess was notorious among the beggars, of keeping for supper, what was theirs by right of long usage, from the dinner table.

As we were seldom pressed for time, though often by hunger, we used to set hours, joking, laughing, singing and quizzing each other—none letting an opportunity pass when he could turn the joke upon any, who in like good-fellowship, was anxious to pin it to his neighbour, and he again to keep it going, till either Chaw-tobacco Joe or Capstan Jack had to retain it; for the reason that the former *could* not talk, and the latter *would* not. Often, however, for the sake of variety, Well-bred Jim and Double-me-up came in for a good share of the mess' badinage; but generally the two first mentioned were the butts of the circle.

If Capstan Jack wanted the salt, bread or any thing else handed to him, all hands were eager to assist, each supposing it was himself to whom he was directing his commands, while none at the table could tell by the direction of the speaker's eyes whom he addressed. This was one reason he so seldom spoke at our convivial soirees. None could blame him for his silence.

When Chaw-tobacco Joe wished any thing he could not reach, no sooner did he attempt to speak, than each one, to save him the trouble, pushed towards his plate all

within his reach, which generally brought on the premonitories; and by the time he had worked himself into speaking order, all the dishes of the mess were piled in his front, chin high, when he would alter his first intentions of asking for what he wanted, and with the last symptom, thrust his chin out to its desired distance, and ejaculate 'belay all.' A favourite word of his, and one he could give out to perfection. With these displays of gratitude at his eloquence, I am safe in saying he seldom spoke, and then only upon the greatest emergency.

In the anxiety of the mess to be foremost in their readiness to help Capstan Jack, a contest would arise, who it was he *was* looking at; a knotty subject to determine in all its sidlings and crossings.

'Twas me he asked,' said Josh, who sat opposite, 'and I will thank you not to interfere when I again offer to help one I so much respect.'

'You are as far out of your reckoning,' returned Sixpenny Bob, 'as when you so plentifully helped yourself, but now, from my allowance, without receipting for the same. 'Let every one feed from his own crib,' is a good saying. The side glance was intended to arouse me from my musings over the last remains of this crust, and I felt it all the more blistering, by its having come athwart the red-hot nose of Well-bred Jim, in its passage hither.'

'A man,' quickly returned Jim, 'who has the least pretensions to gentility, will never deal in personalities in social society. A man is—'

'Never the worse for carrying a good cut-water,' put in Little Nap; 'but where the bulk of the carcass is, there will the crows first alight.'

A fierce hissing current of air proceeded from the close-shut teeth of Capstan Jack, which was construed into a laugh by those who were used to the fellow's oddities. But whether he supposed the joke had found a foot-hold other than his cross-eyes afforded, did not appear; if so, he was too early in his self-congratulation;

for the joke found its resting place too hot to remain long, and bounced off to the last speaker.

'Had you died upon your island of safety, as die you ought, for having left the ship without permission, the crows would have had but a mawkish bulk of carrion to gloat over.'

'It is doubtful in my mind,' slipped in Six-penny Bob, 'if he hadn't proved a scarecrow, instead of crow fare, unless he cut a better figure then, than he now does.'

'It's my belief,' said Irish Pat, 'that he would have been glad to have had a pair of these self-same crows to pick, and stow away in his own bread-room, instead of the ox he made of himself by the grass he ate.'

'Hurra, Pat! my darling, ye must have taken a second pull at your panniken of cauld wather, or ye neiver could make that spaich at one tack,' came from Little Nap, who was ever rigging poor Pat for his 'murthering Irish, while he was all the while so good a republican, born in the States.'

'Or, the cannibal he turned whilst eating his *animal* food in a raw state,' continued Jim, paying no regard to Nap's raillery.

'No,' said Josh, 'he fed like a christian, first upon meat and vegetables, and then he topped off with nothing—'

'But the whizzing of a bullet, as I rose to return thanks for my sumptuous meal,' quickly put in Nap.

'The fellow for his poor aim, should be triced up, for not doing the job he intended,' again returned Pat.

'Hold on all!' sung out Six-penny Bob, with authoritative command, 'Chaw-tobacco Joe is under weigh, and will soon give us a broadside.'

But the caution came too soon for those who wished to see the explosion, as it had the effect to quell the symptoms before they had reached that point at which there was no stopping them. The mess were disappointed.

'Before you again sing out 'stand from under,' learn

to put a stopper upon your tongue, or time your cautions better, and not spoil sport for a dozen.'

'Yes, stopper all; for shiver my lights if you keep on at this rig, you will have to choose sides and fight it out,' said Black Tom, who was at his favourite position, resting his chin in his hands, peering about upon the mess, as slyly as a fox from his snug covert of safety, watching when he can venture out without danger.

'If sides are to be chosen,' said Josh, 'I will range up under the quarter of Capstan Jack, and fight it out on his, for I never can stand a cross fire.'

'You are in as much danger there as elsewhere; for he takes a wide sweep with his blinkers. The only safety I see is to keep directly in his front.'

'Your similes,' said the Doctor, 'put me in mind of the torpedo, which scatters in every direction.'

'Yet, rejoined Double-me-up, 'it explodes and is done, but these cross fires are continued.'

'Continued, if I know any thing of the dictionary,' said Little Nap, 'means extended in length, drawn out; now who says Capstan Jack's looks are not like a pot of scupper nails, well shook up; will ye bet?'

'Hand over the hat!' said Well-bred Jim, 'let's make a collection for the wisdom of the comparison.'

'And keep what you collect, if it's only a base farthing,' quickly returned Nap.

'If the hat be taken from his own head, he will have the honor of making the first and largest donation, without losing much by his generosity,' replied Bob.

'Yet,' said Josh, 'I'm thinking he will find them returned to him, like the bad penny, for they will stick nowhere else, notwithstanding the beauty of the donor.'

'Josh!' said Jim, in a high tone.

'Jim?'

'If you were'nt so good natured, we should quarrel.'

'Better quarrel than fight, when you always come off second best.'

‘It’s not so; and I most respectfully solicit the privilege of telling you, you are a d—’

‘Good sort of a fellow, for not noticing you when in your tantrums.’

‘Well, you know very well, the last time we fell out, I accidentally hit you a wiper,’

‘And didn’t speak for an hour, nor know which end you stood on for a day; besides showing your friends how to carry a head upon a crooked neck to the best advantage.’

‘Yet it came straight with—’

‘A lick on the other side, from a sample of the same fist, that did the first danger.’

‘Blast my eyes, but—’

‘Amen to that; and when you’re at your prayers, ask for a better temper, and learn to put up with jokes, or not offer them.’

‘Come, come,’ said Black Tom, ‘you’re hinting too strong, and it will lead to strife. It’s quite time we change the subject.’

This was meant for some one to invite him to sing, which he always stood willing to do, but would never volunteer. Black Tom had one song to which he was ever partial, and he would sing none other, till that was gone through once at least. This, by oft repetition had become quite a bore, and latterly he had to hint strongly, that it would be agreeable to him, if any of the members would keep in remembrance, that he stood head-singer to the mess. If no one asked him to favour the circle with a display of his vocal talents, Tom took it in high dudgeon, and sulked till the morrow’s dinner was over, when he would soften a little, become partially talkative, as to-day. If he was again slighted, the more sullen would he be for the next twenty-four hours, when his loquacity returned in the same ratio, that his sourness had been displayed. This was continued till he was invited to sing, when the usually sparkling black eyes would

twinkle with renewed delight, it being the only evidence that Tom was pleased.

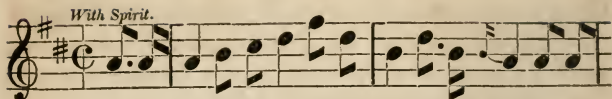
This one favourite song of our friend, he could roll out with as much spirit as noise, yet, it must be at his own time and convenience. He always varied the cadence, swells, holds, etc. to his liking, or his singing would cease; for in this respect he was over-jealous of his rights, and would suffer none to interfere with his undeniable, legitimate prerogative. The theme of this song was of a buccaneer character, which gave rise to the opinion in the mess, that Black Tom in some portion of his sailings, had cruised under a flag of the hue his skin pertained to. On this subject he was silent, as in aught else concerning his former career. None doubted but he supposed himself one of the heroes in the scenes his song pictured, although the commencement told a date long antecedent to his birth. But this was in consequence of his singing it so often, as finally to believe it true; and the impression was so indelibly fixed upon his mind, that he was an actor at the period, and a partaker of the incidents narrated in the ballad, that no reasoning could have made it otherwise, and to do which, would be an unkindly act indeed. There are wiser heads than the one on Black Tom's shoulders, who are beguiled into the belief, that what they say at first for amusement or information, is made fact by oft repetition, till they are willing to be sworn all *is* true. The greatest objection to this song was its length, and so tenacious was he of his rights, that he would sing the song, the whole song, and nothing but the song. The original has thirty-five verses; these, together with the chorus at the end of each, and, when the choristers had become warm with the subject, a repeat of full one-third of the whole was the consequence, made altogether a tolerable song, as regards length.

By the examination of the log, I find but four verses at all legible, and they are not in course, being the first, fifth, twenty-first and twenty-ninth—enough in all conscience to show its meaning. The mess always joined

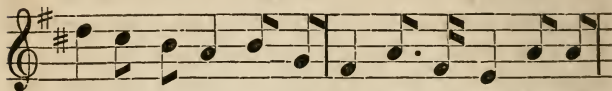
with the chorus, even to Capstan Jack and Double-me-up, who readily lent a hand that it should not falter; the former, only helping as the drone to the bagpipe—keeping up a constant, uniform buz, through his close-shut teeth, never stopping, or rarely, between the verses, could add but little in a musical sense. The latter varied his notes, but was always in a different key from what was intended—first low, then high, now sharp, again flat, ending with a screech, resounding throughout the prisons. Black Tom was never annoyed by these, however, but kept steadily along to the end as it best suited himself, letting the others follow or go-ahead, as most agreeable to their wishes.

But there was one, who disturbed his equanimity of temper, and with reason, although for the most part the fault lay with Tom. Chaw-tobacco Joe, ever anxious to aid in all our amusements, by long practice, could tell exactly when to set his speaking powers in motion, which was necessarily long before Tom came to the chorus. Joe could time his premonitories so exactly, as to come in with the others, at the first word of the chorus, with a force proportionate to his excitability, and the time he had been working it up to point-blank range, it always having a fine effect. But as Tom was eccentric, he would pause a little too long on some of the emphasized notes, or hurry his time, if excited by the ardour of the subject, both equally fatal to the harmony of the whole; and when Chaw-tobacco Joe was on the go-ahead principle, or once wound up, and his machinery in motion, all the pauses in creation could not stop him—in he would come with his explosive ‘Crack,’ while the others were ahead or astern of him—thus disconcerting the whole, greatly to the chagrin of Black Tom, as he would have to stop till the others had their laugh out, or go on unheard, which he was not likely to do. My only excuse for adding the song’s legitimate notes, is to prevent unhallowed hands from hereafter setting these classical lines to music, and rob Tom of his just inheritance.

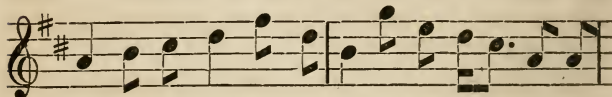
BLACK TOM'S OWN.



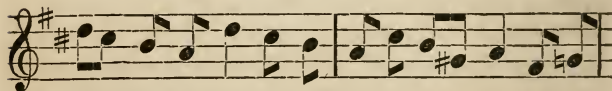
In the year fifty-four, with a full topsail breeze, We were



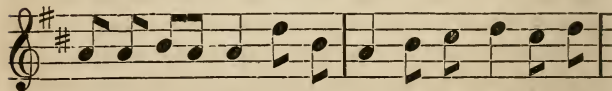
box - ing a - bout in dark Bis - cay's rough seas, When we



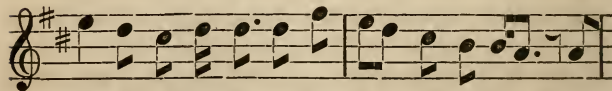
saw on our lee bow, a long, low, dark brig, Which at



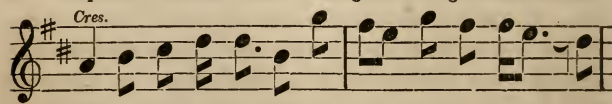
once was pronounc'd of a pic - ca - roon rig; And had



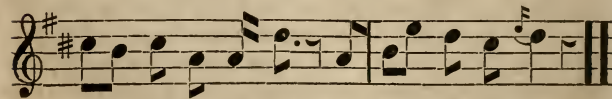
not on - ly wealth, but had one far more dear To our



captain, God bless him, who sang out with good cheer, 'Give



me but the beauty, take the rest to your share: A-



loft lay, ye jol - lies, the brave ne'er despair.'

CHORUS.

Crack sail on all, Blow high, blow low; Let one and
all, Sing yo - heave - yo; Sing yo - heave - yo.

On board of this brig, was the captain's first love,
Whose hard-hearted parents her tears could not move;
For this beautiful maid was intended to pillow
Her head by the side of an old Spanish fellow,
Who had dollars more plenty than sense or good learning,
When we fell in his wake this bright July morning;
And our skipper roar'd out, 'this dark old freebooter
Shall ne'er have the maid, to whom once I'm been suitor.'

Crack sail on all, &c.

We fired not a shot at this bold buccaneer,
On their own native planks, hand to hand without fear,
Did we fiercely contest for the deck of their craft,
Which we swept in a trice, to a man, fore and aft.
O the joys of this maid were but equall'd by those
Of our captain, her lover, who'd conquered her foes,
When he gave out the word, with a heart-cheering grace—
'All hands now stand ready, to splice the main-brace.'

Crack sail on all, &c.

Each and all of the crew shared the prize he had won,
Chiming in with the dance and the glee, and the song;
Toasting long happy life to that beauteous prize,
Whom our captain had gain'd—and whose laughing blue eyes,
Told a tale of delight, I shall never forget,
Till I'm called aloft, the last judgment to meet,
As her white lilly hand softly laid on my arm,
Gently saying, 'dear Tom, shield your captain from harm.'

Crack sail on all, &c.

I hope I have given enough of Black Tom's song to
satisfy the reader, without going into all the minutia of

the chase, fight and after arrangement—how the nice tackings and windings of the one vessel were out-generaled by the prompt and superior manœuvres of the other—the many fine qualities of Tom's brig over his opponent's—what a scampering the Dons made when boarded—how offish they were at 'walking the plank' after the engagement—that glowing look of the captain when the crew gave 'three cheers for the blue-eyed beauty'—the manner of his sharing his wealth with the men when leaving the brig and the service—what a happy shore-life he and his lady ever lived after—and not among the least particulars, how Black Tom once paid them a visit, and dandled the little ones upon his *own* knee, who were so exactly like

'The black piercing eye, of their father, so neat—
The cherry red lip of their mother so sweet.'

This song had a singular effect, not only upon the mess, but upon the surrounding crowd, who were gathering from the first verse to the last, each joining in the chorus, with a willingness and cheer, as his feelings were actuated towards love and heroism. Black Tom was allowed by long usage, to sing each verse without interference, but the chorus was common property, as much belonging to the low guttural voice of Well-bred Jim, as it did to the unvaried buz and hissings of Capstan Jack. All joined in at times to the number of an hundred, each in his own voice and key, cracking on with a man-of-war stroke, which had a most cracking effect on those of musical taste.

There was an interloper who occasionally brought his grub to eat at our mess table, a mutual friend of Black Tom, whom I must not pass over, if for no other reason, than his partiality for the company of his quondam friend. This fellow was of an extremely mercurial temperament, ever changing from place to place, irritable and laughing at each movement—ever threatening, never dangerous, and taken as a whole, a well meaning soul was 'Flash-in-th'-pan.' He was seldom absent at Black Tom's singing;

for his excitable ear was always on the alert, and if he was at any of the prisons in the separate yards from ours, the second verse would bring him to the mess table, dancing as though he was hung upon springs of some newly discovered elastic powers, ready, nay, swearing, he would fight for the lady in the song against all competitors, come they from where they might, ranging up by the side of his friend the singer, in readiness to do the danger to any who dared say, 'she was not the finest model and handsomest craft in the world's wide range.'

But, above all others, did that son of Momus, Chaw-tobacco Joe, enter into the spirit of the song. For the lack of his speech, he more than made up by his hieroglyphical manner of expressing his feelings, and by his action alone, he could work out the sense of each verse, as the song progressed, to the well understanding of the deafest man in the universe. This was done, not for the sport of others, but because he could not help it, his nervous temperament ever having the entire command of his person, and often lead him into odd predicaments.

At the command to lay aloft, he would go through the motions with as much alacrity as though still on board of the vessel in which he served his apprenticeship, climbing the ratlines hand over hand, his feet fetching up with a dog-trot, displaying a nimbleness of joint to the envy of all who wished to pass as expert topmen. At each time of tacking or putting about, after attending to the braces, his arms were squared at right-angles with the body, handsomely heading round, till he filled away, careening over naturally with the wind, till he was disturbed by the call to quarters, when he was ready with his sponge and rammer, to drive well home the charge, that the enemy should feel his manner of loading.

When piped to 'splice the main brace,' he was instantly jerked into a stiffened attitude, the mouth was quickly undergoing a right and left wipe from the back of each hand, telling how well he relished the 'insinua-

tion;' and the sly workings of the tip of the tongue, alternately showing itself at each corner, either proved that it was uneasy at the restraint of being kept in waiting, or that it was desirous of navigating in less water than was its daily wont.

Again, at the first threatenings of danger, he was in his best pugilistic attitude, ready with a tiger spring to be upon the enemy, the moment an advantage could be gained. Now, as a love passage was singing, he is melting under the soft influence of his feelings, which are getting the better of him, till he is locking the lovely form of his fair one in his encircling arms, and bestowing a buss upon the ruby—nose of Well-bred Jim, which suddenly brought him to his senses and to his speech; for the instant he felt the scorch, he jerked back, audibly ejaculating 'the devil!' without the premonitories usual to his sayings.

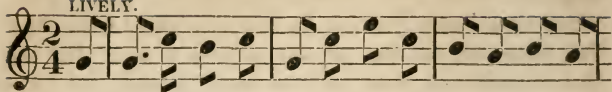
It was generally supposed by the mess on this occasion, that the Prince of Darkness had assisted the stut-terer in the easy delivery of his name, claiming it as an invitation to join in the frivolities at the board, creating no little alarm among the timid, who looked for his presence immediately after the ejaculation. However, this was only conjecture, which made no impression on the nerves of Chaw-tobacco Joe, who soon forgot his late mishap, in the exciting business before him, which was waxing warmer and warmer, as it was progressing towards conclusion, till he could stand it no longer, and at the word, 'boarders, away!' with one leap he was in the centre of the mess table, forcing out with the explosive strength of a six-pounder, as he lit upon its top, 'go it!' This Flash-in-th'-pan construed into a defiance of one of his threats just let off, and, being ever ready to back them, he was in his front upon the table at a jump, and both were pitching into each other, before the by-standers could interfere to prevent them. For this indecorum Flash-in-th'-pan was sentenced, after a regular jury trial that consumed most

of the following day, to stand still for the space of five minutes; whilst Chaw-tobacco Joe had to kiss the nose, which he so lately mistook for his lady-love's warm lips. The latter suffered the penalty without a *word*, but the former could not *stand* his, the severity being too great for his nerves. This his judges saw, and humanely remitted two-thirds of the sentence, upon the culprit promising to offend so no more.

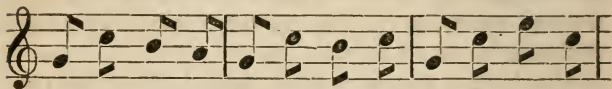
After getting through with his 'Own,' Black Tom was in readiness to branch off into his minor productions, as they were called up by the party at the mess table. The following was a general favourite with the circle, not for its intrinsic worth, nor from any superior grace the singer could add to it, but mostly from the acting comicalities of Chaw-tobacco Joe, who not only entered into the meaning of each word and sentence, but showed every tantalizing look, sneering haughtiness, and scornful scowl of the coquette throughout the different stages of her career, better than many professional singers could have done it. If any of my readers say, there is no merit in either the verse or notes, let them pause before making their final decision, as they have not its principal adjunct to its excellence, Chaw-tobacco Joe. The singer never openly claimed any identity with this, as with the other song; and if he had done so, his slouching treble-patched-jacket, ducks without waistband, toggled together with spun-yarn, which mutinied at any duty above the hip-joints—his low-crowned veteran tarpaulin, together with a skin crusted with tan, cheeks hollowed with a pinching diet, and a visage soured with his imprisonment, gave a flat contradiction to any such connection, without farther inquiry as to his former cruisions. Supposing like his 'Own,' Black Tom's 'Coquette' has out-lived her day, and that nothing is extant whereby she can be recognized by the present generation, I have made bold to add the notes without giving credit for the same.

THE COQUETTE.

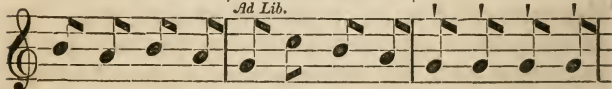
LIVELY.



At sixteen, beaux were gay and plenty, All were handsome,



most were wealthy; Smiling, smirking, lisp- ing, pleasing,



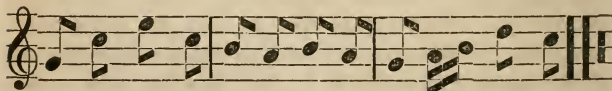
Bow- ing with their anxious teasing; This one's will- ing,



That one's billing, Oh! how killing. You can't please me,



You shan't please me, Oh, don't tease me, With your fad - dle



dad - dle talking, I'm engaged, so pray be walking.

At six and twenty, things went different,
 Offers now were much less frequent;
 Few were praising, none were vying
 To be foremost—not one dying.

One amuses
 With excuses,
 He refuses.
 Now they flout me,
 Go without me,
 Laugh about me.

How provoking, thus to suffer—
 Cruel, cruel, none to offer.

At thirty-six—gracious ! how many
Call me ‘fusty, Mistress Granny’—
Hateful nothings, lack-brained donkeys,
Graceless, grinning, two-legged monkeys.

First they greet me,
Then they twit me,
All then quit me ;—
They are glad now—
'Tis too bad now,
To be made now,

Game by such a set of fellows,
Only fit to grace the gallows.

These convivial songs made us forget for a time, that we were in captivity ; for none could look on, without being more or less drawn into the excitement, by the enthusiasm displayed by the singers. Heavy, indeed, would the hours pass, when we had neither amusement nor employment to engage our minds—bringing with them moroseness, and a wish to estrange one’s-self, even from his most intimate companions, more especially, when our money ran short, compelling us to subsist upon our rations alone, which after a few days’ trial, when my health and appetite returned, I found as insufficient, as before I had supposed it abundant, and it was barely enough to keep the worst feelings of hunger down, even when subjecting myself to be called selfish, by entertaining no company.

CHAP. V.

MESS TABLE CHIT-CHAT—CONTINUED.

BESIDES songs, many of the lagging hours of each day were occupied, to enliven our feelings and dissipate the ennui, which was ever getting the upper-hand of the desponding, by tales, stories and narratives—some fictitious and imaginary, some superstitious and ghostly, and

some seaward and prodigious. But the greater portion of the spare time was taken up with the recital of the wonderful scenes and exploits many of the members of the mess and their comrades had passed through during their long and various cruising. In these, to make his hairbreadth escapes greater than that told by his mess-mate, each showed less regard for high colouring, than he displayed an aptness at invention, by giving them location that ever ensured belief.

The few I have selected, (from the abundance volumes might be filled,) are not inserted for their intrinsic worth, but from the circumstance of their pleasing me at the recital the most of any, and for carrying a greater probability of truth with them, than many of the others. Perhaps the charm was in the narration; if so, I have kept them in remembrance for naught.

As regards the truth of these tales, if they will be any the more interesting to the reader, he may know, that testimonials have latterly fallen in the way of the writer, which bring incontestable proof that the main particulars, contained in three out of the four, are facts, which is as far as he dare vouch for what is recorded in the 'chit-chat' series. Of the other tale, the reader must take such proof as the narrator offers, and then he can form his own conclusions.

The following was told by Little Nap, with an asser-
vation that it too was truth, and offered, if doubted by
any, to clinch it with the 'mess table oath,' which was
the same as the one administered when crossing the line—
'never to eat brown bread when I can get white—never
to kiss the maid when I can the mistress,' etc. etc.; for
the remainder, I must refer the reader to the narratives of
those who have crossed it, or let him remain in his igno-
rance till he crosses it himself and taken the oath, when
he will not be likely to forget it ever after.

LITTLE NAP'S ADVICE.

'When I first went to sea, I was at the age of eighteen, and something of a beau; and with good reason, for in this old hulk, there is now little remaining of what was then no bad promise of a well-looking man. I left behind many a kind heart, who wished me well, if nothing more; but with none did I part so unwillingly—none did I regret to leave behind more than Alice, between me and whom there had been many soft sayings, without any one mistrusting it—she being afraid of her mama, and I was too bashful for any one to suppose I ever had looked a girl full in the face, as I never had, when I thought a third person was observing me. At parting, she barely said good-bye, whilst others were ready to overflow with grief. This I did not like. Many presents were forced upon me by others, but Alice had not a parting word or gift as a remembrance.

'At my return from a three years' passage from around the world, having been on a sealing voyage, and afterwards to China, I found all well, and much gladness in store for my safety. The best present in my chest was given to Alice, whose eyes sparkled with a brightness that caused me to turn to the open window, to see if the flashes came from the black looking cloud, arising from the south-east, which showed a stormy front; but I could gather nothing from it, except a drop as it fell directly in my eye. This I was forced to wipe out, before I could say a word to Alice; and when in talking trim, I was puzzled at seeing her wipe the rain drop from her eye, not knowing how she could have caught it by the distance she stood from the window.' Here the weather-beaten narrator paused a moment, to adjust the tobacco in his pipe, which he took from his pocket, but made no farther use of it, than to place it before him.

'We will pass over the remainder of my stay ashore at this time, as well as the next voyage I made to Liver-

pool, from thence to the Black Sea; when again we took our tacks on board for the Straits, and were boxed about from port to port, till we arrived at home, after another absence nearly as long as the first. Alice and I compared reckonings, and understood matters better than formerly; but for certain reasons, we thought it best to let nothing go abroad, as each of the fair girls of our acquaintance supposed she stood as good a chance of securing me, as any of the others. You laugh, shipmates, but you did not know me at twenty-four,' drawing up to ease his attitude, and paying particular attention to the straightening of his shirt collar.

'Alice had joined a sewing society during my absence, under the direction of an old maid, who was as sour and crabbed, as living forty-five years without a sweetheart could make her, and who had the impudence to suppose, she had held out allurements sufficient for me to go to sea no more. This fair one had ever been in her teens, as was manifest, not only from her protestations, but from greater authority, that of her not ceasing to grow in height; and it was quite time for her to be thinking of coming back, for she had long since reached the length the craft of her class are allowed to stretch, when good looks, or safety in squally weather, is consulted. Some how or other, at one of their meetings the truth slipped out, how the current was setting between Alice and me. Now came flashings more brilliant than those from the broadside of a three-decker. Each girl of my former acquaintance, who was at the assembly, was ready to tear the clothes from the one who had supplanted her in the good graces of her favourite.

'Vain were their endavours to find out what had proved so fascinating about the little rogue, once their favourite, but now their hate. After many pros and cons, they could hit upon nothing else than the brilliantly shining head of hair which she possessed, knowing that I was always more than pleased at comely locks.' Nap unco-

vered his head, and placed his cap on the table before him, the weather being warm, which gave rise to a suspicion that it would not be taken amiss, for the listeners to occupy the spare time in studying the beauties of his luxuriant growth of hair. But the insinuation was more partial than the circumstance deserved; for Chaw-tobacco Joe followed suit, without any such surmisings at his uncovering.

'One evening she came home from an afternoon's meeting of the sewers, with her face rather overbalanced by the protuberance of her under lip, (a family feature, when wrathful,) and appealed to me to know what she should do, as the members had overhauled some old rules of the society, that had lain dormant from time immemorial, which went to show that its members should not wear the hair, except as a crop, or smoothly raked back. Here was a snarl not easily got over. For Alice to give up those tresses which I had mused on when thousands of miles away—those locks that nothing could drive from my mind—not even the fierce whistlings of the hurricane's blast could for a moment make me forget the curls I had doated on in moments of happiness—never thinking of danger whilst thinking of their owner—I could not agree to it for a moment. The advice I gave was, for her to cut their mess, and work her own oar, rather than to submit to a mutilation unheard of, or make a Chinese block out of the best figure-head in the county, with as little meaning as grace, as you can see, by turning your looks upon Joe,' who was the while smoothing back his hair, to the danger of an enlargement of his eyes by the strain to which he was putting them.

'This would not do; Alice must have my advice as authority to go by, and would act only as I said, ending with a pout, that rather disfigured her pretty face, by the red pulpy lip thrusting itself before all, as much as to say 'who dares.' When the short scrimmage that followed was over, the lip was as it should be, without its being

bitten off. I never was in a worse snarl in my life, always excepting my squint at the Frenchman; for I knew as little about giving advice on a matter so knotty, as Chaw-tobacco Joe does of behaving himself in decent company; for he has done nothing since we spoke of the lip, except to shove out his own scow-looking dung-cart, till he has worked it far enough ahead to see if it resembles that which brought on the scrimmage.' This digression brought Chaw-tobacco Joe to his senses.

'I told Alice I would draw up my opinion of the difficulty in dispute on paper, and at the next meeting, I would read it to the members, if permission were granted, when most likely all disputes would be ended. At the time appointed, the advice was prepared, and read throughout, before descanted upon.

The Advice.—'A grand council was called, consisting of Misses Maypole, Whitetop, Buttercups, Dumpy Sue, and a score of others, under officers, not worth mentioning, though sworn to act according to the evidence shown, which means, in the presence of their superiors, to do as bidden by them.

'The calling of this court was for the purpose of trying one of their members, Cherry-button, for having appeared under false colours when on duty, and in the presence of her enemies. The accused was brought to the bar, and charged with the offence. She set up her defence, and was like to gain the good will of the council by her eloquence and interesting appearance, when she was told to be silent—that she was there to bow to the will of the council, and not to dictate to her compeers, maugre the under lip, which began to show symptoms of an overflow, with no friendly aid to assuage its swellings as upon a former occasion.' Now, Joe, be decent. Hold in but a little longer, and I shall be done. Cut as many antics as you please with the rest of your body, but that fore-castle under jaw of yours I cannot abide.' The jaw was relieved for the time of farther annoyance, by throwing off its trouble in a quick, sharp 'go ahead!'

'In the course of the discussion in the council, which was carried on in an under tone, Cherry-button thought she heard the word *tresses* used, which no little alarmed her. She was soon after made positive that her fate was sealed, by the sentence being pronounced, 'that, although it is lawful for the members to wear their hair in a becoming manner, as laid down by the rules of the association, yet, inasmuch as the prisoner on trial has made use of hers as an allurement to catch what others might have gained by less objectionable means, it is decreed, that for the offence, the accused shall have the offending locks severed closely from her head.'

'No sooner was sentence pronounced, than preparations were made to put it into execution, by each of the members seizing her scissors, and brandishing them with a zeal worthy the occasion. As Cherry-button saw the cutting process so near at hand, without a friendly look from which she could gather the least pardonable expression, she could stand it no longer, and at once bolted.' Chaw-tobacco Joe by this time had worked his hieroglyphics into a bounce, which carried him into the territories of the adjoining mess. When he returned to his seat, the advice was resumed.

'The unexpected flight gave her a starting that was valuable; for, although she was a good runner, there were others in the room who could outstrip her and give odds. Dumpy, (my second best choice, in case Alice and I should fall out—always keeping more than one anchor ahead, when in port,) the little rogue, being nearest the door, and having the most presence of mind, as all rogues have, followed at once. Now she was by far the worst runner, but by her so quickly getting under weigh, and by greater exertions, she led the others for some time, as they rushed after, each with scissors in hand, ready to do the cropping, till Maypole came sweeping by like a comet, gaining on the chase rapidly, who, however, was doing wonders, thanks to the suppleness of joint and limb,

gained by previous dancing school exercise, of which, now if never more, she felt the benefit.' The sham-pooning which Joe's lower joints were undergoing, not yet being completed, was the reason of the short pause here in the recitation of Little Nap.

'Cherry-button's chance would have been small, even in this early stage of the chase, had Maypole been less intent on showing her figure, than in doing her duty; for on approaching the object of pursuit, she would throw herself into a fencing attitude, with her scissor arm extended, clipping the air at each successive hop, into which her run had changed by her sidling position, that gave her an opportunity to show off her figure, and the chase a chance to shoot ahead.' The six divisions of the broadsword having been gone through by our nervous worker in hieroglyphics, his exercises terminated by thrusting his lank, scissor-shaped fingers into the short, red hair of Flash-in-th'-pan, made the more crispy by the hot temperature of the soil it sprung from, and fastened on to the ear of its hotspur owner, with a command to 'cut and run!' The interference of the by-standers prevented a collision, which otherwise inevitably must have taken place.

'Up to this time, the runners had pretty well scattered on both sides, Dumpy doing wonders, considering her sailing qualities, her breadth of beam being but little less than her length, with rounded bows, and bulging waist, yet she had fallen astern so as to be of no farther account. But-tercups and Whitetop, knowing the ground over which the chase must go before reaching her place of safety, took a short cut through a by-path, dashed down with rapid strides, intending to intercept or cut off the chase, who was under a full press of canvass, dashing along with her streamers flying in the wind more beautiful than ever. But here their over-zeal was prostrated, for they had gained such a velocity when coming to the crossing, that they shot by the bows of the chase, and passed on like

the wind, giving her a reach of a cable's length or so ahead, before they could bring up.' The glow of Well-bred Jim's nose was seen to take a freshening tint, at the mention of the flowing hair, and the speaker's eyes were somewhat more animated than usual, when both were brought suddenly to their senses, by a flap from the broad palm of Joe, who was underweigh with the belligerent party; and in one of his wide swings of the arms, while rounding-to, without duly attending to the lee-braces, the hand came in contact with the nose of Jim, Joe at the same time uttering 'breakers!' Matters were soon compromised, as Joe meant nothing hostile, and the nose had seen worse buffetings.

'The chase feared nothing now but that pestering May-pole, who was ever in her wake, like a high-masted frigate, towering above her companions, ranging up close upon her quarters every five minutes, and might have easily done the clipping, had she been content to do it in a rough-and-tumble way; but no, she must show off her figure, throw herself into stays, and bring up all ataunto; and before she could luff for a broadside, or the favourite position was taken, the chase was far out of her reach, ploughing along with a taut bowline and a steady hand at the helm, as could be seen by her straight wake.' Again was Chaw-tobacco Joe at his duty with the tiller, his eyes aloft to catch the first flutterings of the head sails, if she happened to broach-to the least too much, which he was determined to prevent, as could be seen by the rapidity of his glances from the compass in the binnacle to the swallow-tail above the truck of the sliding-top-gallant-mast, showing a determination to outdo the chase with her straight course, and gain admiration by his nicety of steering.

'At this stage of the chase, an incident occurred, which nearly proved fatal to Cherry-button, and from a quarter least expected. The last we heard from Dumpy, she had fallen immeasurably astern, was waddling along like a

Dutch lugger in a cross-sea; and to a casual observer, through a hazy atmosphere, appeared by her yawings and broaching-to, rather to be working backwards than forwards; yet she was still making some headway, but in comparison to the others, so little as not to be worth noticing, and she had become an enemy no more to be dreaded. Some flying reports say, she lost ground, by luffing up to a cake table to purchase a lot of sugar-plums; but we have no positive proof of it, and do not believe the report; for this reason, that the dear little fatty was sweet enough in her own person, without any such auxiliaries.' The eyes of all present were drawn upon Capstan Jack, by the unusual circumstance of his drawing *in* his breath, with his teeth slightly parted, never before being known but to respire. Whether this in-drawn sigh was intended for the fatling or the plums, was never known. Capstan Jack was not loquacious, his eloquence lay altogether in his looks.

'Dumpy would have been soon run down, and left entirely out of sight, but for a friendly hog, that came yelling and squealing from an open gate, with a terrier pup fastened to its flesh, and which, in its agony, ran directly under Dumpy, lifting her from the ground, and carried her forwards with the fury and swiftness of a race-horse. Nor did the pig give up its freight of pulpy sweets (another sigh from Capstan Jack, of less devotion than the first, without the parting of the teeth,) till it had passed the chase some distance, nor then till it tacked short into the lane, which led to its own domicile.' Had the pummeling, the round shoulders of Double-me-up was undergoing, been upon the back of the pig, it would have had a heavier burthen, than to continue carrying the load it had so unceremoniously left by the road-side. Whether the blows were given for the disrespects shown to the sex, or because the back did not hold on to the sweets, does not appear. Joe often left others to draw conclusions, without correcting them, should they err.

'Cherry-button here was among breakers; for before was an enemy, on either side many, in the rear, legions!' Flash-in-th'-pan and Chaw-tobacco Joe were both involuntarily thrown into battle array, not against each other, but to do the fighting of this hard-pressed chase. If she had been present in propria persona, to beat up for volunteers, she would have numbered others of the mess on her side, besides these worthy champions, who have so often interrupted the narrative.

'But the chase relied upon the smiling face of Dumpy, which being interpreted, read, 'no harm dwells within;' (she has since said, bless her little heart, that she could not clip for laughing)—kept on her course, shot ahead, but was evidently much blown. She shortly now would have been overtaken by those in her wake, had not a miserable cur created a diversion and scattering of the fleet, by coming through them pell-mell, yelping and yelling, with a tin pan tied to his tail. As misery loves company, he came close aboard of the chase, with his din and racket, thinking no doubt their troubles were alike, as they were both heading the same course, only that hers were at the head, while his were at the tail; with this difference still (due respects to the dog's thoughts, notwithstanding,) that the chase was eager to preserve hers, while the dog was over-anxious to be rid of his, even at the expense of the tail, which was no great sacrifice, it being a bob of the shortest kind.

'Either the ki-yi-ing of the dog, or the fright caused by his proximity, infused new vigour into the chase; and, by dodging under a horse and cart, instead of losing time by going around it, as did those following, she at last reached her home in safety, and none the worse for the run, although a tough one.

'The dog, seeing a pair of boots standing near his path, darted between them, divesting himself of the pan, and upsetting the owner of the same, who came down stern on, squarely into the pan, which was there providentially

left, to save his nether garments from a miry slough, into which otherwise they must have been swashed.'

'The 'advice' was read to the end without interruption. If the cushion, on which the 'old 'un' sat, had been stuffed with young skunks, each with a pressure of odour of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, she would not have squirmed and snuffled more. For once I raised my eyes above the manuscript, to see how the reading took; when the contortions of her countenance made me suppose, she was trying to fashion her face from a cast-off straw hat, belonging to an unruly four-year-old urchin, that hung upon a peg opposite to her, and which had been twisted into as many shapes, as the ingenuity of its wearer could devise, in his multitudinous motives for mischief. But the comparison was rank-scandal to the hat; for she was gathering in the slack of her face on the one side, while she was letting out at the other;—chewing the end of her tongue, while it was striving to force itself out with an anathema; snapping about with the right eye-lid, while the left was trying to screen the rolling motions of its body corporate, which with its upward roll, was a hint for Satan to avaunt. Her jerkings, and scowlings can be better understood, by taking a squint at Chaw-tobacco Joe, who is now going through with her beauties; and he would like to make the mess believe, he knows as much about the whole affair, as I do, who was present.

'I was never afterwards asked for advice upon this head; neither was Alice troubled by these medlers, for the fashion she chose to wear her hair, for the ridicule cut even deeper than I wished it should.

'Shortly after, I went to sea again; since when, I have not seen nor heard of either Alice or her companions. At parting, she gave me a three-cornered package, done up and confined with a ribbon tied with a true-love knot, which contained a lock of her silken hair. I knew that ill luck was generally brought upon those, who carried such keepsakes, but I could not refuse it.

'Do,' said Alice; 'no evil can arise from a pledge given with the sincerity of so pure a spirit of affection; and know in your wanderings, when looking upon it, that the thoughts of the giver are with the cherisher of this poor offering!'

'I took it—kept it— * * * * *.'

Over the weather-roughened countenance of the speaker, passed a shade, telling stronger than words, of the perturbation within, as he unconsciously felt, whether his tin protection box was safe in the pocket, made for that alone, in the left breast of the waistcoat. Inside of the protection, impressed with the broad seal of his country, which promised him safety from the pressgangs of the British cruisers, was still cherished the lock of hair of which he was speaking when his rising emotion prevented his saying more. He ended with—

'Twenty-two years is a fearful time to be without even hearing from those we love. It may yet be years before either knows whether the other be among the living; or, perhaps, it may be better that the certainty should not be known.'

The mess rose and separated without an observation. Even Capstan Jack was twice seen to draw the back of his rough hand across his eyes; but then, the window opposite was open, and possibly the wind might have puffed the dust towards him, as he was rising to look out.

The Doctor was often pressed for either a song or a tale, but as often declined; saying, as all knew, he could not sing, had never met with a circumstance out of which he could make any thing interesting, and had no imagination by which he could engage the attention of his hearers. But rather than undergo the penalty required, (that of standing cook for the mess when not his turn,) he would relate what actually occurred, and came near making him a murderer of his mother. This startled the members of

the mess, and Tiger Josh was most particularly shocked that he, without knowing it, had slept in close proximity with almost a murderer. The Doctor was requested to proceed, when he related the following.

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

When a lad of some five or six years of age, my mother was subject to sudden and severe attacks of the croup, many times being past speaking, in less than an hour after the first symptoms appeared. One morning, her early rising and unusual hoarseness, plainly told the forthcoming malady, although she stoutly denied it was any thing more than a cold, which would pass off by breakfast time, with a little exercise. But sister Sally knew better; she had seen too many of those attacks, and knew full well, that unless early relief was administered, it must in a few hours prove fatal.

How to send for the doctor, who resided in the village about three miles distant, the only one who understood the treatment of the disease, and the only physician who attended my mother under those attacks, sister Sally did not know, for none were at home except me, my mother and herself. Sally could not be spared, and I had never been in the direction the doctor lived, more than a mile, so it was doubtful if I were sent, whether I should be enabled to find the way or do the errand as required. However, there was no time to spare, an early breakfast was given to me, with directions for my route in as plain a manner as possible, charged to make all haste, and I was set a-going on my journey.

My head was so filled with 'this way and that way'—'to the right, then to the left'—'this by-road till reaching yonder cart-path'—'up to the dead tree, then turn to the right and cross the log bridge,' etc. etc. that I found it impossible to retain a half of what was told to me, and that with much inconvenience, so I concluded it was better to depend upon inquiry, than thus to tax my memory beyond reason.

I paddled along on my journey, and was in a fair way of doing my errand, when I came to the latitude of a miniature saw mill belonging to Jack Beeton, a lad of some four years my senior, which lay within half a mile of my direct path. A thought suggested itself, that at no time should I have such another opportunity of setting it in motion and examining its ingenuity, without the officious interference of its owner, who was always jealous of any but himself meddling with it. Accordingly, I leaped the fence, and was shortly admiring its peculiar fashion—wondering at the ingenuity of Jack, supposing it the *ne plus ultra* of all the machinery ever before made. After admiring it for some time in still life, I hoisted the small gate, let on the water, and was now much more taken up with its moving qualities than when examining its make only. At last I began a calculation, that, as the mill moves thus fast with so little water, how much faster will it go by increasing the moving power? The result of this sage problem was, ‘who’s Jack Beeton, that he should have the best mill among his playmates.’ With the help of a stick, I was not long in undermining the dam, which brought the water to the wheel with such force, as to carry the whole down stream with a velocity that astounded me; and, lest I might be discovered in my doings, and called to account by the builder of the mill, knowing well the kindness of Jack to those who had offended him, for I had several times come under his gentle handling, for less offences than the present, I scampered out of the vicinity of danger, as fast as legs could carry me, congratulating myself that Jack could no longer crow over his companions, by saying he possessed the best plaything in the neighbourhood.

But for the mishap of the dam, I should have loitered by its side till I had forgotten my errand, or become hungry, either of which would have carried me towards home again, instead of on my journey. As it was, the accident sent me on the way my business called me,

with a reasonable pace, till I came to a corn-field at the left of the path, in the centre of which was the figure of a man, stuck upon a stick, to frighten the crows from the field. Not liking to pass such a frightful object on my return, should I be belated, as I was like to be, I forthwith set about its destruction. I was afraid to encounter it at close quarters, so I kept pelting it from a distance with stones, till at last I brought it down. In its fall, it gave a pitch towards me, which confirmed my belief that it had life. I yelled and heeled it like a whipped cur, nor dared to look back, till out of breath with running. It was lucky that I was between the demolished scarecrow and the object of my journey; for had I been the other side, I should have ran back, and when once headed homewards, it is doubtful whether I should have hauled up, till under parental protection.

I did not again loiter till I came to a muddy stream, over which was thrown a log, for the convenience of foot passengers, with a pole resting upon crotches for a hand-rail. Here I knew I was a-right, and by the 'log bridge' that I was on known ground, the first landmark that I had recognized since starting, as charged to be guided by; and that I should not easily forget it, I was soon investigating its use and effects, and came to the conclusion that the hand-rail was quite superfluous to all but cowardly ninny-hammers, for I could and did run back and forth upon the log some dozen times, without the aid of the same. At last I became so venturesome as to try the experiment of walking across the pool upon the hand-rail, and had accomplished three-fourths of the distance, when I became alarmed at my daring, turned to go back, missed stays, and went heels over head, souse into the black muddy water beneath, where I floundered and paddled about for some time, not doubting that I should be drowned, and knowing if I was not, the precious licking I should get for this muddy swim, would be quite as uncomfortable for the time it lasted, if not so durable.

At last I gained the shore, drew myself up the bank, where I sat crying at my hapless fate, thinking of my playmates who were afar off, enjoying the comforts of a lunch at home, while I was here on this long, lone journey, the like of which was never undertaken by man, for I was in territories unknown. Then my poor sick mother came in for an especial boo-hoo, till sobs took the place of tears, and at last sleep overcame all.

When I awoke, my appearance must have been enchanting. The sun had dried to a crust the mud upon my well-covered carcass, and the rubbing my eyes underwent while crying, had ground in the same, till I was truly amiable. However, I was refreshed by the sleep, and scraped myself as well as I was able, divested myself of the larger crusts, thinking the lesser ones of but little consequence. Seeing blackberries near by, I ate long and heartily, being no wise particular in putting them in my mouth, either single or by handfulls, giving the preference to the latter mode generally, as by that I was in a fairer way of setting the dye to my before well-mudded face.

After eating to a surfeit, I pushed on, meeting with no other mishap, till I reached the village, with its thickly clustered houses, when I became perfectly bewildered at the multitude and splendour of the buildings. Now for the first time my mind wandered, and I could not recollect whether to take the street to the right or to the left, but at a venture chose the latter, sauntered along till I came to Judge Brigham's; and liking the appearance of the house, it being the largest and best painted I had seen, in I went, and sat down upon the first seat that offered.

The family were at dinner, and I waited with much patience and greater hopes, that I should be invited to join at the meal, for blackberries I found but poor trash to travel on in comparison to their dyeing qualities. To my surprise, I was not noticed, except now and then by a look and a giggle from the youngsters, which I thought strange,

but concluded it was the way fashionable people, like the Judge's family, displayed their gentility. After the meal, the eldest daughter of those who had eaten, came to me, washed my face, kindly buttoned my shirt collar, gave me the half of a mince-pie, and asked me my errand. She said I had taken the wrong course for the doctor's, that I should have turned to the right and gone up the street, and then I was hurried on my journey much refreshed. I could not account for her haste in getting me off, feeling in no hurry myself, unless it was to save the other half of the pie, which my eager eyes were as fast securing as my voracious gulplings were greedily making way with its fellow. I leisurely walked up the street, taking due notice of every house I passed, viewing all things as new and marvellous, storing my mind with sufficient to relate to my playmates for months to come, and to ensure my superiority in standing forever after.

When I had progressed as far as 'Squire Ruggles', I saw Mrs. R. and her young daughter, a beautiful girl, sitting inside the door, sewing, and was certain something good was within. I said to myself, 'if mince-pies come from such homely girls as the Judge's, here must be custards,' and without stopping to discuss the merits or demerits of the proceeding, I marched in, stood bolt upright, after making my best bow, expecting every moment to be gobbling at the custards, which in spite of my endeavours to the contrary, had engrossed my thoughts, so as to entirely detract them from the pretty face of the little miss, who was trying to ape her mother at her sewing, both in the attitude of setting and handling the needle, till her roguish eyes, whilst gazing at the fixture upon the floor, so far led her thoughts astray, that the needle mistook the finger for the muslin, making havoc both of the finger and the pretty face by the poutings which followed. I was here again asked my errand, and when I had told them I was sent for the doctor, I thought I was hurried off with unbecoming brevity; not, however, till

was thrust into my hands a piece of bread and butter. A poor substitute, said I, for custards. I moved off with a little sullenness and more disappointment, at receiving such scurvy fare from such uncommonly nice people.

As soon as I had given my buttered bread the desirable horse-shoe form, by eating the softer inside out, I set about disposing of that, feeling loath to throw it away, as 'you may see the time, when you will be glad to eat worse than this,' was a lesson too well impressed upon my memory, to be easily effaced. I hung it in the hollow of my arm and journeyed on, till I came to a sand bank by the road-side, when I sat me down, dug a convenient grave, and in it deposited the last remains of the bread and butter—covered it to a becoming depth, and erected a head and foot-stone to mark its place of burial. All this was done in as slow, solemn, and silent a manner, as so grave a subject required, consuming not more than half an hour in the whole.

At last I was at my journey's end, which I knew by seeing the Doctor's iron-grey horse, fastened to the yard fence. Lucky was it for the sick, that the horse was there tied, else I might have been travelling to the present time; for I was too bashful, backward, or dumb to ask for advice or directions.

I concluded the Doctor was not far off, and that I could intercept him when he came for his horse, which would save me the trouble of going up to the house, and passing the large dog I saw chained near the pathway that led to the front door. Besides, I espied on the other side of the road, a barn with red shutters, whose oddity attracted my curiosity in so strong a manner, as to make me wish for a closer examination of this wonder of art. After clambering the fence, and viewing the building for awhile, my curiosity, instead of being satiated, was only made the stronger, not feeling satisfied, till I had made sure the red shutters were continued on the opposite side, nor then till I had counted them twice round the barn, and was on

my third circuit, to make positive I was aright, when I saw the Doctor coming for his horse.

I was soon on the bank opposite, where he was tightening the girths of his saddle, and adjusting his medical saddlebags, that he had brought from the house, swung upon his left arm, in a truly professional way, which none can imitate save the initiated. I supposed he would ask me my business, as others had done before, but he took no notice of me whatever, although I had been at some pains to study an attractive attitude, by doffing my hat, bringing it down before me, holding it fast with both hands, and standing straight and erect, with countenance strained to a rigidity of tension, as painful to bear, as it was laughable to see. However studied and amiable the attitude, it had no attractions for the doctor, he probably mistaking me for a rough granite post, as very naturally he might; for the mud I had gathered in my duck in the pool still adhered to my clothes, and was baked and dried by the sun, which turned it to a dull bluish colour; this, together with the white head, and recently washed face, answering well to the whitewashing to which the tops of these posts are subject in their ornamental finish, would deceive travellers of greater mental penetration than was ever allotted to Doctor Fisher.

He mounted and rode in a contrary direction from which I came, or at least so I supposed, but was not certain, for my head had become so bewildered, that I scarcely knew any thing. After going ten or fifteen rods, he looked back, without stopping his horse, again turned his face the way he was riding, but shortly reined up, staring hard at me, as though he was not altogether satisfied of my identity. Now was the time for me to act, which I did to perfection, by swinging my hat high before me, straddling my legs wide apart, and bringing hat, arm, head and shoulders down in regular succession, with a tremendous swing, stopping nothing till I could see clear sky rearwards, a counterpart of what I enacted

when saluting the mother and daughter, and a salaam then much in vogue, in which I was particularly expert, or at least thought so. The bow had the desired effect of bringing the doctor back, who accosted me with 'well, my little lad, what are you wanting here?' 'I don't want nothing, but marm's got one of her poor turns, and wants you.' His eyes dilated with anger as he snapped out, 'you dirty little whelp, why didn't you let me know it at once?' and was out of sight before I had recovered from the fright his scolding had caused. I said to myself he was a fool to get so allfier'd mad at nothing, and came to the conclusion the horse he rode was not paid for, or a borrowed one, else he would not be so prodigal of his wind.

On my return, I glanced at the grave where lay in quiet stillness the last remains of the buttered bread—gazed longer and with more interest where dwelt the probed finger and pouting lip, and custards in prospective, had greater difficulty in combatting my inward yearnings for a call upon those of less comely features, but more open hearts, thinking it barely possible the remaining half pie was sighing for the long separation from its better half, and praying, like myself, for a reunion; but with a little exertion, I conquered all selfishness, and was soon speeding it homewards with the renewed energy the sweetmeats and dough-nuts in anticipation inspired, of which I was promised an abundance on starting, provided I made all haste and behaved prettily.

I had gone over about half the distance, when it popped into my head, that this was a good time to see how the bird's nest came on, which I had discovered about two months previous in an unfinished state, when on a berrying excursion. I took a course to the right, of nearly two hours' journey, into the far distant territories of Powder Hill, and I was sadly disappointed at not being able to find it, after wandering over the woods in every direction, searching in vain for the object of my

wish. At last I grew extremely tired, and did not perceive the sun was setting, till the shade of the woods darkened to a sombre gloominess, while I was still far from my home, with the choice of but two ways to reach it. The one of these led by the domicil of Jack, the proprietor of the demolished saw mill, which was a dangerous route, as the owner might recognize the culprit who had worked his mill to destruction, even after the shades of night had set in; and would not fail working my bones to the same tuning, as but too well I knew by past experience. Yet the other way was across lots, through swamps peopled with ghosts, hobgoblins, witches, jack-o'lanterns, and catamounts with rolling eyes of real fire-balls, besides many other beasts of prey, the history of which can be learned in any nursery in New England, by those who have the curiosity to search for them. After balancing the dangers of the two routes thoroughly, I came to the conclusion that it was better to take the licking, the severity of which I knew by experience, than to risk myself in dangers I knew not of. I kept the road, escaped unhurt, by closely hugging the wall, till the territories of Jack were passed in safety.

After the excitement, from the fear of a thrashing, had passed off, I began to lag with fatigue and drowsiness, sat down several times by the road-side with a willingness to sleep, but was prevented by the cry of the night-birds, which my increasing fears imagined to be those of the spirits or wild beasts of the woods and swamps. These had the effect of starting me ahead till I was again wearied, when again I would sit, each spell of walking onwards shortening, till I was ready to sink with exhaustion, when all my faculties were aroused by seeing a tall figure approaching in my front, which could not be defined through the darkness, but I had not the least doubt it was one of those spirits which fed and lived upon such as myself. My frame was paralyzed with fear, and to save life, I could not move a joint nor utter a cry, but I plainly

felt the blood curdling in my veins, and was chilled to the heart;—the icy feeling is not yet forgotten, though years have passed since the occurrence. The figure approached with hasty strides and outstretched arms—in a moment I was caught in the close embrace of sister Sally, who exclaimed, ‘oh, William, where have you been staying; how could you so frighten us out of our wits?’ Her joy at finding me was no greater than mine at having an easy conveyance home; for I was not a moment nestled in her bosom, before I was fast asleep.

I have since been told that my loiterings had nearly proved fatal to my mother, the doctor only arriving in time to save life.

CHAP. VI.

MESS TABLE CHIT-CHAT—CONTINUED.

THE close intimacy that existed between the Fifer and myself, often brought him to our table, not as an invited guest, unless he fetched his eatables with him; for by so doing, it would have destroyed one of the principal articles of the association, which read, ‘never to ask any to partake of a crust, till each member was surfeited for a week.’ The penalty imposed upon the one so offending, was, ‘that his next and following day’s allowance shall be shared by the mess, till he acknowledges his fault and promises to sin no more.’ There was never a forfeit. But the reason the Fifer so often took a seat at our board, was, because at his mess-place, he had neither benches, tables, bowls, spoons, nor any thing else that was agreeable or comfortable; nor were his messmates just such as he was in the habit of associating with, as he more than once hinted.

At our 'sociables,' the Fifer was invited to join as one of the mess, which he readily did, and proved himself no small acquisition to the gleesome circle. He was early prevailed on to cheer us with a song, but his better singing gave much umbrage to Black Tom, though the latter said nothing; yet it added two degrees of shade to his former swarthy complexion, so intermingled with sulky looks, that the Fifer could not mistake his meaning, and forever after refused to sing, as it invaded the undeniable rights of Tom, who, as of just claim he ought, stood head singer to the mess. The Fifer was extremely timid of giving offence, and was ever ready to make reparation, if required. At a subsequent invitation to sing, he said his hoarseness would not allow it, (a standing excuse in all societies,) but if it were the same to the listeners, he would relate a circumstance that occurred when a boy; and if any one doubted its truth, should they ever come his way in the States, he would not only take them to where it took place, but where still stands

NATHAN'S ROCK.

When a shaver of ten years old or so, there was to be a general revolution, up-break, turn-over of all old fashions, ways, things, and doings, in our town, and new-fangled notions brought into their place, which were to astonish the world. Nat. Osgood, Phil. Stimpson, Joe Fleetthrift, Jack Phelps, Dan. Tanner, and Deacon Goodenough, besides a score of others who had entered into the project, all smart, active men, well to do in the world—some stood number one at our town meetings, others held commissions in the militia, and all were distinguished by dignified offices of authority of some kind. Whilst they were chalking out their plans, two strangers came into the village, who were brothers. No one knew from whence they came, nor cared, for they were artisans just from their apprenticeship, and both were hale, hearty and comely in their appearance.

Nahum, the elder, was a carpenter, and Nathan was a blacksmith; trades much valued in the improvements projected, and as they were 'promising young men,' they were at once adopted into the community. Nahum was smart, but Nathan was smarter;—he was the general favourite—none could plan like Nathan—he could do more than any body else—do it better—could dance and fiddle at the same time—in fact he could outdo himself, at least so every body said. 'Nathan can make, and Nahum can build—Nathan shall have a shop, Nathan shall have a house, and by-and-bye Nathan may have a wife, and become qualified for a selectman,' was the voice of every body. As for a wife, why he could have the pick and choice of the girls in ten miles square, without asking leave—it was no use for any other trying to shove in where Nathan had once made his bow. Accordingly, without loss of time, a three-cornered lot of gravel stones, upon a base of sunken rocks, was fenced in and deeded to Nathan, the plan of the building was of sufficient size to have one end hereafter partitioned off for the store; and the whole to be paid in smithing at about three prices of good land, as I have since been informed. The shop was built and made ready for Nathan in short order—nobody held back that could lend a hand. 'Nathan shall have money, Nathan shall be a merchant, we will have a store in the neighbourhood, we will not be compelled to go from home, to be cheated—Nathan is an honest man—Nathan never *did* cheat—Nathan is an almighty fair man, for all things prosper under Nathan's handling;—Nathan shall go to the legislature—none can bring about reform like Nathan.' He proposed nothing, but quietly slid into other people's whims, notions, and vagaries, and gained all praise without having the trouble to look for it, or work for it either, many times—all he said or performed was perfection. Often have I tried to step in Nathan's tracks—longing for the period to arrive when mine would equal his; a very laudable ambition, for I was not alone in following in the footsteps of Nathan.

Among the many improvements, there was *one* of some utility, if it had been carried into effect. The road that led over the hill was so bad, that an ox team could not pass it. In this undertaking, Nathan seemed to take a *leetle* more interest, than in any other; not because it passed before his shop; for Nathan cared nothing for his share of the benefit. 'Nathan's thoughts are all for the public good—no selfishness has Nathan—like the king, Nathan can do no wrong.'

In the course of this road-mending, which is generally done just after planting, when there is nothing else to do, the men receiving one dollar per day, the boys and cattle half price—(*Quere.* Why are the boys ten times more numerous at this season than any other? *Ans.* Why are the fattening cattle brought yoked upon the highway, when they are not in a condition to be worked?) the workmen came across a rock, that stopped the water from running by the side of the road. This was a hard, stubborn, cross-grained rock that would not move even at Nathan's bidding. Many plans were devised for its removal, many a long argument was held (in which all participated, save the cattle, whose per diem and feeding by the road-side were alike progressing with the labourers,) how the difficulty should be got rid of; but all were rejected and thrown aside as naught, till Nathan proposed blasting, the only direct proposition he was ever known to make. At that time in our section of the country, blowing rocks was not common; and many of those engaged upon the road, like myself, had never seen one drilled or blasted.

Nathan's proposition took like wild-fire—'it's Nathan's own plan—who can plan like Nathan?—Nathan can plan and Nathan can execute—Nathan is a smith—Nathan can make drills—Nathan can drill rocks—Nathan can blow creation all to atoms—hurrah for Nathan;' and up went the hats, mine the highest, as I could easily roll it into a ball. 'As for rocks, it is only necessary for Nathan to see them, and they are no better than split out-right.'

So thought most of those present, and to express a belief to the contrary, why, one would have been read out of meeting for being a heathen.

All followed Nathan to his shop, to see those mighty drills formed, that were to do the work of destruction, the overseer amongst the rest to watch if none left for home, till the ten hours expired within which he was to earn the dollar. At it went Nathan, and it would have done you good to see how very particular he was while fashioning his irons. Now he took a knowing squint at its straightness, then a sidling look at its breadth of edge—again was its hardness tried and its tempering looked to with as much nicety, as though he was delicately feeling the vein to let blood. ‘On its particular fashion depended much the effect of the explosion,’—so said Nathan, and Nathan never *did* lie. I have since thought, that Nathan had a spice of gammon in him; but, although born in sin, as I well knew, it was then not fully developed; or, rather I was then not guilty of infidelity. The same labour had to be gone through with the rammer and priming wire, consuming most of the day. It being past three o’clock and a Friday, the overseer thought it best to quit work and postpone farther operations till the next morning.

That night I slept with Nathan, for he was my bed-fellow, which gave me much pride, but more superiority over my play-mates; and with reason, for however great was Nathan, I was next to him. How many claim intimacy with the great, whose connection is less close than was ours? Many were the questions which I put to Nathan, and for a time freely did he answer them, (Nathan was a kind and good soul, and not proud,) till he grew drowsy—great men will sleep, as I have since learned. When, to my, ‘Nathan are you asleep?’ his answer, ‘no,’ led on to further discussion; till at last, the ‘Nathan, Nathan, you ain’t asleep?’ was answered with a full, ‘yes I am, though,’ accompanied with a snore

that was proof positive he was so in reality, confirming my belief that Nathan could do any thing.

Morning came, Nathan proceeded to his task surrounded by the same workies of the day previous, all thinking that the rock lay so directly in their way, none could do any thing till it was removed. I watched Nathan with much interest, and feel proud in saying that I saw the first blow struck, which was to do the work of destruction, and shake the foundation of the universe. As the drill settled into the rock, at the oft and successive hits of Nathan, speculation ran high, as to the probable amount of stone thrown out, to what place it should be removed, etc. etc. Some thought it would be blown into the body of the earth, where it would be safe from further annoyance, others supposed it would be lifted entirely out of its bed, leaving a chasm deep and awful to be filled up; and one pointed out a knoll, supposed to contain sand enough for the purpose. The overseer, a deacon of the stand-in-order church, a man of much piety, and proprietor of the knoll, was seen sucking in his cheeks, rolling up his eyes, and, after stretching his visage to its desired sanctified length, he was heard to ejaculate, 'the Lord cause it to be so removed, as last conjectured, harmless to all here present.' For some time his lips were moving in silent aspirations, as it was supposed, but Kurt Miller, who stood next to him, positively declared, nay, swore, that he was counting up his gain at so much per load for the sand. But Kurt was a great liar whom nobody believed; still he persisted in this, and ought to have known, as all were silent during the pious grimaces of the deacon.

As the work progressed, so was curiosity heightened, and the workies had naturally fallen into a circle—the full prices in front, and the half prices (cattle excepted, irrational brutes, to be nibbling the herbage amid such exciting events,) in the rear. Of course my station was among the latter; and seeing how the arrangement was

making, I kept my eyes upon a pair of bow-legs, followed them round the ring with the lock-step till they fell into line, when I ducked below. Here I was somewhat disconcerted, at finding an enormous leathern apron hanging in front, no doubt to hide the deformity of the legs. However, there was no time for ceremony, so with my knife, I soon had an eyelet, exactly in front of Nathan, the grand centre of attraction, where I enjoyed the whole process to its completion.

Nathan's popularity now was enormous, nothing could equal it; and if he had been put up as a candidate for any office, he would have commanded every vote upon the ground—'twas no use running against Nathan—Nathan never *had* an opposition to contend with. Nathan handled the powder-horn with a carelessness unheard of; and when he put in the charge, I did not wink or breathe for a minute, wondering at that fire-eater, Nathan.

At this stage of the proceedings, I happened to look to the side of the circle, and there was an eye set upon me, which I knew portended no good, for it belonged to Kurt, a playmate and companion of mine, and a kind lad, yet between us there were constant jealousies, bickerings, and heart-burnings, invariably ending with fights, without ever settling the point in dispute between us, so nearly were we matched, but always cementing more closely our former friendship. The present cause of strife arose from his supposing mine a better location than the one he occupied, although his was of his own choosing, and a side view, the only one in which he could see Nathan to advantage, as he was much cross-eyed. As it required but one eye to watch Nathan, the other was on a cruise for mischief; and when espying my snug berth, he left his and squatted by my side. As the legs afforded accommodation for even more than two of us, I did not object to his company; yet he wished me to give up my peep-hole to him, or cut another for his use. At the first proposition I refused, on the score if it were

an *eyelet*, it was not *to let*. The second I dared not agree to, as I had already done too much for my safety, if found out, although my fears were imaginary, for I could have gone to work with my knife, and cut trousers and all off, even to skin deep, so absorbed was the owner with what was before him.

I intimated to Kurt that the front view could do him no good, unless he turned half round. He was on me like a cat. For the first five minutes I was losing ground, as my opponent went into the fight with his temper up, whilst I had to get mine up as I went along, notwithstanding I had more to do than I had time to do it in, even when dropping Nathan from my thoughts, so engrossed was I with the endearing hugs of Kurt. Over and over we went, first one on top, then the other—hugging, kicking, yelling and squalling like two tom-cats, till we were roughly torn apart, and had our noses severely rubbed together, for thus disturbing the peace, and breaking in upon the meditations of Nathan's doings. However, I feel happy in saying that I came out of the fight with decided advantage, as Kurt's hair was long, while mine, the Sunday previous, had been shorn to unbecoming shortness.

Of the many encounters between Kurt and myself, I will relate but one; and as Nathan will not be ready with his blast for some time, we may as well have it here, when by the time it ends, there will be matter of a more fiery nature to attend to, than a fracas between two squabbling boys.

We had been strolling some distance from home, on a Sunday, when we came to an orchard of peaches, whose owner gave us permission to pick as many from the ground as we pleased. We soon had our shirt bosoms as full as we could stuff them, and were trudging homewards in all the grotesque attitudes each was obliged to assume, to ease and balance himself with his three pecks of peaches, when at some remark of mine, he let slip the

half of the one he was eating, slap into my face. Not liking to be outdone in civilities of this kind, I returned a whole peach for his half, with no little force, thus paying two for one, intimating I had more to part with at the same rate of exchange. He said his h-half (among his other amiabilities he stuttered when in a hurry) was b-better than m-my w-whole 'un. I maintained that he made his h-half w-hole, and his w-whole double, (mocking him,) and that I had paid him but a third part of his due, and let him have a couple to cancel the debt, with the like number again, to make sure the account should be balanced, keeping no other tally but the hits I made upon his person; a very inaccurate way of counting, especially when one is anxious to wipe off old scores, and over-prodigious in exhibiting his abilities of payment from coffers inexhaustible. He hinted that his mode of balancing obligations was self-taught and peculiar to himself; and without farther ado, he pitched into me.

This was a severe fight, if any thing can be severe between boys of ten. As usual, we clinched and went down together—hugging, squirming, biting, rolling and tugging at each other, neither suffering the other to rise, but holding on whether on top or underneath, till both became exhausted, and left off by mutual consent, neither claiming nor having the advantage—a drawn game. We sat squatting in the road wherein the fight had taken place, both unwilling to make the first demonstrations for a second set-to, or a parley for a cessation of hostilities. Our disfigured looks began to raise doubts in our minds, whether each other's antagonist had not been metamorphosed into a devil, till both simultaneously said Kurt! Amos! when our sullenness disappeared, and we began to consult the best plan of reaching our homes, without encountering the 'meeting folks,' on their return from church. Of our appearance you may judge; but all I can say, we were so infernally nasty, that our very mother's would not have owned us; for our peaches were

mashed to pumice, mixed with the dust of the road, and so ground in as to make us truly pretty. We adjourned to a neighbouring brook, rinsed ourselves as well as we could, went home, and got a severe thrashing, for 'going a swimming of a Sunday with our clothes on.'

To our story; and as Nathan has prepared his blast, while we have been gossiping, (Nathan never was idle,) we will return to that anxious circle who have already separated, and each selected a hiding place of safety, lest the fragments of stone should injure their goodly persons, or bury them under the scattering ruins of this (to be) blown up rock of ages without number.

It was suggested that the neighbourhood should be informed of what was to happen; and away the boys were sent scampering in every direction. It fell to my lot to carry the word to Hannah, the newly-married wife of the principal projector of these 'new improvements,' who lived at the most distant point from the rock, while Kurt was sent to a much nearer house, as I have since thought, to balance the advantage I had in the hair. I saw his tongue thrust out the corner of his mouth, pointing at me, but did not stop to ask the why, knowing a more fitting time would come to investigate this important matter, and off I started full-chisel, taking a straight course, disregarding all intervening obstacles to my run, fearing I should not get back in season for the fun.

I leaped stumps, rocks, bogs, holes, ditches and fences, with the ease of a greyhound; and when going over one of the latter, not well calculating the height, my trousers were snagged, leaving a rent athwart the seat of five or six inches, without any hindrance, however, to my long strides, as I could stretch farther forwards in my leaps, without a fear of putting a greater strain upon them. My velocity had acquired such headway, by the time I entered the house, that I found it must cause a loss of time to haul up and turn about; so, seeing a door open, on the opposite side, I shot through like a rocket, ejaculating with

the force of let-off steam, 'look out! for heaven and earth are coming together!'—cleared the door, turned the corner of the house, and was brought up all standing by coming slap against a hog-pen, whose location I was ignorant of, till too late to avoid a crash. But this difficulty I soon surmounted, with no mishap, except the rent being made larger. When passing the window at my greatest speed, I heard a giggle emanate from the women folks, at seeing the white flag flying at my stern peak, though, thought I, you wouldn't laugh if you knew what was going to happen. I kept on, and got back in time to find my hiding hole filled by Kurt, with his cock-eye leering at me for being behind hand. I had but just time to duck to the ground, Nathan standing with the lighted brand in readiness to fire the train, pull my hat over my eyes—but stop, a word with this old hat, and we will proceed on again.

This time-limbered covering was one of those family pieces, which are handed down from one generation to another, as an heirloom;—worn first by the eldest, till he deserved or earned a better, so on to the next, and to the last. As there had some eight or ten grown up before me, you may judge of its value, beauty, and fashion, (the comfort I shall keep all to myself,) when coming into my possession. I have heard it hinted, that foul play was used immediately before it came to my use; and by its vast disproportion to my head, I believe that two at least had been skipped, and the hat had thus been hastened to my wear in an unbecoming manner. To keep it above the eyes, I had the choice of two ways;—to roll its rim under at the sides, and stick it on as a fore-and-after, or reverse the crown, and force my head into it to the desired depth, with the brim at top. But turn it as I would, I was still convinced that it came into my possession too soon, and was like to remain in it too long; and that the hat did not fit me, or that I did not fit the hat, each in all sense ludicrous enough, but the two combined, irresistibly laughable.

As I was saying when intercepted with the hat, that I had but just time to pull it over my face, thrust a thumb to the second joint in each ear, cover my eyes with my fingers, duck my head to the ground, resting upon my knees, (a position by-the-bye let me recommend to all who may suddenly be thrown in the way of great danger—'any one who can fall into the beauties of the posture, if there be safety in it, with the quickness and precision Chaw-tobacco Joe has done it, need not fear boarding a fire-ship, after the combustibles are lighted,' chimed in the Doctor,) before the brand was applied to the train of powder.

How long I was thus resting, I know not, for but little note was taken of time, during this awful suspense. Suddenly I received my death blow by a terrible concussion, in my most elevated parts, which completely capsized me. I had not the least doubt, but that the greatest portion of the rock had passed through and through me. For a moment, vague objects flashed across my mind, such as, smashed to atoms—farewell home—dead and gone—great pain in those parts, etc. etc., none of which lasted a second, but was gone ere matured, till 'now I lay me'—began to calm my mind, when my pious aspirations were interrupted by a second crash, nearly equal to the first. This I could not account for, as I saw but one charge put into the rock by Nathan. Again another and another followed in quick succession, which I began to think were a little too regular to be without meaning; and so systematic had they become, that it required no great discernment to give them ideality—location was long since indisputable. On removing the blinds and stoppers, I was greeted by (each word dove-tailed in with a kick) 'why the devil don't you go home and get your trousers mended?' when I found the crashes and thumps were emanating from a double-soled shoe, made fast to a foot, which was hung to a leg belonging to Nathan. And truly, if he wielded his sledge with the

force and elasticity he swung his foot, he stood at the head of the profession of smithing in the way of hard licks, quickly followed up.

I was on my feet at a spring, unhurt, sound as ever; and there lay the rock, where it was first planted, as little injured in its fair proportions by the blast, as was I by the kicks of Nathan. Grouped about were the same workies, who had watched for the splitting for the last day and a half, without having their curiosity satisfied; for no explosion had taken place, it would not be blown—beyond the priming, the powder had not burnt. All things went wrong, and Nathan was its author, as could plainly be seen by the silent but eloquent looks of those present.

But, alas, poor Nathan! his infallibility had been put to the test, and it was found wanting. At first he was cool but sullen, by having his views thus frustrated, when at the very pinnacle of his ambition; and on looking about at the cold feelings exhibited by his companions, none of whom showed the least sympathy for his misfortunes and sinking popularity, it irritated him; and espying me in my position of safety, he very naturally supposed it was in derision at his failure, and forthwith he ventured all his ill-humor upon my poor carcass. I took it, however, as it came from Nathan, without a murmur, being schooled into the belief, that *he* could do no wrong, and verily his disappointment was great. From this time forward the Nathan stock fell lower and lower; and most of the almighty projects set on foot, ended as did the rock-blowing, whilst he had to fall into the ranks with others.

The rock still stands where it was planted by its Maker, and as it was left by Nathan. At the last grand day, amid the 'wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,' should there be an unusual commotion in the neighbourhood of Pequit Hill, will any be so well versed in history, as to say,

'See! stand from under—what a shock!

The charge is fir'd—the explosion—Nathan's Rock.'

It was determined at the mess table, at some discrepancy with the Doctor and its members, on an important point of privilege, that, to ease all heart-burnings, he should favour them with a song. To this the Doctor demurred, but could neither give an excuse, nor obtain a substitute, and when he found nothing else would satisfy his inexorable judges but a song, or stand cook the following day, (he disliked the one as much as he was deficient in notes of harmony in the other,) he consented. What followed, certainly was not musical nor harmonious; and when the vote was taken—‘is the late up-and-down, fore-and-aft, grunt-and-snore, chock-a-block, wheezy-neezy hotch-potch singing?—yea or nay? an unanimous one decided that the Doctor had not sung. Capstan Jack and Chaw-tobacco Joe, not fully understanding its merits, went both for and against the question, being determined not to lose their suffrage on so important a matter. I need not tire the reader’s patience, by saying their votes were not entered upon the journal. The Doctor was compelled to undergo the greatest penalty the mess inflicted upon any of its members, (to be blindfolded for an hour, gazed at by the passers by, or, to look serious while others laughed, and laugh as long as the others scowled a sober face,) unless he produced something in the way of amusement, that should be acceptable to the mess, and wipe off the late stain put upon it by himself, its head. Being thus hard pressed, the Doctor said he must again turn to his boyhood, but feared his next attempt would end much as had his singing; ‘yet,’ said he, ‘I cannot be in a worse predicament than when participating in

‘OLD NABB’S RACE.’

We had an old mare, which from time immemorial was called ‘Old Nabb,’ and was so christened when a colt, from her antiquated appearance. Between me and this odd creature, there existed a good understanding,

not from any unison of thought, but from our toiling so long together in the same fields. She was but of little use, except to plough and go to mill. Whenever she was saddled, we both understood without being told, our destination was the mill, the way to which she knew, as well without as with me; but when loaded with the necessary number of grain bags, should there be a pound more on one side than the other, Old Nabb would not budge an inch, and I was held in reserve as a balance for the lighter; after which she would move off without farther persuasion. On the way I was so instructed by long practice, as to change from side to side as circumstances required, to keep the equilibrium correct, as we shift ballast, when the craft keels over too much by hauling close upon a wind. I was then of that exact form, requisite for shifting ballast—short, thick and fat, each cubic inch containing as much specific gravity as iron kentledge; and when once plumped down, nothing could be farther from rolling.

I will not attempt to describe my old associate throughout, for she was of the things that can safely be worshipped, and a delineation of her beauties might bring in question the veracity of the other portions of the circumstance I am about relating. Her back, that part of the whole, in which I felt the most particular interest, was not unlike the sharp edge of a slab, taken from an arched log. I then thought, and to this day have not been otherwise convinced, that it was thus fashioned, expressly on account of the many and multitudinous sins by me committed; and at times I felt sure, if a few of those were thrown in that were to come, I still should have a hard bargain.

As I before observed, she was good for nothing, except milling and ploughing, and in these she was perfection itself, never being known to move faster than a walk, and in fact, she was guilty of no other gait. Grandad, our fellow-labourer at ploughing, was old, crabbed, and un-

forgiving, and in his moody turns he took an especial dislike to Old Nabb and myself, on whom he would vent all his spleen. As I was made to mount and hold her fast while the lambasting was being done, my berth was any thing but a sinecure; for the old fellow in his fury as often mistook me, as the carcass of the beast he was aiming at, and frequently I was reluctantly compelled to believe the side licks were intended for other ribs than hers, the blows predominating so far in my favour, that a contrary conclusion would have exhibited a lack of judgment more degrading than that of quietly submitting to the infliction of the stripes.

When tired, grandad, saying Old Nabb was rather in a sweat, would send me to the house for a saddle, to ease his ride upon the notched ridge aforesaid, and leave me to hold the plough, till he was wearied either with riding, or at my catching it against every stone in the furrow, as well as against many fast bedded in the next adjoining, when again he would say, Old Nabb was sufficiently cool to have the saddle removed, and that I might take its place. No reasoning of mine could convince him of his error, that my riding made her hot, while his made her cool.

This often snagging the plough, I have reason to believe, was not purely accidental, but nevertheless afforded me equal interest; for when brought up suddenly, the old fellow was thrown forwards to a close hug with the mare's neck, and as she had not patience to wait till I could free the plough from the stone, her alternate jerks and twitches prevented him from rising, and compelled him to hug the closer, in preference of being pitched over her head. This ungainly attitude, and efforts to regain his seat, afforded me much amusement, in which I indulged frequently with loud laughter, although I was sure of paying for it dearly at some future occasion. As I felt frolicksome, I used to ape the old man's peculiarity of riding, especially in that part when

he was thrown forwards by a catch of the plough. This was as sure to raise his ire as I was sure of a basting for my impudence; but it seldom cured the evil, for his fury afforded a greater source of fun to my scampish disposition, than his lickings proved a pain to my often-welted back.

So we went, season after season. Instead of grumbling, I whistled on, making merry when I could, hoping better times would come—thinking then, as now, a light heart, a cheerful aspect, and a blitheful mind, the better passport through life—no little easing the rubs we may meet in its rough passage. I was buoyed up in my task, by knowing that Saturday night would come, when I should be relieved from the sharp back of Old Nabb, between me and which had been engendered no good will, giving me much pain and uneasiness, amounting to a soreness better remembered than described.

Saturday night came, and Sunday followed. How I was relieved from Old Nabb's annoyance shall speedily be known to the mess, if they will have the patience to follow me a little farther.

On Sundays only, I was allowed a seat at the dinner table with the others, and to surfeit upon that good old substantial fare, that one unvaried Sabbath dish, of a previous day's cooking, which yankee custom has immortalized—baked pudding and beans, the former in size only excelled by its solidity; a dinner, be it known, of which I was particularly fond, the pudding especially, which had become a matter of history, by my being nicknamed Pudding-headed Bill. Knowing that I should not have another opportunity for the seven days to come, I strove to lay in a sufficiency for the week. Plate after plate of the piled up beans disappeared, with slices of pork between each, whose oily fat facilitated the stowage, followed quickly by huge mis-shapen stacks of the clay-consistency pudding, till I had nearly completed my

week's allowance, and only failed by the old man returning thanks too soon.

In passing by the buttery, when going out, I had the curiosity to take a look inside, and was impudently stared in the face by a platter of baked pears, a portion of which had to submit to a transfer to my pockets for their ill manners, as did some half dozen dough-nuts, for sneeringly turning up their twisted noses, at the singularity of my taste for the former, instead of the half mince-pie, which I intended for the last prize, after I had forcibly gulped down a pint of cream that stood hard by, the hurry preventing my knowing it was sour, till too late to remedy the evil, only by taking a heavy pull at the molasses jug, to neutralize its acidity. Hearing footsteps approaching, I had barely time to escape unseen, with the addition of a large piece of cake, to be kept for some future exigency.

After wandering through fields and woods, over which I had been roaming, as much for exercise as to discuss the merits of my late cribbings, till I had filled my pockets with chestnuts, and was on my return home, labouring under a severe fit of indigestion, from the many nuts with which I had topped off a dinner of no mean worth, if quantity, solidity, and variety, be taken into the account, when I came to an apple-tree whose luscious fruit strongly tempted me to enjoy it otherwise than by look, notwithstanding my present bodily complaint from an over surfeit. To climb within reach of the tempting delicacies, was but the work of a moment, and the next I was industriously, while seated astride a limb, canvassing whether the fruit would relieve or add to my painful and bloated inconvenience, nor came to the conclusion it would or would not modify the evil effects of the granular nuts upon the effervescent beans, till I had gorged myself almost beyond the power of descending, so swollen was I with my greedy feeding. I sat lazily discussing in my mind how best I could get from my perch, with

the least possible strain upon my uneasy, rotund and overstrained stomach, and I scarcely know how it was brought about, so great were my sufferings, till I found myself again roaming about the pastures, wearied with being alone, striving to think or do something either to relieve the racking pain, or to add life to my lethargic mind, when I suddenly came across Old Nabb, quietly taking her afternoon's repast. However repugnant at other times, I now felt a desire to be upon her back; and accordingly crawled up, and there sat in all the sluggish indifference in which my present state enabled me to indulge, and again turned to munching the nuts, with as much diligence as a squirrel in the topmost crotch of his favourite oak in acorn season, determined now to kill the disease I was labouring under with the same that had produced it, Old Nabb the while still kept feeding on, without noticing me any more, than as though I was a part and parcel of her own beautiful self. By-and-bye, when I had finished the last of my nuts, I felt that something must be done—that I required exercise, and knowing that on horseback was conducive to health, as well as a preventive against dyspepsia, I resolved to try it. Having heard of the wonderful feats of circus-riders, I thought this a good opportunity to imitate some of their actions, even Sunday as it was; but then I was out of sight, most of the people of the neighbourhood being at meeting, and would not return for a full half hour or more.

Ever ripe for fun and frolic, at it I went—first standing erect, then on one foot, with the other elevated upon a level with the ear, twirling around with a facility that astonished me, making a very spinning-top of my body. Now I was playing leap-frog lengthwise of her back, with an ease greater than the grace exhibited in the leaps—anon, with my legs braided to the pliability of a piece of cynet, I was squatting the tailor;—again I might be seen in all the graceful attitudes of swimming, and after several

attempts I managed to balance myself fork up, and found my body spinning around one moment, to be the next throwing flip-flaps with an ease and agility but little agreeing with my former clumsiness, or the present condition of my carcass. I could not account for my lightness, only by supposing that I had fed beyond the point of gravitation, and it had taken a contrary effect, making me no more than an air bubble in weight, but an eel in suppleness.

These antics I soon tired with, and sat thinking what farther exercise I required to avoid mischief, when a thought suggested itself, that if I could once coax Old Nabb into a trot, it would not only give me the exercise wanted, but it would enable me to say I had done more than others; besides it would afford me no little amusement to see Old Nabb out of her regular gait; I forthwith resolved to have a ride and a run out of the ugly beast, and gain more knowledge of her good qualities than my playmates possessed. I first began the usual mode of heeling it, to wit: thumping her ribs with my heels, pushing forward, slapping, chirping, whistling, and doing all the little amiables in this way I was capable of, while endeavouring to attract her attention to my wishes. These she regarded not, but still fed on, and was as deeply as before engrossed with the surrounding dainties of the pasture. I felt my ire arising at being thus thwarted in my pleasures, became quite pugnacious, and belaboured the old jade to the extent of my strength and temper, applying such epithets as were entirely unbecoming and at variance with our former intimacy. But Nabb took as little notice of my hard thumps and still harder names, as she had of my antics, and was as selfishly as ever engaged with her own business.

My patience was fast exhausting at her disinterestedness, and I was studying what other exercise I should take, besides that of riding, to allay the rising difficulties of my late repast, when Old Nabb, happening to cast her

left eye upwards, (its fellow was not,) and espying an excrescence upon her back foreign to this, her day of rest, ceased feeding; and by certain indications not to be mistaken, seemed to take umbrage at such liberties, and at once sent her heels high into the air, expecting, no doubt, to dislodge me without farther trouble.

'Oh ho!' said I, 'that's your way, is it? Now try your forepaws at that amusement, with a slight push forwards, and we shall go ahead.' She was nearly erect before I had finished the advice; and while her forefeet were yet from the ground, she leaped forward with a twist and a shiver throughout her frame, and came down on all-fours at a dead halt, with a jar better remembered than liked. This she repeated some half a dozen times in such quick succession, that I could barely recover my balance between the shocks, which became so systematic, that I was no little alarmed lest her intentions were to lengthen my legs at the expense of my body, as a punishment for daring to disturb her at her feedings, this only day in the seven in which she could expect to enjoy it to advantage. Not that I objected to my legs being made to becoming length, yet I could look upon this mode only as quite too summary. This was any thing but pleasant to her rider; but I did not say so, still hoping I should yet get her at a trot, and be enabled to say whether her gait was as singular as her person.

Old Nabb would again send her heels so high, and keep them so long in the air, that I could not account for this whimsical choice of position, otherwise than supposing she had swallowed her late dinner a little too far down, and was anxious to give it its desired location, at the same time saying, she need not make such a fuss about it, as she had not dined off of beans, lunched from apples, with chestnuts for a desert. Thus affairs went on, till finding I could make nothing out of the old creature, I concluded I must return home without having my curiosity satisfied as to her running; and was dismounting in

the regular way, but which she prevented by snapping maliciously at my legs. I bethought me of slipping off behind; but there were a pair of high-pressure trip-hammers in operation, not to be trifled with. There was yet her blind side that I was determined to profit by, and made demonstrations of sily edging that way, when I came nigh paying dear for the move, by Old Nabb attempting to catch my shoeless foot in her mouth.

I was unquestionably in a decided bad fix, and had no farther dread of greater danger from the chestnuts, if profuse sweating and bodily fear be antidotes against over-feeding. I now tried a compromise—patted her neck, spoke gently, dropped some of the harsher epithets, I had been using, left off the Old, and used the plain Nabb only; till at last I found myself adding the *by* to the Nabb; thus softening it to ‘Nabby—whoa, Nabby,—gently, Nabby,’ but to no purpose, her rage making her quite heedless to all such endearing civilities, or else her early education had been sadly neglected.

This by-play was carried on for twenty minutes or half an hour, more or less, (computing time was not uppermost in my mind,) and while reasoning to myself that this contest must have an end, as her latter conduct had become decidedly personal, she at once started off at a rapid pace, increasing it as she grew warm, seemingly to come into my wishes with much good feelings; and I had already begun to promise forgiveness for past offences, when I found my seat so unstable, that I abandoned all other thoughts but that of holding on, this giving me more than full employment, by my body being of the worst possible shape for an equestrian, its altitude having nothing to boast over its diameter, with legs to match both altitude and diameter.

Round and around the pastures she went, and turned aside for nothing—leaping stones, stumps, holes and every thing in her direct path. And such a run! for if the whole of her locomotive powers had lain dormant for the

last forty years she had been living, and had now broken forth to be expended in these fifteen minutes run, she could not have gone faster. At least so it appeared to her rider, for at times I supposed she did not touch the ground, but was flying with the velocity of a rocket, while trees and objects as quickly flew past in a contrary direction, with a fearful rushing, that prevented me seeing any thing with a definite vision, except the enraged, frenzied beast, on which I was astride. The few objects I was enabled to make out, frightened me prodigiously, by their seeming to be grinning faces—rocks, stones, stumps, branches, and every thing appeared to my fevered fancy to be jeering at my involuntary flight. The old mare would plunge her head forward to the right at every leap, surging it round to the left (keeping her nose in a straight line with her neck) with a sort of spiral or twisting motion, which was continued throughout her body; for I could plainly perceive a snakelike movement of the ridgy and uncomfortable seat, to which I was unfortunately compelled to cling; and to it did I cling, and would if it had been ten times more uncomfortable than it was. My greatest fears were, that our close connection must cease; but the adhesion was tremendous.

The unusual clatter behind caused me suddenly to turn my head in that direction, not knowing but what others were engaged, besides ourselves, in this frolic; when I could not help smiling, even in my danger; for there were the same spiral, or rather circular movements in full operation which were so fascinating in front. Old Nabb would slide out her hind legs from left to right, carrying them high over to the starting point, without bending a joint from hip to fetlock, while her tail formed the centre of the circle made by her heels in their ærial flight, a fete difficult to describe, but as Chaw-tobacco Joe has caught my idea, and is acting up to it to a nicety, the mess may admire his agility, while I breathe for a moment. He lacks nothing of the gait of Old Nabb, and but little of her figure, except the absense of her tail.

This digression was caused by Joe being unable to hold in longer; and immediately he was on all fours, pacing around the mess table, till some one upset a panniken of water upon his head, which had the desired effect of bringing him to his senses, when the Doctor continued.

I beg I may be understood as uttering truth, when I say, Old Nabb's run was every thing ungainly to the beholder, and the spiral motion most particularly obnoxious to her rider.

When she had amused herself by making two or three circuits around the pastures, for be it known, as my amusement ceased, her's increased, till mine was quite evaporated by the time her's was fully developed, she all at once took a direct course towards a strip of woodland, at the farther edge of which lay a ledge of rocks or precipice of sufficient height to frighten one in his cool moments, if in danger of being forced over, without the aid of a previous half hour's peril to magnify the danger ten-fold. As we neared the woods, my fears were great that I might be brushed off by some one of the low limbs of the many trees we had to pass; although I had full reliance on the judgment of Old Nabb, as to her height, yet I was somewhat skeptical as to my being taken into the account, fearing, in the paroxysm of her rage, she prized me no higher than I valued myself, which, for the time being, was among the least of the little ones of all created beings. But I undervalued her regard for her charge, for she would dodge and squirm between the trees, shrink beneath the limbs, or leap the saplings, with the ease of a witch upon a charmed broomstick, outvieing the fleetest of them in speed. Frequently I supposed the trees were dodging out of her way, leaving a clear path for the deer-bounds she was making. Said I, mentally, 'neck or nothing!'—threw out my grapnels, without lessening the former adhesiveness, laid low, and, as we approached the precipice, shut my eyes, abandoned myself to despair, thinking of the many friends who

would deplore my sad end and mourn my loss, was hastily running over in my mind the many casualties that had occurred through Sabbath-breaking, when over she leaped amid the uprushing air, that whistled through her mane and fluttered my garments, by the swiftness with which we were descending. For once, a thought suggested itself that I was mounted upon the flying horse, which moved by the rider turning a peg in its fore-shoulder, so renowned in eastern romance, and that possibly, I might have been mistaken for the prince. I felt so anxious to prove the whole to be an error, that, had I dared to open my eyes, I certainly should have searched for the peg, to give it a contrary turn.—Down, down we went, with a light, dreamy, floating sensation, more pleasant than painful, apart from the certainty that bottom was below, which would bring us ‘up proportionably harsh, to the time taken in reaching it, by the increased velocity gained in every foot of our descent. But I did not know all the good qualities of my nag; for she came upon her feet with a buoyancy that surprised me, and, with a quick bound and easy flight, kept on as furiously as before, without a jolt or jar in her steps, or apparently without any motion, save that horrible twisting, screwing and shivering, which was more painful to the body, than the fear of being killed proved terrible to the mind.

I began to breathe again, which I had not done, to my best recollection, for the last five minutes, having some faint hopes that I should be spared this time. I was making many promises for my future good conduct, and had commenced saying the Lord’s Prayer aloud, when my good intentions and pious ejaculations were both cut short, by Old Nabb concluding to stop, which she did instantler, on reaching a five-barred fence. Not being so hasty in my conclusions, I kept on—not on her back, but on my journey, for over and over I went, in my shrunk-up figure, and had not a friendly stump intervened to ‘stop that ball,’ I might still have been rolling. When I

came to myself, I was astride of the trunk of the tree, from the limb of which I had fallen in my sleep, hugging for very life, with both legs and arms, thinking still I was on the back of my tormentor, when I was most sensibly convinced to the contrary, by the heavy licks I was receiving from a stout birchen rod, in the hands of old grandad, who, happening to pass through the pasture on his return from meeting, and espying me at what he supposed apeing his manner of riding, began laying on most lustily, 'for cutting my heathenish capers of a Sunday.'

'Then you didn't ride at all,' asked Tiger Josh.

'Unless you call straddling a limb riding.'

'Well, 'twas all a dream then?'

'Except the thrashing, which I found to be a reality.'

'Why didn't you say so at first, and save my neck from the jirk it received when you went over the precipice.'

'If the going over the precipice was as serious to your neck, as the fall from the limb proved painful to my bones, you are to be pitied.'

'How came on your fit of indigestion?'

'Oh, either the sweat in my dream, the fall from the tree, or the race which followed to keep clear of the old man's rod, made me forget I had eaten too much, and left me in prime order for the supper, which was awaiting me, when I arrived at the house.'

'You must have been a precious big feeder, or now been stuffing the mess with a pack of ——'

The sharp rap, rap, rap! from the Doctor's marlinspike, prevented the speaker from using a profanity, and saved him from the infliction of a fine.

CHAP. VII.

WAYS AND DOINGS ABOUT TOWN.

I HAD, soon after entering the prisons, taken a general survey of the location, plan, construction, and many other particulars of the buildings; but as the district was continually enveloped in a dense fog, it entirely prevented me from forming any correct idea of the cardinal points; and if I had been questioned upon the subject, probably I might have given as sage, if not as safe, an answer, as did the lout at his lessons, when asked which was east?—‘if this be south, this west, and this north, why this must be east, of course.’ But I had not the advantage the scholar possessed, (he took the right starting point, but the wrong direction around the circle;) and if I had, no doubt I might have gone round to the same left-handed conclusion. However, in my own mind, I had satisfactorily fixed this important affair, and taken my bearings accordingly, as to the location of the Depot and topography of the district, what little I had seen of it.

One morning it was early announced the weather was fine, and the sun would rise with a clear horizon, a circumstance unusual, and which had not occurred since my arrival, neither had it shone out once since the day I first set foot on the shores of old England. I with others were early moving to enjoy a view of the surrounding scenery, as well as the sun rising, which to me has always been a sight peculiarly interesting.

The sun rose clear and beautiful, shedding its cheering rays through a transparent atmosphere, alike upon the free and the captive, cheering the many with its smiling face and genial warmth, imparting comfort to all except me;—this was not my sun—my sun had always risen in the east, but this came boldly up from the west, with its brazen face, as much as to say it was where it should be,

maugre all my dislike to the contrary. I tried every expedient either to bring the sun to the east or the east to the sun; I whirled round and round till dizzyed, with my eyes shut; counted the paving stones at my feet, in the compass of a square yard, called myself a fool, (one rational idea,) and at last I so far succeeded, after an hour's buffetings, to make an impression upon the sun, that I perceived it was moving towards the point I was expecting to see it when rising. In the west it rose, and at the opposite point it set in the evening, after taking the northern ramble as unpleasant to my sight, as it proved unnatural to my senses. So it rose, and so it continued to rise during my sojourn in Dartmoor, a trifling circumstance, but one that annoyed me exceedingly. I was ever striving in vain to bring my mind aright, as to where were the true points of the compass, and always supposing, in sun-shine or fog, the east to be west, and the north to be south; an annoyance second only to the 'man with the farthing candle,' and which was of longer continuance; with this slight difference, however, that the one worried the mind to an exciting distraction, whilst the other teased the body to an itching irritability. There is a homely saying, 'little minds and little things are near akin,' and lest by longer dwelling upon this trifle, it shall prompt the reader to apply the adage to the writer, we will drop the subject, and nib the pen to scratch at other matters partaking more of the narrative.

The mess that I had joined, was decidedly of a business turn, having for months been catering to the public's taste, by preparing a palatable mixture of potatoes, meat, onions, pepper and salt, stewed to a half-mush, half-soup consistency, dealt out to cash customers, at a penny a pint, under the classical name of FRIEGO.

In the course of its preparation, to the members was allotted each their portion of duty, as follows: Irish Pat and Well-bred Jim attended to the purchasing of the potatoes, coal, and other necessary articles for its manu-

facture, in the market. Pat received his appointment for his superior judgment of the principal ingredient in its composition, as well as for the blarney he could bring to his aid in cheapening them; while Jim was chosen mainly for his ugliness; for any one would willingly part with a bag of potatoes at half price, rather than cavil face to face with him of the blotched nose. Jim was an invaluable messmate in this particular. Black Tom and Little Nap attended to the cooking, which was always done outside the building in the yard, without respect to weather. The Doctor dealt out the soup, whilst I collected the pennies. This dignified post was assigned me, on account of my ill health, not yet being able to venture out doors in bad weather.

The mess in preparing the largest kettle of soup, which kept all hands, with the selling, a good half of the day, were well content to share two or three pence each, together with a bowl of the friego, for the labour they had been at. None were allowed to take a spoonful, nor touch the proceeds, until the first cost of the article, in money, was secured to the general fund, (to which I had contributed my quota when first entering the mess,) when the remainder was equally distributed among them every night, to do with it as each thought proper. When business was brisk, we made two kettles per day.

Our second had been sold out on a Saturday evening, the surplus distributed as above, and the 'solid capital' was put into the hands of the two before mentioned, for them to lay in the stock of potatoes and coal as usual, early on the following Monday morning, from the outward market, no business transaction being allowed on the Sabbath. The next day, Sunday, Pat and Jim, the co-treasurers, fell in with some of their old shipmates, who, like themselves, had seen much service, and who took great pleasure in recounting the ups and downs they had passed through. From 'fighting their battles o'er and o'er again,' the subject changed to the many frolickings they

had been partakers of and enjoyed together, each one bringing forward and fancifully displaying to the circle his former 'shore cruisings,' whetting appetites that required no farther sharpening, after an abstinence of years, till they pronounced it dry work—sailing without log or compass—to talk of the past, was tantalizing, and to bring up the shadows of what had been, without the reality of enjoyment, was suicidal in the extreme. At last they made up their minds, to have just enough to wet their whistles, if for nothing else, than that they should not forget its use and good qualities, when they again might be in a situation to partake of it without stint. Accordingly, a bottle of spirits was obtained from one of the genteeler eating tables, at the moderate price of six shillings. This did not reach half around the circle of those intended to be regaled by its cheering properties, but was sufficient to stimulate them to another and another encounter with the enemy, making captures at each dash, and doing deeds of valour worthy the occasion and the circle at the board. Well-bred Jim, who never did things scurvily, commemorated each victory by lavishly plying the conquering heroes with rum, went the entire figure, rewarded the victors according to their merits, sent for bottle after bottle, till the capital of the mess was exhausted, when the convivial party broke up most beastly corned.

The next morning, for a wonder, the sun rose clear, but no cheer was at our mess table. Our early, best, and most valuable customers had to look elsewhere for their morning's bowl of hot friego. But few questions were asked, and meagre as unvaried were the answers given, all knew the concern had failed, that it was broken—the mess was not worth a copper.

Now came the sneers, the inuendoes, the insinuating looks, hints of dishonesty, nodding of heads, tongue-thrusting grimace, finger and nose phraseology, far more cutting to men of 'high reputations and fine feelings,' than the

loss of the money, if left, as we were, without the possibility of rebutting by pamphleteering.

'Whose mess is it now, with a *doctor* at its head, that can sell more and better friego, than any other in prison No. 5?' said one near by, who was in the same line of business, in tones to suffice he was not talking to himself.

'It's borrowed capital they have been working on; well may they've sold cheap, given full measure, seasoned high, and furnished bowls and spoons in the bargain,' said another in the profession, who, had his business been as firm as his voice, need show no exultation at broken houses.

The cheapness now is all in their hang-dog looks, for they will never again either raise the wind or lessen the price by a show of respectability; but will have to look elsewhere for employment, or be content with what they draw daily from the cook-house, like others who are more honest than themselves.'

'Why, Dick Wallace, what do you know about large concerns, their riches are never known till they fail.'

'You mean, 'unavoidable stoppages for a time.''

'Yes, when 'tis meant to lull suspicions.'

'How think you, will they compound with their creditors, or settle as they best can make their bargain?'

'Their bargainings are done, as are their tradings. I'd advise them to petition for a redress of grievances, as the cook did when he complained that the sow had run her nose into the dough, made for the skipper's dumplings, and got a dozen for not keeping a better look out, seasoned with two more for entering the complaint.'

'Pete Lollard, ahoy!'

'Hallo, Sol. Ranger!' answered Pete, from a distance, to the one hailing him.

'Have you seen a rotten, water-logged lugger, drifting about in your latitude, without compass or rudder, who has a land-lubber set on board, that call their captain a doctor?'

‘I never trouble my head about such trash; they are good sailors in fair weather, but wait till a stiff breeze comes on—they will go to leeward faster than did the Spaniard, who, when made to walk the plank, asked as he was drifting by, if no one was to keep him company.’

‘These fellows can keep each other’s company, but hang me for a trooper, if I think they can find genteel society to shelter under any longer.’

‘According to modern usage, they are now justly fitted for the higher ranks.’

‘They hereafter will smell rank of poverty, or I’ll lose my guess.’

‘Ah, hah! ya, yah! bread and tar! who now can set hours at their meals, making slop-tubs of their bellies, and braying asses of their throats, while their betters are walking to forget that their bread bag is empty, or are compelled to swing in their hammocks, till the washer-woman can make it fair weather.’ This came from a head lolled out of a hammock within sight, whose neck, by its deep bronze, showed it was proof against all weathers.

‘Their Sunday suits they will soon run up the spout, for to break off at once from full allowance, will be harder for their bellies, than to miss their go-to-meeting clothes, will for their backs.’

None of the mess regretted the loss of its capital more than the two who had spent it, after they came to their senses. But not an angry word did they receive from the other members, for the inconvenience and disgrace which they had brought upon the concern, by their want of self-denial. Irish Pat sold off every thing that he could possibly spare, and gave the proceeds to those who had suffered by his indiscretions. Well-bred Jim was bare of every thing in the way of clothing, except the served-out suit before spoken of, which was spare enough in all conscience, and remained with him without any demurring against it.

Each of the prisons, with the exception of No. 4, occupied by the blacks, was under the direction of a committee of twelve, chosen by the inmates from among themselves. Before this committee came all matters of dispute, which could not be settled by the parties with whom they originated. Their decisions were law, that could not be appealed from. These men, in their municipal capacities, never had the least opposition shown to their mandates, by the friends of the accused, why execution should not follow the conviction of the parties implicated in any charge brought against them; nine-tenths being anxious and willing to lend their assistance, that the regulations and laws of the prisons, which were open for the inspection of all, should be respected. None could plead ignorance of their existence more than once. They were short, simple, and easily to be understood, and chiefly related to the cleanliness of the interior of the buildings, and the defining each one's rights, besides being directed to many other particulars of little interest to the reader.

When any important measure was to be adopted, the prisoners were asked by the common crier, after being notified of the same, with 'aye, or nay.' If the majority of the voices was largely on one side or the other, the proposition went no farther, and by consent it became a law, or it was thrown aside.

The severest punishment instituted was whipping with the cat, as on board of men-of-war; and the greatest number of lashes I saw given upon any one culprit at a time, was two dozen. Theft was a crime the most frequently committed, and none ever escaped being punished when convicted of the offence.

Soon after my entrance into the prisons, a man was taken up for having on a shirt which another claimed as belonging to him. The wearer of the garment stoutly denied the knowledge of its being stolen, said he had bought it from a lad, whom he could recognize, were

time given him. This was always granted, and more especially when the one charged with an offence stood fair in character, without his giving bail, or being locked up, which is certainly an improvement upon our present mode—to lock up first for some three or four months, only to call the one accused into court for the judges to say to him, we can find nothing criminal against you; your character stands fair, only the late incarceration will blast your reputation in every court in christendom, where it will speedily be known through the medium of the numerous reporters and publishers.

The next day, the man that was accused brought up the lad of whom he had bought the shirt, who, after being interrogated, acknowledged the theft, said he had sold the shirt for a shilling, to buy bread, to satisfy the cravings of his hunger. The keenness of his appetite being so great, he could not withstand the temptation of a hot roll; thus running the risk of a degrading punishment for a momentary gratification of his appetite.

The boy was about sixteen years of age, a period in youth when the desire for food is the greatest, and was of an interesting and amiable appearance. He could say nothing for himself, not even beg to be dealt easily with, but shed his tears freely. The by-standers sympathized deeply, not only by words and looks, but in the right way to prove their zeal in his cause, by the offer of each his shilling to the owner of the shirt, who generously disclaimed both money and shirt; saying he believed after all he had been labouring under a mistake, for the one he lost had a broad stripe with two narrow ones by its side, while this, as all could see, had a couple of white threads through the centre of the broad stripe.

‘Recollect, you are on your oath; is this the shirt you lost, now found upon this man, who has traced it to the lad that stole it, or is it not the one?’

The owner, when thus hard pressed, reluctantly acknowledged the shirt was his.

‘Very well; however unpleasant the task, the laws must be enforced, or we shall soon have no protection to look to, but each his own strength. Unless we can find some flaw in the indictment, the prisoner here must suffer the full penalty of the law for his misconduct.’

Now followed a course of pleadings (all were allowed to plead who chose) that would not disgrace any court, if doubling, turning, twisting, making wrong appear right, and so contrariwise, be evidence of intellectual power and technical discrimination, each striving to outdo what others had done before, by his persuasive eloquence—sometimes to the subject, but as often on a narrative excursion among the coral reefs, in territories belonging to some imaginary sea-god, nymph, or monster, till brought to his reckoning by the rap of the judge’s mallet, when the speaker would return to his subject, or give place to another not inferior to him in zeal and motive—to lengthen the trial, or tire the judges, to induce them to grant a respite or full pardon.

Some one of the committee generally conducted the prosecution, a berth of as little comfort as emolument; for the advocates of the accused looked upon the prosecuting attorney in no other light than as an oppressor of the unfortunate, and would let no opportunity slip whereby they could annoy or vex him, by cracking their jokes at his expense. The more he winced under the shafts of their ridicule, with the greater zest would they ply him with what he so much disliked. It often required no little forbearance on the part of the prosecutor to keep his temper, but should he momentarily be thrown off his reserve, at some taunting expression or some cutting sarcastic rebuke, and display anger, woe was it to him, for the surrounding laugh was enough encouragement for the joker to ply his cut-and-thrust sayings, in seaman’s phraseology, ‘treble laid in with a back-handed fling.’

Upon the examination of the log, I find but one whose

pleadings are sufficiently legible to be made out, and even these are in part defaced, showing but the poorest portion of the whole; for time, like mortals, is envious, and as often obliterates the good as the bad. The man whose arguments I am striving to make legible, stood high with his messmates for his open generosity, happy-go-lucky disposition, and free-and-easy knack of rolling out odd sayings, with a volubility as spontaneous as it was unlaboured; having reached that desirable station in the life of a joker, when all he uttered was received as sterling;—be it ever so stale or flat, the laugh was cordially given, and he encouraged to continue. After removing his tarpaulin, adjusting his waistbands to an ease with his attitude, and throwing his fine, manly, good-humoured countenance over the surrounding crowd, receiving naught but encouraging smiles in return, he began:

‘Shipmates, I hate deceit as a monkey does taking snuff forcibly; but you hear what the skipper says, that unless we can find a flaw (that is, worm-eaten, rotten, good for nothing,) in the indictment, this poor boy must come to the gratings. This lingo means, likewise, if there be meaning in it, that black’s the white o’ me eye, or that grog is grog, when served out by the steward, whether rummed or not. This needs no comment, for the lowest waister rated upon the ship’s books, knows the difference between the one thing needful, a real nor-nor-wester, and slops. But in an affair of this kind, a fellow must chew his own tongue, (if so be it will help the suckling out of his troubles,) by saying things he would not take his Bible oath as to their truth, and yaw a little from the instructions of the chaplain, trusting to chance to salve it over afterwards. However, I shall endeavour to make a clear chart, straight wake, without veering to larboard or starboard; and yet hope to save the boy’s back, that delicate back—white, fair and smooth, as the deck of a newly launched yacht, as tender and ticklish as—as—as—a—zounds! that niggur has done nothing but stare me in

the face, since I began my persuasions, as though I was a Mandarin in go-ashore toggle, or a figure-head taking the sun with the kedge anchor—stretching his nostrils to the size of a three-decker's hawse-holes, making use of them instead of his ears, the gommuck. That ever the Lord should let monkeys grow to man's size, and learn them to talk.'

The judge here cut short this philippic against the African race, by begging the gentleman pleader to confine himself to his subject.

'It is not so easy for one to keep a clear log, while jabbering is going on; and all the gabbling in creation, braced up with the chattering of an acre of baboons, each goaded on by a Frenchified whelp, who lives by dealing out so many yards of cross-grained jaw-tackle per minute, are not equal to the looks of that niggur. Why, they would put out the priming of a gun when half burnt; aye, stop thunder coming from the clouds, with nothing to hang to but its own freight, and make a man turn inside out, to avoid being recognized in the same latitude where such liver-chops sail. As I was saying, when brought up with a round turn by the beauties of yonder figure-head, (may he grill hereafter for the want of manners, while among his betters,) it is as easy to prove the indictment false, (may he be bleached white in a northern frost, and roasted black with a tropical sun, every half hour the rest of his days,) as it is to prove that pursers are dishonest, (may he know his own ugliness, with the privilege of blushing, and have double allowance of shame,) for a purser is no purser, (or be turned white and not know it,) unless he cheats; and so a lawyer is no lawyer, unless he blunders; and a blundering, thick-skulled dunderhead he must have been, who drew up this indictment; (aye, let him be soused chin-deep in the best of fourth proof, without the sense of taste or smell;) and now that I have reeled off a few of the outer strands, which the rascal had slimed with his gommucky looks, I am done.

pleadings. The indictment says, the boy *'took the shirt.'* You, or these rest of you, know what a shirt is—yet some of your fathers tell a sad tale of the high price of soap. *'Took the shirt; sold it for a shilling;'*—a fair exchange, and shows he can take care of number one by-and-bye. Would you have the lad *eat* the shirt—the cotton-striped shirt—a worthless shirt, the owner declares he will not have; why, he would have found it as tough as the staggering marine did the canvas trousers, that he took a slice from, when mistaking the soak-tub for the captain's tripe-pot, saying, after chewing it a half hour, *'it never will pay one for the trouble, let alone the after-clap.'* Yet the shirt is of value beyond the means of this crowd to purchase, as you have seen, and is like to make the back warm it never yet has covered.

'The indictment says plainly, that the boy took the shirt, but it does not say, he stole it. Suppose I carelessly open my snuff box in this way, and in passing it around, my worthy friend the prosecutor dips in and takes a sneezer, just to let others see, that his politeness will not allow any thing to pass him without his taking toll; would that be stealing? About as much as the anchor stock warping up and hugging the cat-head would be courting.'

The prosecuting attorney, the while, has dipped into the box, in the avaricious way of all confirmed snuff takers, has taken enough to satisfy one of moderate appetite, for a week's snuffing, and is forcing it into his nostrils, to be in readiness for a second pinch while the snuff is within reach, before he discovers the box, as well as his nose is filled with pepper. To divert the attention of the crowd from his stinging nose, he bounces up—

'I beg the gentleman pleader will confine himself to the subject before him, and not fly off from the—achee! chee! argu—achee—ment; it is as unbecoming to—achee! the assembly here, as—achee, chee! to himself; and it grieves me, achee! to tell him, he—achee! is a scoundrel.'

'I am glad the prosecutor is grieved at any thing; (his tears prove his sincerity—his words go for nothing,) for grief is near akin to a tender heart, and, maybe, he will try no more to get the boy flogged. Yet, I hope he does not always show his grief in the way he is now going on, for he forcibly reminds me of an old he goat, we had on board of the Royal—'

'You must confine your remarks to the trial before us, and not indulge in these flights,' said the judge, who had become tired of this tedious debate.

'I will do so in future, if its only to oblige you, although you have spoilt a good story, which will make your dreams none the pleasanter, if there be any truth in the saying of Old Moll, the scrubber, who was a bit of a fortune teller—'mar a joke, in dreams you'll choke.' While you are confining other people to their sailing directions, just remind the prosecutor, that his nose is not of so much consequence, as to keep the whole crowd in a tumult; and tell him unless he shakes the sneeze out, he is now trying to hold back, his face will become set, without improving his appearance, any more than standing on her head did the cow's when she was primming for a sweetheart.'

'Your remarks are irrelevant, and I call upon you to stop,' said the prosecutor with evident displeasure.

'I would have stopped long ago, only for the respect I have for your goodly presence,' as the cod said to the shark, when invited to stay and take pot-luck with him.'

'I say again, your remarks are too personal; and I feel—'

'As the marine did, after getting his two dozen, when he made the same observation to the boatswain, who tickled him; but like him you can't wipe it off.'

'*Took the shirt.*' Now many are the prizes I have assisted in taking, yet does any one here dare say, *I ever stole?* (throwing off his roundabout, with a savage fierceness of aspect, and exhibiting heavy breathing; but

whether on account of the warmth of the weather, of his argument, or to be in readiness for the answer to his last high toned query, was not known.) If you can make stealing out of taking, I shall set you down as no better than the captain and first lieutenant of the Royal Tiger, a crack seventy-four, who never showed her stern to an enemy, and whose main-top captain was as much like me in make and disposition, as I am like—myself; (bowing to the right and left, but acknowledged nothing in his front, as the niggur had again, unawares, worked before him.) Our captain was for giving the men a trial and then the flogging, whether guilty or not, as it would establish the discipline of the ship; while the lieutenant said it was shorter to flog first, when the men would acknowledge their guilt, after they had nothing farther to dread, and thus save the trouble of the trial; so between the two, a precious few ever escaped being punished.'

The prosecuting attorney said, as he was leaning to the side of mercy, he had no arguments to offer; but should set the learned advocate aright, by saying, the indictment read, '*feloniously took*;' which placed quite a different complexion upon its meaning, to what his very ingenious friend upon the other side had been labouring to impress upon the minds of the judges, and he hoped his worthy opponent in future would not be so careless in his readings.

'Very well; I stand corrected,' said the pleader, 'as I often have done when under more restraint and in worse company, no disrespects, however, to my worthy superiors on board of the Royal Tiger. Fe-lon-i-ous-ly, feloniously. Now the prosecutor shows malice, and smacks too much of my former captain, else he would not join in words, which no one can understand; and hang me for a Hottentot, if I think he knows what he means himself. That's the way of these sharks; they first hand-cuff a man's ideas with hard words, then lambaste him for not following suit, and afterwards make him pay the piper.'

'The few closing remarks are just to show his meaning. *Fe*—is the month's advance these chaps claim for dealing out jaw-tackle;—*lon*—the destitute situation of the prisoner at the bar; as much as to say, he has no friends here, which is a scandal to this good company, worthy an after-consideration;—*i* is used in various ways; but here, no doubt, it is intended to prop up the two a-larboard and a-starboard of it, or mayhap it should be spliced to the next word, but comes up to it as awkwardly as the poll-parrot did, when she mounted a tarpaulin, sported a pigtail, straddled the sailor trousers, and tried to squirt tobacco juice, saying, 'how hard to take on new habits;'—*ous* is the last of a righteous cause, which he has nothing to do with;—*ly* is coming it a little too strong in so well ordered a company as is this; but whether he means it for me, or takes it to himself, he has the wisdom not to say. Had I the least thimble of suspicion it was intended for me, nothing less than a ball-alley scrimmage would come out of it; for I take the lie from no man, no set of men, no body of men, on this eternal globe, if I do, may I be ——'

'No profane language can be allowed here,' said the judge, hastily rapping; and permit me to say, we are not all deaf.'

'Your stopper was just in time to keep me from being indecent; but when a man's veracity is hinted at, he is as apt to run off the reel too fast, as he is sure to pitch his voice to a hailing key.'

'I think I have made it plain to this assembly, that the boy only *took* the shirt, that taking is not stealing, that no one wants the shirt, or wishes the boy flogged, that the prosecutor is blood-thirsty, and that I have fully done my duty; if not—then the Mediterranean is a frog-pond, the Royal Tiger a birch log, Tom Clunet a tadpole, steering with a bulrush, sipping sea-water with a clam shell and calling it grog.'

The pleadings were lengthened to gain the boy respite,

till much of the day was consumed, and shortly the darkness would have compelled the judge to call for lights, had not a generous tar stepped forward, and said, without any show of rhetoric, but much feeling:

‘I know what it must come to, for I have seen such things in the navy; when a fellow is there put on trial, he might as well take the punishment at once, for all the pleadings in the universe won’t save his back;—it’s flummery to think of it. Now what I was going to say is this; if it’s all the same to the judges and the boy, I will take the two dozen intended for his delicate back, so say no more about it, but lather away; with all your law, I doubt if you can see whether there will be two dozen more or two dozen less stripes afterwards on mine, for the scoring it has received during the last sixteen years, all for good behaviour.’

This was a poser; none could plead more effectually, or exhibit more argumentative feelings; but the offer was not accepted, although repeated the next morning after the lad was tied to the gratings. The boy was sentenced to receive the customary number of two dozen lashes; but on account of his extreme youth, and this being his first offence, one-half of the sentence was remitted.

At the hour appointed, he was led out, triced up, his back bared, and he stood ready to receive the penalty of his indiscretion, for a harsher name none could give this unfortunate mishap of the trembling boy. While the offence was reading, as well as the sentence, I could not but feel the most poignant sorrow for that poor lad, as did others who were standing around, as could be seen by their silent, downcast looks alone, for not a word or whisper was spoken during the time of the necessary ceremony, among the thousands that were looking on. The back was bared to the cold blasts of a February morning, as probably never before exposed since the boy came from the lap of his mother; he stood, quivering in flesh, alike from the chill of the atmosphere, and the agonizing

thought of being momentarily bleeding under the lash of the whip.

At the first blow blood was drawn; but before a second could be given, the high-toned, authoritative voice of Captain Trowbridge, the commissioner appointed to see the punishment carried into effect, was heard—

‘Hold on! what bungler is that with the cat? Give it to one who knows how to strike. The Turk—worse than a devil, to plant such a blow in the back of such a boy.’ The latter part of the sentence was in an undertone, as if to himself. Half a dozen jumped forwards, whose mildness of looks showed *they* knew how to strike. One was chosen, who asked what the count was; ‘five,’ said Captain Trowbridge, whose memory at times was not the best, especially when his duty came in contact with his feelings, as on the present occasion. The next blows ‘six, seven, nine, eleven, and twelve,’ completed the punishment, with scarcely a reddening of the skin, so lightly were they applied, compared to the first.

After the boy was released, the by-standers began to banter the broad-shouldered champion of the day previous, saying he would not have come off so slightly, had his offer been taken, but that he would have been dealt harder with. ‘Hard or soft,’ said he, ‘I will at any time take a dozen for a shilling.’ The shilling was tendered; he stripped, and was in the place at the gratings, triced up to where the boy had so lately been, in less time than it has taken to record it. But his predictions proved true. No one could tell that an additional dozen of stripes had been added to his before welted back; for, of the four who handled the cat, none could roughen the skin. The counting the cuts upon this hired one, were as erroneous as they had been with the boy; with this slight difference, however, that what the boy lacked of his allowance, was added to the back of this old stager, both as to number and tightness, without his ever flinching, except once trying to kick sideways at the flogger ‘for the baker’s dozen he was throwing in.’

There resided among the blacks a pair of worthies, who after being kicked out of the other prisons for their unruly behaviour, could lodge nowhere else, and they had to submit to such restriction as Big Dick, in his clemency, chose to put upon them. They were always suspected of being the greatest thieves among the Rough Alleys, and ever stood head to that gang of rowdies. The one was a German, while the other hailed from any and all places most convenient for the time being; both were small of stature, exceedingly active, and could speak fluently, or so as to be well understood, several languages. Sodom and Gomorrah, the name they went by, in lieu of the dozen aliases each boasted of possessing, and always spoken of as a firm, (from their never being apart,) were ever rioting, pilfering, or gleaning from the market baskets of the vegetable sellers. Still they possessed cunning enough to escape the punishment they so justly deserved. They had never yet been convicted of any criminal offence, although frequently brought to trial; for they had the faculty, when hard pressed, by the aid of accomplices or friends belonging to their gang, of bringing the stolen articles to light, without being implicated in the theft, and not unfrequently by hard swearing, making the innocent suffer for misdeeds committed by themselves.

A Jew was called to the lower side of the market, by his eagerness for traffic, and took his stand next to the gratings, on the other side of which was a knot of these Rough Alleys. He was speedily driving a heavy business, by the sale of his numerous wares and merchandise, when at once he felt his watch pulled from his fob, and but barely had a glimpse at its passage through the gratings, as it disappeared among the crowd of rowdies with whom he was trading, at the thrifty rate of two hundred per cent. advance on first cost.

The hue and cry was immediately raised, that a jewelled watch of great value was stolen, and echoed through

the yards and prisons, to their remotest corners, and by none more loudly than the Rough Alley gang who had taken it. This was a theft casting a stigma upon the whole of the prisoners, as it was quickly known outside the walls, that a trader in the market had been robbed, while peaceably at his vocation. Each one of the prisoners in his own capacity, as did the committees in their corporate bodies, set about finding the stolen watch, and if possible ferreting out the thief or thieves, with a firm determination, when found, their punishment should be public, that others might know such criminal conduct was not countenanced by any except those who participated in it. After two days hard searchings, the first supposition was almost brought to a certainty, that Sodom and Gomorrah were the perpetrators of the theft, although the watch could not be found upon their persons.

On the third day, however, the committee got upon a trail that pressed these worthies hard, and when surrounded by a crowd, the watch was thrust into the possession of one of them by some person unseen. Enough was proved afterwards to pin it upon the above two, who from the first were supposed to be the thieves. After a short trial, none standing forward in their defence, and they themselves offering none, they were found guilty, sentenced to be taken into the market with their wrists tied, delivered to the market women, and by them punished, as they in their clemency might see proper. None were allowed to interfere, except such as were appointed to attend punishments, and these only to see that no *man* aided, abetted or interfered with the women in their doings. The crier was ordered to promulgate the same abroad, and he took especial care the garrison should have a chance of knowing what was to be done, as well as the prisoners within the walls.

They were led out amidst the rejoicings of thousands, for this theft had caused much excitement, and none were sorry that these two fellows had to bear the penalty of it.

As the culprits were delivered into the hands of their female executioners, the women were given to understand more fully, why they were brought into the square; with a hint, sufficiently audible to be heard throughout the market—‘for all those, who, at any time, has lost ought, by the pilferings of these or their companions, to now come forward, take their due, or forever after hold their peace and complaints;—whatever ye do unto these two, ye do to the whole gang, for these are their chiefs.’ Their followers were proud in being so well represented, but did not say so out of their own immediate circle. Were all heads of factions to take the lambastings their constituents deserve, no doubt there would be less office-seekers, and a less number ambitious to become great. But unfortunately the reverse is the case; for now-a-days, constituents have to bear the fault-finding for the misdeeds of their representatives, and pay them lavishly for their misdoings.

The reader will excuse the digression, as it was merely to give the women time to strip the shirts of these men upwards, as they skinned their rabbits whole, for market, till the sleeves and collar prevented them from going farther. The lower part of the shirt was twisted to a knot, forming a bag for the head, and held fast by an amazon of the strength of a giant. In this way they were hauled over a bench, bent down, held fast at both ends, their backs stretched as a blank sheet, for each that had lost, or supposed she might lose from her stock of marketable wares, to note down her sum total in such figures as she was accustomed to use.

Unfortunately for Sodom and Gomorrah, these blessings to man claimed no distinction to learning, and could make their entries in no way, except the good old one—that of making their marks; neither were they at all fastidious in what they used in inscribing their dues, each catching that which was nearest at hand, a riding whip, a shoe, a bunch of radishes, cellery, or a pair of dressed fowls, whose legs

were of sufficient length to give them the desired swing; every thing moveable was brought into requisition to aid in the flagellation, till a climax was put upon this ridiculous scene, by an old virago in her haste pouncing upon a weapon, that proved treacherous to the hand that was wielding it. This more man than woman, both as to dress and deportment—in fisherman's boots and jacket, a cast-off dragoon's cap, minus its front, unclipt beard of six week's growth—had made the campaigns of India, been kicked out of the army in Spain for her unblushing immoralities, and, as the last resort, had turned fishmonger, making herself notorious here as a brawling dealer in stale fish. This old stager used to boast, that she knew Lord Wellington before he 'know'd a hawk from a handsaw, in a military way, for I put him in a way to be a general, a real general!' Whether so or not, I shall not pretend to say; but if true, his biographers show but little gratitude for his early instructress, as do the English nation for the neglect of this mainspring that set the wires in motion, which caused the downfall of Napoleon, that snag to England's supremacy for a quarter of a century. Another proof that republics are not alone ungrateful.

After using up a string of fish from her own stall, over the backs of these unfortunates, this old she-wolf seized upon the neck of a dressed gander from an adjoining bench, whose descendants had supplied the markets for years, and after giving it an extra whirl, to impart to it the desired impetus, was about mellowing the gander's toughness to the delicacy of the quail, when, to use her own words, 'dom the twaddling baste, it slupt off the handle;' and by its centrifugal force, went full into the breast of her who was working the quarter of lamb in her front; its handle being better set in, (much to the sorrow of the back undergoing the lambasting,) or of less slippery material, than the goose's neck, enabled the operator to outdo her competitor, who had chosen a weapon that offered so poor á grip. The wrong direction of the

flight of the goose, brought on a controversy, which gave the culprits a respite.

To a question put to one of them afterwards, 'how he liked the qualities of the meats and vegetables of that day's market; and was it for his own account or for the benefit of the firm that he took so largely?' he replied, being a bit of a wag—

'We took share and share alike, but as I scorn to extort upon the necessities of the poor, you shall have mine at first cost.'

'You must rue the bargain, then, or else you'd not make so liberal an offer.'

'Fish, fowl, onions, and lamb, kept stirred with a riding whip, and served up where raw-hide is used for table linen, is an unchristian hash, and too hot even for an outward application.'

'I think you've a belly full for a week, any how.'

'And a back load for a month,' put in a second.

'Aye, and marks for life,' said a third, 'or I'm no judge of the impressions made by the knuckle-joint of a leg of mutton, sent home with the strength of a wood-chopper.'

'Soberly, which of all the licks set the closest?'

The rowdy, being tired of this rigging, pettishly snapped out, 'I didn't care for nothing, 'cept the shoes, nor for them neither had the nails been drove in.'

Probably he mistook the skewers or ragged bones in the meat, or the horned fish fins for the half 'drove in' nails of the shoe-heels. So intent were these female dealers in fruits and vegetables, on giving these rowdies their due, that if the crowd had been so disposed, they could have carried off the whole amount of the day's marketings, without being noticed by the owners; but none thought of eating or eatables, so much were they amused at the anxiety and relish manifested by these correctors of the morals of the chiefs of the Rough Alley gang.

A more turbulent set of mortals than this gang were never suffered to breathe. It must not be supposed that

they voluntarily formed themselves into a separate community, but the rather, that they fell into it unawares. Whenever any one became riotous, disorderly, filthy, thievishly inclined, or in anywise guilty of rowdyism, he was dubbed as belonging to the Rough Alley clan. If a rush was made, any cause arose for the sudden collection of a crowd, or a quick gathering for whatever purpose—a fight, a scuffle, or high-toned exclamations, their watch-word ‘keno!’ was sung out by some one near by, ‘keno!’ was taken up by the next, ‘keno!’ was answered from afar, till ‘keno!’ ‘keno!’ was stretching in the distance, reverberating and echoing throughout the prisons, when the dirty, the tattered, the half-naked, the hideous, were seen with begrimmed faces and stooping postures, pushing out from every hole and corner, wherever they might be, and scudding towards the scene of disorder with hasty strides, to be foremost in the fray, and a demon relish depicted upon their cadaverous looks, to be early mixing in the mêlée.

I was walking with an acquaintance in the yard one afternoon, soon after the arrival of the last portion of the crew of the privateer, and supposed I had seen and spoken to them all; but yet I had forgotten the looks of many, so little time had we been together in the brig. As we passed the corner of the building, I saw several with sticks, upturning the sweepings and scrapings of the cook-house and prisons, which were thrown into a pile, until the carts should come round to remove it. These were endeavouring to secure whatever they could find in the pile of filth, which was seldom more than a cut potatoe, knarled turnip, or the stump of a cabbage, that by accident had been swept up, or for their worthlessness had been thrown out with the other gatherings by the cooks. As there were always some who ‘could eat a horse and cry for the saddle,’ and were ever poking and hovering about this pile of offal, I passed on without noticing them; but afterwards thought there was one I

ought to have known, yet I did not see enough of him to readily recall him to my mind, and concluded in my walk back, I would be more particular in learning who he was. When we had turned in our walk, to pace the way back, I saw two start from the heap and run, one evidently endeavouring to catch the other. In this he found no little difficulty, not by the superior fleetness of the other, for the foremost was no match to the one following, in speed or in height; but his quick and sudden turnings, dodgings and squirmings about, like the terrier, when at play with the mastiff, pestered the hindmost one exceedingly. He would dart back under the very arms of him in chase, and gain a rod or two before the other could about ship and follow; when again, on the taller one coming up, the other would shoot athwart his bows and be off to the left, gaining a brief moment from the out-stretched arms and grappling fingers of his opponent, who had to back water ere getting in the wake of the chase, that had shot off at right angles from his former course, only again to be overtaken—when, to squat and let his tall follower measure his length the way he was heading, was an effort without the least labour, either corporeal or mental. One of the abrupt angles the small one made, brought him near us, when being hard pressed, he dropped a turnip, the object of contention, and the race was ended. In the shorter, I recognized the Loafer, for the first time since we parted in the frigate at Fayal.

After asking him how he had fared, how he liked his present abode, and some other common-place questions, I then inquired of him the reason of the race, which to him had proved not only a hard one, but a losing one. He said the other gentleman had dug up the turnip, but he took it and ran, thinking all was common in the dung heap. I intimated he had not improved in his tactics of foraging since last we met, if he was content to come off second best, to so scurvy a fellow as the one I saw in his wake, when he dropped the turnip.

'The one I dropped,' said he, 'was'nt worth-keeping ; it was sun-burnt and pithy to boot. But, (pausing and looking cautiously around, at the same time opening his bosom enough to disclose a large white one,) is'nt that a beauty,' closing with a laugh, which was neither a copy nor a counterfeit.

I had to stand the jeers of the companion of my walks, he complimenting me highly at the promising appearance of my shipmates, and asked,

'Is he a fair sample of your brig's crew? if so, you have every reason to be proud of having sailed with such.'

'We had fairer looking exteriors to worse hearts than this simpleton possesses, as far as I have had an opportunity of judging; and had he but a chance for improvement, he would show for the better in a month.'

'Should I ever become his tutor,' returned my waggish companion, 'my first endeavours would be to modulate his laugh ; for with that pelican gap staring me in the face, I should have the locked-jaw before the second lesson was completed.'

'His laugh is generally proportioned to the exciting cause that brings it out. I have seen him when the present one, that has so raised your curiosity, would not be noticed.'

'Had I him in the States, I would set up a travelling menagerie, nor wish for a better capital than him alone.'

If he would not have ate up profits, proprietor and capital, it would be because his new vocation was not congenial to his stomach.

Of this tall one, I have a word to say, which will do as well here as elsewhere. He had been taken prisoner, whilst belonging to the army, and stationed on the Canadian lines, early after the war was declared, had missed his exchange, been a prisoner in Quebec, Halifax, Chatham, and now in Dartmoor. His mind and spirit had become so crushed, that he had not much left to give him claim to humanity, except looks, and but little of

that; his shape, however, was partially retained, as far as the outlines went. He had been sentenced twice, and twice undergone the punishment of being stripped and lain in the pool of water, which ran through the prison yards, in the midst of winter, and scrubbed thoroughly with sand and brush, for being filthy, and taking so little care of his person. He was unfit to associate with even the worst of the Rough Alleys, could mess out with none, and was forced to stay till the 'odd mess' was called, which was composed of the off-scourings of the whole prison, numbering from one to six, as might be left from the previous six counted out. No one knew his name, and I question whether he had not forgotten it himself; for he was not heard to utter a word beyond a monosyllable for months, and remained in prison till the last draught was called out, although others were liberated who came with him, in their regular rotation. Every other stimulant was absorbed in his never satiated voracious appetite. He was always prowling about the dirt heap, cook-house, or elsewhere, for the purpose of picking up any thing that he could eat, which was swallowed raw as he found it; apparently not caring what the quality was, so the quantity sufficed.

A bet was made between two wags, that this man could devour five loaves of wheaten bread, of three-quarters of a pound each, with a pint of warm tea to the loaf, in a given number of minutes. He failed in time, only by his swallowing the last of the tea, when he still had a half loaf yet to eat; but by stretching the neck, expanding the features, (the eyes seeming to take the largest interest in winning,) and taxing his spine to the strain of every vertebre—stooping low, and suddenly straightening with a desperate jerk, at each swallow, the object was accomplished, all was engulfed. Although cheered on by those interested, he hurried not; and when he had finished the last morsel, after casting about to see if there was no more coming, he left the circle without a word,

as though nothing unusual had taken place. The passers-by would frequently amuse themselves, by tossing to him a crust of bread, a cold potatoe, the head of a herring, or the tip of a candle, which he would catch and devour as eagerly as the greediest cur would his allowance of meat, and watch with the cunning of a monkey from whence these acceptable missiles would next come.

It was proverbial, that this man was the greatest breeder of lice, of any ten others in the five prisons, be they ever so filthy. To this propensity of his, no one objected or interfered, only that each swarm which he bred remained with their cherisher no longer than till they were big enough, or had sense sufficient to look for better quarters—running no risk in their hap-hazard change, for worse they could not find. But still they would stick to their patron whilst in a helpless state, and desert him as soon as chance offered other shelter, which is another instance of the ingratitude of those reared of the then generation.

I was one day looking at this man, who was sitting in his hammock, that hung ten or twelve feet from the floor, and musing in my mind whether it were possible for a human being, who had once mixed and lived in social society, to be reduced thus low, with his faculties still at his command, when I noticed his being in a perfect state of nudity had attracted other eyes besides mine towards him, to learn, if possible, his singular motive in stripping to the hide so raw a day as it was. He kept busily puffing away at his short pipe, taking as little notice of the many gazers, as he did of their jeering remarks. At last it was ascertained he was employing his leisure moments, in enjoying the gambollings of the thriving brood he had last thrown off. While we were watching to see the end of his eccentricities, his hammock-strings snapped at the end towards which he sat, tumbling him out backwards, heels over head. At that instant a man was passing underneath, on whom the

naked one fell, their backs meeting with a tremendous concussion. The one that was beneath broke the fall of the other, at the expense of being disabled for some time, while he who had fallen, leisurely gathered himself up, without seeming to know any thing unusual had occurred, climbed to his hammock again, and from the first to the last, did not lose the pipe from his mouth, nor miss a whiff of the smoke he was regularly puffing out.

He was soon after sent to the hospital, for being too disgustingly dirty to remain in the prison, a plan sometimes resorted to, when any proved to be so filthy, that they could not be kept within the rules and regulations made for the general good.

We had an old Dutchman in prison No. 5, as ugly as he was old, and as crabbed as he was both old and ugly. No one ever spoke to him, for his sourness prohibited his having any companions. His hammock was so hung that it was impossible to reach mine, without sometimes touching his. This brought upon my unlucky head all the Dutch oaths, he could concoct and deal out in his anger, which, if they harmed him no more than they frightened me, was breath thrown away. I have since thought that I was careless of keeping clear of his hammock, or that I might unawares have caught it to save myself from falling, oftener than was agreeable to the owner; but I have greater reason to believe, now that judgment is better matured in after life, I became so accustomed to his scoldings, that they acted as a lullaby to help me to sleep, and I found it necessary to jog his memory now and then, lest I might lie longer awake than was congenial to health.

One night I heard a gurgling noise from the throat of this old man, roused the doctor, obtained a light, and found him quite dead, from the effects of a ruptured blood-vessel. Notice was given through the grated window to the sentry in the yard, that a corpse was to be sent to the hospital. The sentinel waked the turnkey,

who came and desired help to convey the body to the 'dead-house,' a little apart from the hospital, to remain there till buried in the morning, at the usual place, outside the prison walls. We had a Philadelphia pilot for an acquaintance, in an adjoining mess, of unusually small dimensions, although possessing sufficient calibre in daring swagger and noisy gasconade, to insure him a colonelcy in a regiment of Napoleon's life-guards. This man was ever pushing himself forward, making up in officiousness what he was lacking in person; and on the present occasion he volunteered to pilot those bearing the corpse to its destination. On entering the dead-house, the pilot was some few steps ahead of those carrying the body, with the light in his hand, feeling all the more firm that he should lead the others among the shades of the departed; when, after passing two or three bodies sent in from the hospital, he was brought up suddenly by seeing another rise on end in his swathing clothes, and stare him fully in the face, with a vagueness of aspect but ill suited to allay his rising fears or modify his bristly up-raising hair to becoming sleekness. He did not wait to give a reason for his unceremonious exit, but sped light in hand, through the yards, like a flaming meteor, regardless of the hail while passing the sentinel, who, ere coming to the charge or repeating the challenge, was paralyzed with fear at the spirit that came rushing from the mansions of the dead. The pilot stopped not till gaining his berth, when he was so much exhausted as only to chatter out between his shivering fits of ague, 'I—I—have—I have seen the—the devil—with his glaring—red hot eye-balls!' and sank to the floor.

The ghost was the keeper of the dead-house, who made this his lodging room. He gruffly growled his dislike at being disturbed so often, gave directions where to place the body, turned to his berth, and would have been snoring before the party left, had not one of them asked him how business thrived. 'Well enough, only too much

night work.' This man received two-pence per day for his hire, with nothing for his nocturnal disturbances.

This pilot was employed early in the war, to take a letter-of-marque out of the Delaware;—ran out, was intercepted by a British cruiser, captured, and had been a prisoner ever since; never having heard from his family since he left them one morning with the expectation of breakfasting with them the next, for which purpose, he used to say, he had charged them to keep it hot against his return.

The pilot was landed at Boston, in a destitute condition, late in July, and not finding a passage by water to his native city, he started off on foot to beg his way till he should again behold his wife and children. On his route he passed through my native village, and gave my parents the welcome intelligence, (the first they had received since my departure,) that I was in health, and most probably on my passage across the Atlantic. He was set agoing on his journey with renewed cheer, and I hope he, ere this, has ascertained whether the patience of his wife was exhausted at his dilatory manner of keeping the breakfast awaiting. But if he does not receive a sound box to keep up the connection between each fit of scolding, for his loitering, the temperament of his better half stands fairer than some housewives, who, when from home, have the reputation of being immaculate.

CHAP. VIII.

OUR EMPLOYMENTS.

EACH strove to employ himself in the best manner he could devise, as by so doing, the misery of his imprisonment was lessened. It mattered not what he did, so his mind was relieved from the anxiety it was labouring under, by the uncertainty of knowing when he would be set at liberty, and be on his way to his much thought of home. It is truly surprising to what a degree of perfection man can attain in the exercise of his ingenuity, when he sets about it with a determination to succeed, in spite of the unlooked-for obstacles which he may meet in the course of his progress. No man need ever despair, till an effort is made, nor then till again and again overpowered by difficulties his abilities cannot surmount; and even then let him change his employment for something better suited to his genius; but never let his perseverance falter.

I was acquainted with two rough, weather-beaten seamen, who had never been used to any mechanical employment, knew nothing but to 'reef and steer,' and to all appearance, were entirely destitute of any ingenuity. These men began at constructing a miniature ship-of-the-line, with no other tools than a knife and a needle; and with no means of procuring others, except by the sale of their daily allowance of meat, for a penny. With this they bought—to-day, a file, next week a pair of pliers, then a small saw, (if the jackknife has not already been converted into one,) a little glue, a few skeins of silk for the cordage, brass wire for the pinnings, a coarser kind for the guns, and so on, till at the end of two or three months, they had a tolerable set of tools, and materials sufficient to complete the tiny man-of-war which their minds were set upon finishing in a style to outdo others

who had built, rigged and equipped the like to their fancy.

After selecting such beef bones from the cook-house as would answer their purpose, they sawed them into thin slabs, of an eighth to a quarter of an inch in width, scraped them to a high polish, and with these planked up the sides and deck of their little craft, fastening all with pins of brass, so correctly put in as not to show the least irregularity in their lines from keel to gunwale, nor from stem to stern. This imitation three-decker, when finished, had each gun bored, mounted upon running carriages, with tackle complete—moveable capstan, wheel, rudder, each block sheeved throughout the rigging, as likewise, her full complement of anchors and boats, one and all in their proper places. The most experienced seaman could not detect the want of a rope, nor one out of place or proportion, every thing from the keel to the truck, being reduced to an exact scale. Yet when finished, the hull of this three-decker was less than two feet in length. Probably if these men had been set to work elsewhere, and by other reasons than their own fancy, to kill time or ambitious to outdo others, they could not have drilled a hole, or filed two pieces of metal to a close joint.

Many were constantly employed making fancy baskets, of pasteboard frames, delicately covered with different coloured straw, split and glued to the body, in every imaginable shape and figure human ingenuity could devise. Boxes, covered in this fanciful manner, were ever hawking about the prisons, and no prettier ornament could be desired for a lady's workstand or toilet, for which they were intended, whenever a sale could be effected through the agency of the market girls; at prices, however, most ruinous, if the labour bestowed upon them were estimated at any thing. Yet to those that laboured, the remuneration for their toils was but a secondary consideration, for during the manufacture, they were more than compensated by forgetting they were prisoners

Others would set themselves to sewing a strip of white muslin upon the seams of their outer garments, and when done, should there be the least want of uniformity in the stitchings or strips, off it would come, and they were more than pleased that they had an excuse for further employment.

Some, from their cast-off stockings, would stitch their garments in the style and fashion of a rug, leaving the ends of the ravellings an inch or two in length, working figures in the ground as they proceeded, till the whole was completed. These suits, when turned out by those of taste, and worn by a comical fellow, attracted much attention, for their grotesque and laughable appearance. None were superior to them as to warmth and comfort.

Numbers who never before painted nor attempted to draw, would purchase a small box of water colours, the necessary pencils, and begin a trade, which could be of no hereafter benefit to themselves; yet before they abandoned their undertakings, they would make pictures of no mean appearance. These were always for sale in the market and prisons, and many times sold for a sixpence, after a week's labour had been bestowed upon them. Still the painter had the employment and the sixpence, either better than drawling his weary hours out with complainings and malevolence.

Another, with a billet of wood and his jackknife, would spend days at an image, which, when completed, would deceive the eyes of a dealer in Chinese ornaments.

One, from the leaden gutter at the top of the prison, could find sufficient material (with a discovered mixture of his own to harden and make it ring) to manufacture a coin, that would scorn at being compared to the present currency of these degenerate shin-plaster times, which in point of value, is no better than that of Tom Pepper's make. This man had often been cautioned for carrying on so hazardous a business, without manifesting any uneasiness at the consequences himself, although some

threats had been thrown out, by a larger quantity than usual appearing in the market, that means would be taken to ferret out the coiner, as well as to learn why the lead upon the roof of No. 5, was disappearing in patches. One day word was hastily conveyed to Tom, that the authorities from the outside were inspecting the prison; but as his metal was heating, he regarded it not. On the approach of these dignitaries, he absolutely offered pieces of his coin to them for sale, as he turned them hot from the mould; and he did it with such perfect self-possession or impudent sang froid, (he was a known wag,) that the inspectors passed on with a laugh, saying they 'did not deal in medals,' and left him unmolested.

All those who could teach and obtain scholars, opened schools. These were much more abundantly patronized, than the pecuniary circumstances of the pupils or their guardians warranted. Here were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, dancing, music, fencing and boxing; besides there were many who lectured on naval tactics, elocution, philosophy, political economy, and all other subjects which came uppermost to their fertile or frolicksome imaginations while speaking. The schools were much more numerous than profitable, as could be seen by the tattered appearance of many of the teachers. The adult scholars, from twenty to sixty years of age, in the absence of their tutors, often renewed the mischievous pranks of their younger times, in all the joyousness of school-boy frolickings; appearing the more uproarious by not fearing the licking, as in their urchin days of racket and misrule. It would be taxing one's features beyond endurance, even if he possessed the gravity of a bishop at baptism, or the sourness of a displaced politician, by saying he should not laugh at the doings of these unruly scamps at their lessons. For instance, to see one cautiously rise from his seat, whose naked bronzed poll indicates a half century's buffetings amid gales and battles, lispingly ask:

'Pleathe, thur, maint I espeak?'

'If I knew your wants perhaps you might,' says the teacher.

'I wanths to tell Jule, that nekst time she pullthes Frith's hair, in her love esquinths, she'd better not get holder mine agin, if she duths, I'm darn'd if I duth'nt make mouths at her, if I iths in eskool, and tell her marm arterwardths, and if she duths'nt giths lickt, I'll roar like sthunder.'

'Juliana, my dear, what is that you have been doing, while I was busy with your pen?'

'I haint done noffin, I haint; ony Zeke, he sez our Zal don't wear no garters, and guz slipshod to meetin. Our Zal is wurf all his fam'ly in size, and can lick the hull tote on um, as easy as she can lup a brush fence wifout tightenin her apron strings, or brake a rampugscious colt wifout saddle or bridle.'

Many were constantly employed trafficking, having a stall fitted up for the sale of small articles, while others were engaged with a cook-shop, or buying and selling second-hand clothes. Those that could work at tailoring or shoemaking, never failed having full employment. Washerwomen and barbers were at all times abundant throughout the prisons.

At each mess table, amusements varied—draughts, cribbage, card playing, music, song-singing, story-telling, were among the most prominent; and are they not duly chronicled in the 'first walks through the prisons?'

Music was a favourite amusement of many of the inmates. They met at one another's mess tables with their instruments and note books, and could easily wear away a few hours of each day, which otherwise would have hung heavily upon them. I had no idea of the number of musical instruments among the prisoners, till the procession was formed for the celebration of Washington's birth-day, the 22nd February. Fifes, flutes, bugles, trumpets, violins, and clarionets, of all sizes and keys, played to perfection, Hail Colombia, Yankee Doodle

and Washington's March; each striving to be heard above the others, either in a fair way, or by an out of key blast. In this the clarionets eminently excelled all others. The procession, after passing through the different yards, with banners flying, rallied around the orator of the day in prison No. 1, who, with notes in hand, was prepared for the forthcoming address, monody, sermon, soliloquy, oration, or denunciation, as best suits the one to name it who delivered it; as those I have heard upon festival days of rejoicing, happily partake of the whole in about equal parts, and our prison orator proved himself a good copyist; for the one in question was spoken much as others are done, when a set determination is entered into by the speaker, to outdo all who have gone before him in noise and rant. The audience chose to divide the whole into parts for applauding as best suited themselves, at times sadly disconcerting the declaimer. The loudest in approbation were generally those who did not hear the sentiments at all, or heard them, but did not understand their meaning, and thus managed to cloak their ignorance under their vociferous clappings, hootings and yellings. Afterwards, the different parties separated, to partake of the many *luxuries* prepared for the guests who had honoured the day with this turn-out display.

The Fifer was anxious to be somehow employed. 'I don't care what it is, so as I can do it.' But there was the nip; he could do nothing he saw going on around him, not even wash his own linen, or stand cook for the mess to which he belonged, with credit to himself or to the taste of the others. Money he had none, and was likely to be without it till again among his hills in Berkshire; and his clothing was like to be as scarce as were the contents of his purse, when his present suit should be worn out, as it was in a fair way shortly to be by present appearances. We persuaded him to turn 'Jew,' and encouraged his beginnings by giving him such things to sell as we could spare, and started him on his new

undertaking with a respectable fitting out. He sold off at a rapid rate, and at tremendous profits, but alas, no cash did he get; all was gone to 'as good men as were in prison,' but he did not receive enough to pay himself his per centage commission. When he ultimately found the state to which he had brought his friends, he said, in the honest simplicity of his heart, 'I will pay every one of you dollar for dollar when we meet in the States, or do penance by again going to sea in time of war.'

The Doctor, with his other duties, had a respectable class studying navigation under him, who were better fitted to take charge of a vessel, than many whose studies have been upon a larger plan; for he possessed the qualifications of imparting knowledge to others that few can boast of, and was himself at the head of the profession. To help him out with his *students*, he had managed to retain his quadrant, books, and some few nautical instruments, from the time of his capture.

After the failure of our stock business, time hung heavily upon our hands, yet hunger laid heavier hands upon our stomachs, which had nothing but what was given out from the cook-house, to fend off his cramping, clutching fingers, that seemed to gloat at the very havoc they were making. Each day, before the bread was weighed out to the individuals of the mess, it underwent a 'shave;' that is, a thin chip of the crust was taken from the whole loaf. This, after scorching, was boiled as coffee, and we drank it at our morning meal, without either sugar or milk; not a very palatable dish, yet in chilly cold weather it was better than water from the spring, to moisten one's bread.

One day, I said to the Doctor, that this starving quietly and famishing by piecemeals, would not do; something must be done, either to give us bread to quiet our unruly stomachs, or employment to ease our distracted minds. I knew the owner of a wheel of fortune, who was about giving up the business, not for the excess of wealth he

had gained in the profession, but simply because he had latterly become a little embarrassed, something under the weather, for a brief spell—in fact, now the circumstance has gone by, it may as well come out, at the risk of injuring his standing hereafter, my friend was a bankrupt.

This wheel of fortune was a smooth board, much resembling a clock-face, with either numbers around its circle, or fancy painted characters and devices; the exact representation of which was pictured on as many cards as were numbers on the table. In the centre of the circle was hung an index, revolving as the hand to the clock. For a halfpenny the proprietor, or banker, dealt out five cards. The holder of the cards gave the index a twirl, and should it stop on a figure, which any one of his cards designated, he was entitled to a twopenny white loaf. If he had no number in his hand like the one the index pointed towards, he lost. The game in favour of the banker was about twenty-five per cent.

The owner of this table of chance had offered it to me at a moderate price, and on a liberal credit; but in my then present capacity, it was as likely to lay as dormant, had I closed with his offer, as with himself, and for the same reason, the want of capital to buy the loaves, which were necessary to set it in motion. Our united credit was not sufficient to raise a dozen from the bakers who attended the market, notwithstanding the fierce opposition that was raging, on account of several newcomers appearing, with a determination of having a share in supplying the prisoners with fresh bread daily.

I sold a pair of stockings that I had intended for my go-ashore ones when reaching the States, for a shilling, and the Doctor raised the like sum from the sale of a part of his wardrobe, which was sufficient to buy the dozen, baker's dozen loaves, to put in motion our wheel of fortune. The embarking the whole of our capital in a new and hazardous business, must not be supposed to have been done without due consideration and forethought, but

on the contrary, when seeing the pile of wheaten loaves before us, throwing off its savory smell, as they tauntingly seemed to say, 'why so dainty while within your reach?' The bare idea that they would pass to the comfort of others, caused a fluttering within our inward bosoms, that brought forcibly to my mind the yearnings of the children of Israel for the onions, the leeks, and the flesh pots of the Egyptians, after they had been thrown upon such fare as they could by chance pick up by the road-side during a forced march; and I felt a less desire to deal harshly with them, the rather wishing to throw the fault upon the translator, who must have made it after a surfeit of heavy feeding upon the same articles, for which they were accused of a longing to enjoy. Let some of our learned commentators again examine attentively the original upon an empty stomach, and if they do not find something wrong, feel an uneasiness during the inspection, and make the correction, they never have been prisoners of war, or I have lost the time that has been expended upon the paragraph, which might have been more profitably employed.

I took the cards, the Doctor stood by to see fair play, customers flocked around, as always when a green hand begins a new business, and so fortunate did our undertaking prove, that when breaking off at bedtime, we had cash sufficient to pay for the table, (by receiving a liberal discount for promptness,) had ten out of the fourteen loaves we started with, and money enough to lay in another dozen, should luck turn on the morrow.

That night, each of the mess had his cup of well-sweetened tea, two-penny wheaten roll, scientifically split, and in its space was deposited a lump of butter, to ease the stowage and mellow the digestion; a meal with its accompanying appetite to be envied by a king. 'If there be but six happy mortals on this terrestrial globe of ours,' said the Doctor, 'they can be found at our mess table in prison No. 5.'

‘Make the tea something that has life in it,’ said Wellbred Jim, ‘and you may sit me down as two.’

‘You must suppose we should reel about like yourself, beyond the possibility of counting, or see double.’

‘Double me into a puncheon, fill it with the right kind of pickle, and I will snooze away till times better.’

Gambling was indulged in and carried to the greatest extent, and far beyond the conception of any one, who had no opportunity of seeing the pernicious effect it produced. Games of hazard were to be seen throughout the prisons in every form, and under every name, from the penny sweat-cloth, to the more fashionable French game of vingt-et-un whose bankers were generally a company or an association, and had at times coin in the greatest abundance. In fact, to a visitor, it was a matter of astonishment, where such large amounts came from; for upon the tables might be seen pecks of three shilling pieces, fancifully piled up in the various forms of towered castles and pyramidal peaks, to allure those who had money, to come forward and add theirs to grace these battlements of coin; for to play, was but to lose—either first or last none escaped being fleeced, who ventured a beginning. This was the worst stain upon the body of prisoners, and the only one vice, from which nineteen-twentieths did not keep themselves aloof.

It may be asked where all these sums came from? Mostly from those who had formerly been impressed into the British navy, from American ships, and who, after the war broke out between the two nations, refused to fight against their countrymen, and instead of being sent home, were conveyed as prisoners of war to these and other prisons, where they were to remain till liberated by peace being proclaimed, for none were exchanged. This body of men alone numbered more than twenty-five hundred within these walls. They drew from time to time, their back pay and prize-money, some in dividends, whilst others received their whole dues at once, which frequently

amounted to large sums. One man who was an inmate of No. 5, had sent to him from London, a very considerable amount, it was said £1100, on Monday, and the Thursday following, he had not the means of buying a cup of coffee; the whole had gone to help swell the already huge piles upon the gamblers' boards, without the excuse of cloaking his foolish conduct under inebriation, for he was not known to have touched a drop of ardent spirits, and was proverbially temperate.

This man's adventures deserve a passing notice, at the risk of a digression. When young, he was impressed into the British service, and afterwards captured and thrown into a French prison. In an attempt, with others, to make his escape, a scuffle ensued with the guard, when one of its numbers was killed. The party of prisoners were secured, confined in a close dungeon for some years, till an exchange took place, when he was again taken into the navy, and there served till he gave himself up as a prisoner of war, after hostilities had commenced with this country and Great Britain. After lying in Dartmoor some time, he received the above sum of money, not only for his services while in the navy, but also his wages were allowed him for the whole of the time that he had been in the French prison. Within two years and a half, although still erect, with his native spirit unbroken, yet verging towards three score years and ten, withal, this man might be seen upon the fore-castle of one of our national sloops-of-war, recounting his exploits. Among his other boastings, besides his 'green mountain' origin, living under ground in France, amidst the clouds in Dartmoor, and knowing his duty better than all others, he used to say, that 'once he was possessed of much riches, and had never *crooked his finger* to man.' The first upon one of his hands had been injured, and in the healing, it had become perfectly stiff. 'The hurt was caused (when in the fore-top among his kin in tigerism) by being left, after boarding an enemy from an open

boat, by his comrades, who backed out and threw all the fighting upon himself;’ and, (when among the green-horn waisters,) ‘while standing in the gangway, catching the balls from an enemy’s broadside, a gun was let off double shotted, without his knowing it, till they were close aboard of him, and in trying to catch both, one of them did the damage;’ but (when on the berth-deck among his confidential friends) ‘from the slamming of a gun-port shutter.’

Besides, (to resume,) no man of prudence went to sea in time of war, without having some money concealed about his person; more especially those who held responsible stations, such as captains, first and second officers, supercargoes; and the owners themselves were frequently on board of their vessels when taken, and had to submit to an incarceration here, as did the most humble foremast hand, unless he, as commander, had on board the necessary number of guns, prescribed by the admiralty board. Many of these had correspondents in London; who allowed them to draw for such moneys as their necessities required.

In addition to the above, each man in prison was allowed by the American government, two and a half pence per day, which alone amounted to more than £2000 a month. It will be readily perceived by the foregoing, that these sums combined and exposed to sight, would make a larger display than what I have been describing; for the majority of the whole went to the gaming boards; yet the precariousness of the calling, kept it constantly shifting from one table of chance to another, and but few, if any, of the gamblers took money with them when they left the prisons, while many others, who were saving of their means, had enough to keep them comfortable, till they could find employment after reaching their homes.

The most alluring game, and the least hazardous to the players, was that of *quino*, (Sp.) or *keno* as pronounced with us. These tables were large, generally located in a comfortable portion of the prison, and could accommodate

from twenty to thirty at a time; or as many or few as chose to take part, paying a penny per card for one or more, as suited the player's means or object. The whole sums received from those who were playing, were placed in the centre of the table, to be won by him who got the keno. The proprietor 'took his toll from the grist,' his only interest in the game, unless he chose to take a card like the others, a privilege he was allowed, and which he improved, when the players were not abundant. No one could lose much money by this game, in the manner it was managed here, if sport was his object, while many spent an hour or two each day at these boards, merely to wear away the time.

The floor of the cockloft did not extend quite to the roof, which slanted down into the story beneath, but left a space of a foot or two between the former and the latter, as a ventilator for the two apartments. Where my hammock hung, upon a level, or a trifle above this cockloft floor, and immediately opposite, within twelve feet, was a keno table, and the most popular one in the prison, partly by the ample accommodation for the players, but mostly on account of the witty eccentricities of the proprietor, who was an inharmonious mass of facetious gravity, and rugged harshness personified, the oddity of the subject a sufficient excuse for the singularity of the phraseology.

During my sickness, this table, with its attributes, proved an annoyance beyond comparison; for no sooner did night come, (the greatest extent of gambling was after dark,) than the lights around it were glaring directly upon me, the proprietor, after setting his body in motion, would crack out his numbers, to a drawling sing-song rhyme, with a voice of the utmost harshness, never varying it in time nor cadence, but emphasizing most inhumanly, till the winner's card was full, which he would indicate by singing out '*keno!*' The proprietor throwing his face upwards, responded with *his* '*keno,*'

as though his contortions of body and grimaces of phiz, since the game began, had been working a cantation, to be exploded at a breath, advising all within a fourth of a mile, that a keno was won, and the proprietor in full blast. Now I would have a short respite, while the cards were selecting and the money depositing, when again would the drawing of the numbers begin, nor cease till near morning. This was continued every night, Sundays excepted, for months, without any variation.

The owner of this table was an oddity whose like is seldom met with. He had gained his popularity, and his great run of business, by singing out his numbers, with an impromptu rhyme, and the comical swing he gave his body and arms, while he was concocting them—displaying more poetry in his movements than music in his rhymes, less harmony in the whole than harshness in his song, and without exhibiting a jot of beauty from first to last; yet if there *be* poetry in motion, he was entitled to it.

He was as rough and uncouth in his outward man, as the knarled oaks and knotty pines upon the Passamaquoddy banks, from whence he hailed; he was of large dimensions, huge rounded shoulders, protruding head, upon a dislocated neck, (if bobbing to the four quarters of the compass, with a circular sweep to take in the intermediate points, without turning the body, *be* authority,) and a face to sympathize with the whole. The eye-brows so far jutted down, as to make it a matter of doubt to a stranger, whether he was not blind—never opening them only when taking his toll, then for a single instant, they would send forth scintillations, sparkle with delight—in the next to be deeply enshrouded with their bushy shades, and lost to the surrounding crowd. His voice was sufficiently strong, to throw the sounds of his drawn numbers to every corner of the prison, displaying a mouth in the operation, as capacious and ragged, as the sounds were harsh.

After he had taken his toll, he would prelude upon his coming rhyme, to enjoin silence, gather his thoughts, and get his frame to its desired swing, when he would thrust his right hand into the bag held by his left, take a quick glance at the drawn number, and while giving it an arm's length whirl, that all should see there was no deception, he was prepared to rhyme out the number—timing each angle of his swing with the emphasis of his chant, and never losing time with his numbers nor breaking his measured swing, conveying the idea to a stranger, that in his front was a class of singers, for whose instruction he was beating time in an excited manner.

After my sickness, and becoming more accustomed to his drollery, I thought his voice less harsh, the form and features less and less objectionable, till at last I too could listen with no little satisfaction to the hum-drum song, which had annoyed me so much while sick; and I more than once caught myself recalling some of the anathemas, which had been so freely dealt out for his especial benefit, but checked myself in season, lest I might come to the conclusion, I had ever done aught that required revoking.

The following is but a poor attempt at imitating him of the keno table; for to enjoy his peculiarities he must be seen—no delineation on paper can do him justice.

Now silence, gentles, let us be,
 Nor wink, nor speak, nor cough, not any;
 Naught can ye win—not a baubee,
 Who thinks aloud—no, not a penny.

Watch! we begin with *thirty-four*—
 Fegs! *forty-six* is summut more.
 If *seventeen's* a number low,
 Lower still is number *two*.
 Egad! look sharp! for *ninety-eight*
 Is high, yet *seven* will set it straight.
 Don't hold your breaths! 'tis *forty-nine*—
Thirty is a choice of mine.
 Says *sixty* 'I'll a courting go'
 Said, *sixteen*, 'yes—you don't, I know.'

That skulking *six* poked out his nose,
 Quick slipped by *ten*, and said 'here goes,'
 It's *twelve* o'clock ; ah me, O, whew !
 Here's *fifteen* sits all in a stew.
 Can *ninety-nine* on nothing stand ?
 About as much as *eleven* can bend.
 'O, waths th' matter?' said *twenty-six*.
 Lisperd *eight*, 'I'th in a thorry fixth.'
 'What ! *sixty-four*, are you about ?'
 'Me !' says *nineteen*, 'coming out.'
 Says *thirty-three*, 'I'se crooked legs.'
 Says *eighty-five*, 'I has no pegs.'
 Here's *fifty-four*, drunk as a Jew,
 Hiccups *thirteen*, 'and so are you.'
 This game is long—*fourteen* is tired—
 Grey *ninety* said, 'you vas not hired.'
 Pshaw ! let that wriggling, crooked *three*
 Just take *one* look, stand straight like me.
 Pray, how can *four* eat gum elas-
 Tic ? much says *nine*, as you would gas,
 By gulping *twenty* times, and then—
 Just try you *fifty* gulps again.
 Twins ! *twenty-two*, or I'm no sin-
 Ner—*sixty-six* looks wery prim.
 Old square toes, *forty-four* can't come
 It over *twenty-five*, I vum.
 Hand-cuffs and cramps ! here's *eighty-eight*—
 'Fie, shame !' cries *five*, 'these crooks I hate.'
 Old *hundred* is a round one, ye know,
 But rounder still is *naught*, that's keno.

This ambition for rhyming was very great among the criers and dealers in old clothes ; but all were excelled by one who used to hawk his own verses about, and who was our poet laureat. Some of this man's prison effusions, I have seen in the song books of the day, of since the time we speak.

CHAP. IX.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE DEPOT.

I FEEL no little diffidence in attempting to give a description of this Depot, or the surrounding district, in which it is situated; for I have never seen any published account of either, except from the pen of some one, who has been an inmate of the prisons, like myself; and who had no opportunity of seeing the entire enclosure from an elevated or outside situation. Nor have I ever seen a drawing, that gave any thing more than a cursory glance at the buildings and encircling walls, and which most likely was taken from one of the many adorning wooden cuts, at the head of some narrative song of the time, and drawn by a sojourner whilst therein incarcerated. I had no opportunity of ascertaining distances only by stepping off, nor any other mode of fixing heights or measurements, except by comparison. All summings up from such sources and materials must unavoidably be defective. Yet I trust the following is not so far from correct, as not to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and probably, as near the truth as the generality of topographical descriptions, that are set down as accurately drawn.

Dartmoor, when applied to the prisons, is erroneous, for it is the name of the district in which the prisons are situated. 'The Heaths of Dartmoor' are the plains that surround the buildings of the Depot to a great distance. As well might one, in writing of the capitol at Washington, call it Washington, or the District of Columbia, and be no farther incorrect than when calling these prisons Dartmoor. A traveller may visit Dartmoor, and yet not go within ten or twelve miles of the Depot, where the Americans were confined during the latter part of the last war.

All letters which came to the prisons, were directed to the 'Depot at Dartmoor,' as were the numerous blanks, which I saw in both the clerks' and doctors' offices, headed in the same manner. The wagons, carts, and other property belonging to this station, were branded as above. None of the inhabitants of the surrounding district spoke of the prisons only as 'the Depot.'

The view from the prisons was uninterrupted in every direction, except the south; here it was broken by a high hill, from which, it was said, the numerous streams of water took their rise, which supplied the Depot so copiously at all seasons of the year. This water, which was soft and agreeable to the taste, had a slight redish tinge, imbibed by having passed through veins of copper ore imbedded near its source, and had the reputation of being insalubrious to those unaccustomed to its use; but afterwards none complained of its baneful effects. The injury I received from it, I attributed more to the quantity than to the quality of the fluid I drank; for, after being debarred from water that was palatable, during the passage across the Atlantic, I indulged most freely in this, after my arrival, without an inquiry as to its good or bad qualities. I have since seen one account which says, 'the water is brought from a great distance and at great expense, to the Depot,' but does not say from whence it was brought, but evidently it is meant from elsewhere beyond this hill, as it lay but a short way off, and the ground was at a gentle declivity, and favourably situated to convey water at but little expense, the whole distance to the Depot.

All the buildings of the Depot, prisons, barracks, hospital, store-houses, dwellings, and out-houses, were alike surrounded by two circular walls, one within the other, of stone masonry, of from fifteen to eighteen feet in height. These were distant from each other about twenty-five feet; and the space between the two was used as a military walk, and likewise served as a place from which the

prisoners could be watched, without their seeing who were their observers. Inside the wall was an iron picket carried around the circle, which stood about thirty feet apart from the wall. The space between the two was well sodded, and as the spring advanced, a luxuriant covering of green sprung up, which added much life to the scene, and threw a cheering aspect over the surrounding sombreness, besides forming a lively contrast to the monotonous, dull and heavy appearance of the stone buildings. The outer wall measured a full mile in its circular stretch around the enclosure.

This circle was cut by a cross wall of the same height and material as the two outside ones, which gave one-half of the space for the use of the prison buildings, while the other half was occupied by the barracks, hospital, store-houses, dwellings for the keepers, all, however, surrounded by the same strong barriers, as were those which the Americans occupied; so, when the gates were closed, the whole within the walls were alike prisoners; or, rather, those whose employment was to prevent the captives from escaping, would find it equally as difficult to gain their liberty, if the attempt were made without the consent of him who had charge of the main gate, as would the prisoners.

The prisons were seven in all, diverging from a common centre, known by their numbers, beginning at the left, from the entrance at the main gate, with No. 1, and ending at the right with No. 7; the two extremes being parallel with the cross wall, and the whole radiating like the spokes from the hub of a wheel, their extremities forming a half circle. The centre of the seven, No. 4, was walled off from the others, thus making in all three yards, distinct from each other, known as yard No. 1, containing prisons Nos. 1, 2, and 3; yard No. 4, by itself, containing prison No. 4; and yard No. 7, containing Nos. 5, 6, and 7.

The communication was kept up between these yards,

by a passage at the centre of the circle, of thirty feet in width, by one hundred and fifty in length, covered, and the top made use of as a military walk, from which the movements of those within the enclosure could be seen—not only the prisoners, but all who were inside the circular wall, whether in the hospital yard, that occupied by the barracks, store-houses, or market, the whole could be seen at a single turn from this platform.

In the front of this platform was the market square, which was separated from the broad passage beneath it, by a tremendous strong wrought iron railing, of about twelve feet in height, supported at proper distances from each other, by granite posts of more than two feet square, firmly planted in the ground.

The communication from yard to yard, and from prison to prison, was free and uninterrupted during the day; but at sunset, the prisoners were notified by the blowing of the turnkey's horn, from the top of the military walk, that they must withdraw from the yards, and retire to their respective numbers, therein to remain till sunrise on the following morning, when the doors were again thrown open, as were the different gates which had been closed during the night, for the inmates to range the yards or buildings to their liking.

The yards were well paved, lighted at night, swept and scraped as often as was necessary for either health or appearance; and they were likewise well supplied with water, by each having two handsomely stoned canals, of about three feet width and the same in depth, carried through them, both running with a never-failing supply, the one carrying off the filth of the sewers, by its rapid current, whilst the other served for washing and culinary purposes. This latter emptied into a stone basin of twenty by forty feet, of an elliptic form, which could be filled at any time, and was of sufficient depth for bathing. But while I was there, the weather was ever too chilly to make use of it for this purpose.

The prison buildings varied in nothing except their size; Nos. 1, 4, and 7, were the largest, Nos. 3 and 5, the next in size, and Nos. 2 and 6, (unoccupied,) the smallest. The walls were built of irregular shaped unhammered stone, and were more than two feet in thickness; the buildings were two stories in height, with a cockloft or attic. No. 5, the one I was in, was about two hundred and fifty or sixty feet in length, by sixty or sixty-five in breadth. Each story was without any partitions, but had two alleys, twelve feet in width, running the whole length, with upright stanchions, eighteen or twenty inches apart, to separate them from the berth-places of the men. The floors were paved throughout with common flag, or rubble stone. Each building was well ventilated by windows, heavily grated with iron bars. The communication from story to story was by a double flight of broad stairs of hewn stone at both ends of each apartment. There were no chimneys in any of the prisons, nor fires, except for private use; and these belonged to those who could afford a small stove, running the pipe out of the many windows in the side walls. The owners of these stoves carried on some business which required the use of fire; and they were much more numerous than agreeable to those who disliked the gas arising from burning the bituminous coal necessary to keep them in operation.

Each prison had its own cook-house of the same material that the buildings were built of, and joined the end pointing to the common centre of the circle in which they stood.

The Heaths of Dartmoor are situated at a considerable elevation, but at what height, I cannot say; as most of the accounts to which I must refer for information, I fear are based upon such judgment as I should have formed, if asked the question after marching there and back; for I found going thither a tremendous up-hill business, while on my return, I glided over the road as though it had been

a continued inclined plane, well slushed, and I upon runners. However, the great height in which the district is elevated, is alone the cause of the almost uninterrupted continuance of those dense and heavy fogs, with which it is enveloped from November till May. To the same source must be attributed the coldness of the atmosphere; for at no time while I was in prison, did I prefer a walk in the shade of the wall, to that of the open sunshine, although I was there after the sun had gained its greatest altitude, and was retrograding towards the southern hemisphere.

These heaths, which surround the Depot to a great distance, are barren, cheerless, and dreary to behold, even during the most luxuriant portion of the year; but when all was blasted with hoar-frost and deadened by the stern hand of winter, they were doubly drear. For days even in summer, nothing could be seen, except occasionally a single horseman threading one of the crooked by-paths of the plain, or a flock of sheep vainly endeavouring to nip a scanty meal from the surface of a barren soil, that grew nothing except a coarser bramble than they could relish. For full half around the horizon, there was not an object for the eye to rest upon as a landmark—not a fence, a stream, a hillock, nor a tree was between the observer and the distant blue risings which ended his view.

By the small irregular mounds and ridges of raised earth, that were here and there discovered scattered over the plains, with evident signs of great antiquity, it is thought that battles must have been fought on these heaths in ancient times. And so fully were the country people's minds convinced, that the departed dead were yet restless, and that their spirits still danced over the moor in that witching hour, when ghosts love to riot in transparent forms, and lightly float in drapery of swathing clothes, that it was difficult for those rustics to bring their minds, to pass this extensive waste after night-fall. They

would always time their startings from the little village of Princeton, so as to cross the waste ere dark. It was a picturesque sight, from an upper window, to follow those who attended the markets, each mounted upon a donkey, driving before him or her fifteen or twenty more, one strung before the other, in single files, with panniers swung across their backs, wending the way to their homes. When at a distance, and following the crooked sheep paths, I could liken them to nothing but the sinuous movements of the snake, as it winds itself along, without any obervable motion, except a snail pace progressing.

Half a mile to the east was the little village of Princeton, composed of ten or fifteen buildings, with a stone Gothic church, standing midway between the town and the prisons. This building was put up by the French during the time of their captivity, who, after working through the day, returned at dusk to pass the night within the walls. I believe they were allowed a small remuneration for their labour. A little to the left of this village, was a small winding stream, over which was a stone bridge, where the road crossed that led to the interior.

These were the only objects the eye could rest upon, when turned from within the prison enclosure, if we except the smooth surface of rising ground, a short distance to the left of Princeton, which was used as the parade on which the troops manœuvred, that were doing duty at the Depot. It was not unfrequent for a couple of regiments to close their two hours' drill with a sham fight; when as many of the prisoners as could clamber to the roofs of the buildings, enjoyed a fair sight of this harmless but highly picturesque battle, often fiercely raging between these two regiments of red-coated soldiery, whose gaudily bedizened trappings glittered in the sun's rays, as seen when half enveloped in the dense smoke of the battalion fire.

Our food was mostly of bread, beef, and soup; but two days in each week, were, in the language of seamen,

'banyan days,' when we had, instead of the beef and the soup, two herrings each, either from the pickle or smoked, with potatoes; or codfish and potatoes. The preference was always given to the soup, it being palatable, nourishing, and ever hot when given out from the cook-house, which, to those that were but half clad and wholly chilled by the cold fogs peculiar to the district, was a luxury no one was willing to be deprived of, nor forego for the other rations.

These prisons were a complete epitome of an overcrowded city, as impressed upon the visiter at his first walks through them. Here were trades and occupations of every kind carried on—a mixed population, made up from all nations of the earth—and every grade of society was here as distinctly marked as in towns and cities. None of the better classes mixed with those beneath them, who in their turn let no opportunity slip whereby they could vent their scorn at those who aimed at gentility, without having the means of carrying it out; and these again had to submit to the taunts of those of a still lower grade, for trying to ape their betters.

Here with stiff and measured step stalks the aristocrat; his cane, his only companion, and the only article of his former gentility, he knowingly carries beneath his arm, as they are folded magisterially across the breast, more to hide the lack of a shirt-bosom than to impart ease to his gait. Now minces the former dandy, whose bland smile, well cultivated teeth, and ease of salutation, are but little less graceful than when his liberal salary as a broker's clerk, enabled him to display them in the drawing-rooms of the great, to the envy of those less endowed with nature's gifts. By his eagerness to join company with those gamblers, is plainly told the cause of his being compelled to leave his home for a sea life, and as plainly prophecies that his reform is past hope. Yonder swaggers the blackguard—not by association, but by nature and desire; he strives to utter oaths more harsh than others,

displays his slouching walk and tattered dress with pride, and glories in his vulgarity, while, from the bottom of his heart, he despises those who would appear better than himself.

A man that had the least respect for himself while at home in his own country, here showed it; the brawling blackguard here, was such before his imprisonment, and will continue the same ever after, let him be where he may. Each member had his home at his mess table, and none ever thought of sitting where he was not known, or had no business to communicate. Were one to take a seat uninvited among strangers, he would as soon be asked his motives, as if he walked into the sitting parlour of a fashionable dwelling, and seated himself with the family at the fire-side circle.

Here were those of thrift, ingenuity, industry and honesty, as also those who were more willing to rob than to work, to frolic than to learn, to fight than to play—whose every aim was to pounce upon the weak and unwary, that were unable to defend themselves, either by friends or bodily strength. For such were the regulations made; and to their praise be it said, that they were more strictly put in force here, than is the case generally in large communities. All well disposed members, who were in much greater proportion to the unruly, than in many of our seaboard cities, were always willing to assist in having the laws well maintained, and the aggressors brought to punishment.

CHAP. X.

BEGINNING OF THE DISCONTENT WHICH LED ON TO
THE MASSACRE.

THE writer has always looked upon this period, as the commencement of that discontent which gathered strength with the one party, whilst the irascible temper and vindictiveness of the other kept pace with it, till a rupture, bringing bloodshed, was the result. Instead of the animosity lessening, every circumstance seemed to widen the breach between the inmates of the prisons and the governor of the Depot, who at all times was too ready to make use of his authority to irritate, rather than to soothe the turbulent spirits of those placed within his control.

Each of the prisoners was allowed by his government, two and a half pence per day, which was termed 'tobacco money.' For the purpose of expediting the payment of so many small sums, the list was called as numbered upon the book of registry, every thirty-second day; when each successive sixth man received two one-pound notes, to be divided as best they could among the six, when changed or discounted by the market people, or by the brokers at the larger gambling tables.

The anxiety of the prisoners had risen almost to phrenzy, at the non-arrival of the 'Favourite,' with despatches from the United States, many supposing she had returned, but that the information was kept back in mere wantonness, to torment them, although the papers we received both from Plymouth and London, appeared to manifest as much anxiety as ourselves, for the arrival of the sloop-of-war, to learn the final result of the negotiations, all hoping it might be favourable—that peace would be proclaimed, and we at once be liberated.

The rejoicings at the news received of the victory gained by the American troops, over the British veterans,

before the city of New Orleans, had not entirely subsided, when, on the fifteenth of March, it was cried through the prisons, that the 'Favourite had arrived two days previous, bringing the ratification of the treaty of Ghent, and that *Peace was between the United States and Great Britain.*'

All was now joy, congratulation, good humour, life and jollity. None supposed we should be in prison a week longer, judging from the promptness with which the French were removed, when Bonaparte first abdicated, the whole eighty thousand being on their way home, within ten days after peace between England and France was promulgated abroad.

Twenty-nine of the thirty-two days had already expired, on receiving this joyful news, when each of the prisoners would receive his six-and-eight-pence, which would be just in time to expend while on the road to Plymouth to join the cartel that was to take them across the Atlantic. The whole prisons were alive with glee, mirth and frolic, each striving to do or say something, to make manifest the effervescent overflowings of his grateful heart, for the abundant good showered upon him thus in profusion. 'What,' said one, which was the sentiment of thousands, 'a glorious victory, a happy peace, a speedy return, and money in abundance!—wonderful, wonderful!—too much good—hurrah for the President of the United States!' and up went the hats and caps, those lacking this necessary covering in cold weather, manifested their joys equally with the others, by prancing a few steps upon their hands, heels up. Some who were better shod, insidiously circulated, that this manœuvre was to give their bare feet a spell from the frosty pavement, but it was not so; for every one had gained such a feverish heat, that no frost could penetrate their bodies, even without the necessary clothing to fend off.

The roughest of the Rough Alleys showed symptoms of an anxiety for removal, though the majority had never been better fed, clothed or lodged, than while here, nor

could they reasonably expect to be again so well provided for, till lodged in the public prisons of some of the States, where they deserved to have been before crossing the Atlantic.

Whilst one was speculating at the many good things he should lay in with the forthcoming six-and-eight pence, another was going into an abstruse calculation how he could pay his numerous debts to his grocer, his tea vender, his plum-gudgeon seller, and his washer-woman. The least debt owing to each, was greater than his money in prospective, without mentioning the many small sums borrowed from one and all of his numerous friends, while the larger amounts lost at the gambling tables, for which notes had been given, was not thought of, being beneath the notice of so worthy a class. Each was striving hard to learn how he could satisfy the whole, and still have a sufficiency to carry him to Plymouth, in a style commensurate to his former standing in society.

On the other hand, were the grocers, the caterers, the teachers, the cobblers, the tinkers, the dispensers of artificial coloured water, yclept coffee and tea, the numerous class of black-legs, who had been lucky enough to conceal their trickeries and cheatings, so as not only to win the ready money of their dupes, but also their next month's pay in advance, which to make safety doubly sure, they had taken a regular transfer from the one that should receive it, signed and sealed, as prescribed by an order from the clerk's office, for those who chose to assign their coming pay to their creditors.

While this excitement was rising to fever heat, without a safety-valve to check its farther progress, and prevent an explosion, pay-day came, passed over, but no money jingled in the pockets of the prisoners. The grocer looked as blank as did the sum total of his bills receivable, for his stock wanted renewing, which could not be done with an empty till. The coffee vender turned darker than was ever the beverage he sold, and

felt as flat as tasted his slops. The plum-gudgeon merchant felt, with his last month's earnings in the hands of others, much like a fish out of water, saying, 'of all I have caught, I am the greatest gudgeon.' The gambler said, 'nothing will reconcile me to my loss, only that it cost me nothing, except a chance of a hereafter grilling,' and looked much like the biter bit. The teacher shut his books, saying, 'henceforth let darkness and ignorance prevail, for with all my knowledge, I have not wherewith to buy a loaf; now full well do I know the meaning of the dark ages.' The caterer, whose fat was all in the fire, turned his dishes bottom up, discharged his scullion, showed demonstrations of making minced meat of his creditors, and reluctantly went to bed sober. 'Let my goose,' said the tailor, 'hiss and fritter away the spittle of discontent, while the shears hang their lank straddle upon the peg of complaint—no longer will I braid my legs into a setting stool for others to jeer at; let the world know, to its uttermost skirts, henceforth *I* am a man, a whole man! Avaunt! ye cabbage, I eschew thee, for I have not the means to buy the pork to make thee palatable.' 'O, ye gods and little goddies!' said the cobbler, 'may them vat's sow'd me hup, eat noffin but heel-taps vried in vax vor brekust, soles grill'd in warnish vor dinner—vat's left 'arsh'd hup cold vor suppur,' and showed by his scowling sourness, he knew the taste of the hash. The washer-women turned their tubs bottom up, into seats, saying, 'the chance of laying in soap was all in hopes, while now our hopes are all in the suds, with a chance of the suds being no suds, for to make suds without soap is contrary to all usage, (the easing of the soap must be had, or no suds cometh,) let alone the damage to one's reputation as a good artisan, without this necessary adjunct, besides the wear and tear to one's knuckles is a sandal to all good feelings.' Those in bad credit were vexed and astonished, that mankind should ever be otherwise than prompt in money affairs.

The excitement was rising higher and higher—one supposed the mail containing the necessary funds was waylaid and robbed, another judged the late heavy rains had so damaged the roads, that they had become impassable, while those of more mature judgment, sagely nodded their heads with measured swing, knowingly intimating, they could easily unravel the whole, should they condescend to utter but a word. Whilst this man averred all was wrong, the other declared nothing was right; some said, ‘good gracious! how cometh this grievous disorder?’ more with grief avowed an order for the money would be good enough without the grace; while these swore *they’d* have it, as many stood ready to back them; as one thought one thing, another guessed at another thing, till at last all came unanimously to the conclusion (a rare circumstance in so large a community, and on so excitable a question,) that pay-day had come, passed by, but no money was seen to make glad the hearts of the expectants.

To give this wave of excitement its toppling curl, a notice came from the prisoner’s agent, at London, Mr. Beasley, ‘that as his orders were to pay the prisoners their per diem, *during the war*, and as nothing was said in the instructions, what disposition he should make with the funds in hand, *after the war had ceased*, he must wait for new orders from his government, before he could act farther in the matter.’

What was an excitement before, was now a very whirlwind of rage and wrath; fierce spirits were let loose, more demoniacal in their terrific fury, than pen can describe or man can imagine, threatening an explosion, as destructive to the welfare of themselves and others, as the pent up fires of an *Ætna* or a *Strombolo*, to the surrounding neighbourhood.

Meetings were called, propositions propounded, backed by resolutions of a nature to destroy the propositions;—memorials were drawn, adopted, cancelled, torn up and afterwards reconsidered, all in the same half hour, for not

being sufficiently strong in their wording, or for expressing more than could be understood by their intended meaning. Some moved to have the money, and that at once. To this none objected, but the cooler portion thought it doubtful whether the intention of the resolution could be carried into effect, or the object of the mover realized, by the wide bearing it took, without specifying how the money should be forthcoming. A larger number were for marching direct to London, storm it, and raze Beasley's house to the ground and lynch him afterwards. Here objections were raised by the *afraid* population doubting whether he carried the needful about his person, the leg-treasurer system then not adopted to any extent; and, strange as it may seem, where the object was for the good of all, that any should be found in the negative; but so it was, this resolution like the last, met with a sturdy opposition, by its taking a latitude which might be more dangerous, if reached, to the conquerors, than the one intended to be chastised.

Business came to a stand, all employments ceased, undertakings were abandoned when nearly completed; stocks were low, spirits were low, but lower than either was credit. No one could get a splinter for a toothpick, otherwise than as a free gift. We were shunned by the market people, as though we were lepers, or smitten with the plague. All were bankrupts, none could sneer at his neighbour's misfortunes, without bringing his own to mind.

Beasley's effigy was paraded about the yards, amid the hooting shouts and mad ravings of the enraged crowd—placarded and hung to a lamp-hook, in full view of the surrounding garrison, for several hours. Afterwards it was stoned, pelted, torn down, and cast into the gutter, to await the scavenger cart's daily round, when it was loaded up with the other filthy scrapings of the prisons, and deposited upon the common dung-heap without the walls to rot; all regretting that these distinguished honours should not be showered upon himself in person.

Amidst the howlings of the mob, whose reckless tempers, yelling shrieks, or heavy groans, kept all in a tumult, to add gloom to a scene already too horrific, a fierce tempest was raging;—the elements, bringing a murkiness but a little removed from night, lent their hurricane aid to make still more hideous the unlicensed rage of the whole.

Notes were taken of these proceedings, forwarded to London, and there published, as can be seen by any one who has the curiosity to search a file of the Times newspaper, of March, 1815. Beasley had the impudence to write to the committee of the prisons, asking why he was thus harshly treated, when at the same time he was doing every thing to relieve their wants and sufferings?

I have lived to see excitements in monetary affairs—single banks fail, a wholesale sweep of those throughout the country, refuse specie for their ‘promises to pay,’ for the third time. I have likewise lived to see the rush of mobs, when even the brave stood aghast with horror at the demolition these more than fiends were making, while their exulting yells were reverberating over the ruins their hellish doings had caused; yet I have never seen such an excitement as was here caused by the prisoners not receiving their dues.

Had Mr. Beasley searched his instructions thoroughly, immediately before the passage quoted in his letter to the committee, he might have seen, in characters equally legible with *his* favourite quotation, ‘shall pay to *each* prisoner, two and a half pence sterling *per day*,’ &c. At least so read the copy of the instructions sent to the committee for their information. For the convenience of the clerks, the committee consented to receive the money every thirty-two days, which no casuist will say exonerated Beasley from the guilt of withholding what was due when peace was ratified. Because his instructions did not sufficiently specify, in his opinion, that he should pay to them the sum while confined in prison as prisoners of war, (the original intention of those instructions, as has

since been satisfactorily proven,) he not only withheld what was falling due, but that which was past due, he kept from those who were entitled to receive it.

The prisoners were not alone exasperated at this conduct of our agent; for the officers of the garrison expressed their disapprobation freely at the niggardly conduct of this representative of our government. From these and other sources, the newspapers got hold of it—spreading to the world the meanness of the act, in all the varieties of editorial colouring which their hatred to the republic could devise, or their overflowing spleen at the recent defeat of their troops, could engender.

Most of the employments slackened from this time forwards, the prisoners thinking every day would be the last of their abode in this dismal habitation of a more dismal district. Besides, they had not the same inducements to labour as formerly; for those that manufactured could find no buyers; those who were willing to teach, had pupils that were as equally willing to learn, but had not the means to pay for their tuition, and were thus cut short in their studies, and launched into the world in that hazardous state, when 'a little learning is a dangerous thing;' and if the danger be in proportion to the littleness of the acquirements gained by deep study, (what else could the writer of the quotation have meant?) Mr. Beasley must have a heavier account to settle hereafter, by sending so many into society with so little learning, than he would have had with his government, for paying over to each man the amount of his due, and thereby enabled him to finish his education, and become a harmless sojourner among mankind.

Thanks to my whirligig bread-board, I did not feel the want of my month's grant of six-and-eight-pence, as many others did, who had nothing but their rations to depend on; for the good luck with that still held out, though not in the same proportion as the first day when it was set agoing by the Doctor and myself. But the change was

early apparent that, ere long, it could afford me no farther relief, as well it might be, by each day lessening the amount of the money in the prisons, by the steady and continual drain of the market, while no more was coming in, either from new captives, man-of-war-men's wages, or from friends without. Thus every thing was reduced to the cash principle, or specie basis, which brought goods down to the lowest possible price, while what we purchased in the market was as high as ever. Here we had an admirable illustration of this system, at first in detail or by degrees, and afterwards in full perfection. For those who had money, no times could be better; but woe to him who had to toil for what his necessities demanded. We could buy as much of what was manufactured among ourselves for a penny, as before would cost a sixpence; while the necessities from the market, which could not in total be dispensed with, were equally as high as when the present penny was worth the former sixpence. Every man that had a spare suit, sold it, thinking his term of imprisonment was at an end, and that he would shortly be in circumstances to replenish his stock of clothing, from sources different from those while here, within these stone walls.

As soon as peace was proclaimed, the prisoners were upon the *qui vive*, to be in readiness for the first cartel which would be announced, and 'birth-rights' were offering, and bidding for, from all quarters. These birth-rights were sold from those who were first on the list, to such as were numbered higher; for instance, No. 1 sold his chance of going out to No. 6, each assuming the other's name, when the list was called, in passing the gates. Prices varied according to the difference existing between the numbers, so that No. 6 could buy No. 1 for half the money No. 12 could purchase it, and so on in proportion.

A friend of mine, whose relatives I knew before I went to sea, and who stood about the centre of the whole

body of the prisoners, was offered the birth-right of a low number, but had not the necessary funds to pay for it, nor could he obtain it by the sale of his surplus wardrobe, by loan, or any other source. He made the offer, that if I could raise an equal sum with himself, he would give the original seller my name, which was among the highest, and I should take his; thus giving each of us a chance of gaining our freedom earlier than we otherwise should, by awaiting our regular turns. Any sacrifice was cheap to gain our liberties, if but a day earlier than by rotation. I sold one entire suit of blue, which had never been worn, besides several parts of other suits, and with what I had saved from my share of the whirligig bread-board, I had the desired sum, paid it over, and was two months nearer home, in anticipation, than before parting with my broadcloth garments.

I was busily engaged making myself familiar with my adopted name, age, residence, former occupation, &c., so that I should not be taken unawares by cross-cut questions, the detection of which would consign me where I then was to the last, even after my right time came, when word was brought that my quondam friend had taken a fancy, that he was at his old haunts in the States, and was on a spree. My air-built castle, though a bona fide purchase, seemed much like toppling at the first intimation of this unwelcome report, but when, on following up this delinquent, I saw the goodly display of six-shilling bottles of Jamaica, with which he was regaling his numerous friends and acquaintances, in the prodigal and hilarious manner so peculiar to himself, I forthwith came to the conclusion, I might as well resume my own name, moralizing, that it was really expensive sporting under a borrowed plumage.

CHAP. XI.

THE MASSACRE.

‘For once, drop all bombastic speech,
And speak in sober earnestness.’

I WOULD that the above caption might be dispensed with, and deeply regret having to record events which compose the subject-matter of this chapter;—not only from the gloomy nature of the circumstances abounding therein, the unpleasant reflections which they bring to the mind, or the sad result of the whole, but from the meagerness of historical material on record, to which one can refer to aid him in his unwelcome task. The many who have read the history of those times, know there was a massacre of the American prisoners in confinement at Dartmoor, but beyond this, little is known; all is in apparent darkness, without the seeming possibility of the circumstances attending this fatal event, being ever cleared of the obscurity, with which they are so mysteriously enshrouded; or, that a full and satisfactory explanation can be given to the public, why these captive Americans were murdered in cold blood.

Ask our learned divines, why the prisoners at Dartmoor were fired upon? They will say, because they were digging out. Turn to the bar, and put the same question to our certainly highly talented judiciary; the answer may be varied, but the result will be the same—‘the prisoners were attempting to get out of their strong hold.’ Let the many students in our numerous seminaries of learning say to their well-read teachers and professors, ‘be pleased to explain to us why it was, that the American prisoners were murdered in time of peace, a circumstance not known before, except in the most barbarous ages, or with savage nations, who are unrestrained by laws either human or divine?’ The answer

cannot be varied from the foregoing; for, with all their learning and acquirements, they have read nothing whereby they can gather any other result, than 'the prisoners were working through the wall, with the intention of gaining their liberty, and the garrison were forced to fire upon them, being justified for the measure by military usage.'

Let the reader not suppose for a moment that I shall elucidate this affair; for it would be the height of presumption in me to pretend that I can. But in the attempt, should I partially clear up that which has been shrouded in mystery a quarter of a century, and now nearly obliterated by forgetfulness, my aim is answered; beyond this my ambition cannot soar.

I have ever thought, as well at the time the investigation was going on, and the inquiries were making, from the military platform, facing prison yard No. 7, as since, that, *too little credit was given to what the prisoners said in evidence.* It is a fact that cannot be contradicted, the strongest testimony which could be brought forward by the aggrieved, met with as little respect as circumstantial evidence, and far less than the hap-hazard assertions from the side of the aggressors. The prisoners were looked upon, not only by the British officers who were carrying on the investigation, but (with a single exception) by those who, if possessing any national feelings in common with their countrymen, might be supposed to *hear* alike both sides, as felons too low in the scale of society, to be entitled to the least credit;—whether on oath or not, they were all discredited, or heard but not listened to. Surely, out of six thousand men, there must have been some, who held an oath in reverential awe; all were not cut-throats and robbers, ready to swear away the life of a fellow mortal, or use the more summary process of the knife.

The affidavits on the part of the prisoners, went positively to show, that Shortland *did* give the word to fire; whilst the strongest evidence on the other side, only said

‘they did not *hear him* order the soldiers to fire, although the word was given by some one.’ Who, in a well-regulated corps, would dare give any word of command, except the one that commanded? yet the official report, which exonerates Shortland from any blame, is based upon the sentence, ‘no evidence is shown that *he* gave the word to fire.’

The whole history of this bloody transaction can be summed up in a few words;—That, to show the authority he possessed, and for the gratification of his revenge and malice, at the oft-repeated disrespect shown his person and station, did he order the fire, taking the then present opportunity as a pretext, when a few idlers were mischievously working a hole through a cross-wall that would have let them into a stronger hold, (if breaking out were their object,) than where they were already confined. Any other excuse would have answered his purpose equally as well; for the prevailing opinion among the prisoners was, that Shortland had been seeking cause for a collision ten or fifteen days previous to the melancholy one in question; for he had been heard to threaten them more than once with a sample of his chastisement.

Had there been one on the part of the investigating committee, one whose nerves were sufficient to overbalance the fear and awe of being brought into juxtaposition with the titled ones of England’s nobility, we should have quite a different verdict to record against the perpetrator of this act. The uncommon glitter and splendour of the orders of these nobles, were such as to fascinate the eyes of the pigmy in company, and throw far into the shade the object of the investigation, who could only gather sense enough to say, ‘you write, I will sanction.’

The ultimate cause of Shortland’s grand act, is undoubtedly to be attributed to his ungovernable temper, his spite at being pestered by the prisoners while in the exercise of his various duties, and thwarted in the many

tyrannical acts, which he was ever displaying upon the slightest occasions. To prove which, I am thankful that I have other material beside that forming the ground-work of this narrative.

The following is inserted to keep up the connexion of the work, and may be relied upon as truth, without prejudice or party feelings towards any, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions.

Four men had been sentenced to solitary confinement in the *cachot*, or black-hole, to remain there during the war. The names of these were Simeon Hays, of Baltimore, John Miller, Englishman, James Rickor, and Elisha Whitten, of Mass. The first of these four, and the one more immediately connected with this subject, was formerly taken when on board of the brig Matilda, letter-of-marque, bound to Bordeaux, sent to the Depot at Dartmoor, confined therein with the French prisoners, afterwards exchanged, returned to the United States, shipped on board of the privateer Surprise, of Baltimore, which, while on a cruise in the South Pacific Ocean; off the Scilly Islands, fell in with a fleet of merchantmen, and captured one that proved to be of no value. The above four persons were put on board of this prize, her own crew taken out, with the exception of the captain and mate, when they had orders to keep along with the privateer, which was fast coming up with the other vessels of the fleet. The intention of those in the Surprise was to make a cartel of the captured schooner, and if fortunate enough to take others, to put all the captive crews on board of the first, and let them find their way whithersoever they liked.

While in full chase of the fleet, a British cruiser hove in sight, stood on after the privateer, for the purpose of protecting the fleet, and the whole were soon out of sight of the prize. When the prize-crew were left to themselves, they appointed Elisha Whitten to take charge of the schooner, and intended to work their way back

to the United States, as best they could with their dull sailer. Upon an examination, they found but two pieces of meat on board, and bread sufficient to last them only eight or ten days at the farthest, with comparatively no water, yet they were thousands of miles from home. This scanty crew subsisted upon the oranges, with which the vessel was freighted, for several days, when a brig hove in sight, which they resolved should be their prize, either by stratagem or force. The schooner had four six-pounders, and a plentiful supply of ammunition. A signal of distress was made which attracted the attention of the stranger, who came within range of the guns of the prize, when she hove-to, and would venture no farther, not altogether liking the appearance of the suspicious sail in distress. The four men with their four guns, began a sharp fire, which was kept up till the brig proved the best sailer, and was not long in getting out of their reach.

The matches used for firing the guns on board the schooner, were cast aside after being extinguished, in a careless manner, and some of them fell through the hatchway to the hold of the vessel.

Shortly after, the British frigate *Ceres* hove in sight, came up, sent her boat, and took off those in the schooner, put a crew on board from their ship, and was preparing to fill away, when she was hailed from the former, saying that burnt matches were placed among a number of kegs of powder in the hold, evidently with the design of blowing up the schooner, and sending all who should be in her to destruction. These four men were accused of evil intentions, notwithstanding their denying all knowledge of the matches being among the kegs—stated how it must have occurred after the firing had ceased, previous to the frigate coming up; but it would not do, they were not believed, put in double irons, allowed but six ounces of bread per day, and so remained for the space of forty-two days, when they arrived in England.

On the board of admiralty being informed of their supposed intentions, orders came, without the slightest trial or hearing, that the four men should be kept in solitary confinement during the war. They were sent to the prisons at Dartmoor, with instructions to the commandant of the Depot, Shortland, to see that the sentence was fully carried into effect.

During their confinement, much sympathy was manifested for their sufferings, by those at large in the prisons, and relief given by subscriptions, which was conveyed to them clandestinely, through the agency of their kind and generous-hearted jailor, Carley, an Irishman, with Irish warmth of feelings for those in distress, who never let an opportunity slip without administering to their comfort, when it was possible to avoid the lynx eyes of his superior, the commandant, who was determined to carry his orders to the utmost extent of severity. For the first four months, they never had a light, but afterwards this man smuggled to them candles regularly, although the detection would have deprived him of his office.

After these men had suffered solitary confinement six months, their sentence was so far ameliorated, as to allow them to walk, for half an hour each day, by the side of the sentries. Whilst walking, much curiosity was manifested by the other prisoners to see them, which generally called to the gratings, opposite to where the men were walking, a crowd of some two or three hundred. The cachot being situated in the space between the circular picket grating, and the inner wall, as described in the last chapter, means were found to communicate with these unfortunates, (for they were allowed conversation with none,) and a plan adopted for one or more of them to escape to the prisons, within the picket fence. But they resolutely refused to come into measures, that could in any wise compromise their philanthropic jailor. Sunday, however, he would be absent, as he was a strict churchman, and never missed his hour at the morning service.

The four men were permitted to walk as heretofore, but they were more closely watched than usual, till their time had nearly expired, when Simeon Hays, after following closely in the footsteps of one of the four sentries, till the others turned to retrace their steps, in their to and fro marchings, (with their faces opposite to the prisoner,) jumped to the gratings, nimbly reached the top, and threw himself headlong amidst the gathered crowd on the opposite side, escaping the shot with which the sentry from the wall saluted him, as he was making his daring pitch. This occurred the last of February, or the first week in March.

The escaped repaired to No. 1 prison; but as means were immediately adopted to have him ferreted out, he was transferred to No. 4, and metamorphosed into a darkey, to correspond with his associate mess. Next morning the doors were all kept closed till the inmates were counted out singly, with the jailor in attendance to identify his lost bird; but none could he see, who at all corresponded to the one he had waited on for the last nine months.

After counting out the men singly, perambulating the prisons and yards continually, for some days, and every other means had failed of identifying the man, an order came from the commandant, peremptorily demanding the prisoners to give up Hays, with a threat that the market should be stopped for the space of ten days. The crier paraded the buildings, beginning with No. 1, and going through them all in regular succession, saying:

‘Shall the prisoner, Simeon Hays, be given up, to be again sent to the cachot? Aye, or no!’

‘No, no! never!’ resounded from every quarter; not a voice among the six thousand was heard to respond aye. The threat of Shortland was carried into effect, and the market was suddenly closed. Thus all within the prisons, were deprived of every thing but their bare allowance. Neither bread, meat, vegetables, coals, nor any thing else,

could be had from without; and the little that the few happened to have on hand, immediately went up from one to four hundred per cent.—far beyond the reach of any but the gamblers, who would purchase, whilst their money held out, at any price. In the mean time the jailor was busily perambulating the yards and searching the prisons, doing his best to gain his lost reputation, by securing the man who had escaped from his charge, while he was away from his post; the hour he was spending in devotional piety, was no excuse in the eyes of Captain Shortland, for what occurred during his absence.

From a cause not known, but it was supposed, some one had given the information, with the hope of gaining the offered reward, (had the informant been found out, his expected reward would have done him but little good,) the fugitive was traced to No. 5, whose numbers were again counted out, with as little effect towards his recognition, as when he was under the covering of the cook's smut, in No. 4. Here he passed through all the grades of colouring, from that of his own skin, to the tawny red of the Indian, which, under the atmosphere of the dangerous territories he was in, was soon again darkened to the blackamoor of the African wilds. His dress was, also, as changeable as his skin; for what was becoming as a morning suit, was not fashionable for a dinner full dress, and that again had to give place to the fanciful rug-suit, of some waggish handicraft's pastime, making the wearer a very scaramouch, beyond the penetrating eyes of the jailor or his hard-hearted senior in command, (who, in their passage, were often jostled by the acting clown, with a facetious salutation peculiar to his nature,) even should the latter begin with his scrutiny, before his after-dinner libations made him less sharp.

Affairs appeared to be rapidly approximating towards a conflict, in No. 5, by the prisoners refusing to go out when ordered, for the purpose of a more thorough search; and the fears of the more orderly portion were nowise lessened

when a body of fifty or sixty soldiers were marched in, with commands to drive all out to a man, at the point of the bayonet. An order easily issued, but difficult to be carried into execution ; for wherever a squad of men could be seen together, a push was made at them by the soldiers, who followed them through the long alleys, up one flight of stairs, only to dive down the other, till the squad dwindled into nothingness, after many had displayed their agility in the chase, before the soldiers' front, by throwing somersets, apeing the frog in his graceful leaps, or using his companion's shoulders as a vehicle to help him forward in his race, having ample time to cheer on the others, between thumping the ribs of his rosinante and daring the soldier officer to bet who should first tire, the rider, the ridden, or those in chase. But while this crowd was dispersing, a much larger had formed in the soldiers' rear, which proved far more annoying, by their whooping, yelling, bleating, and cutting every ridiculous figure devils in human shape could imagine. Instead of the soldiers' work being done after dispersing the first body, they had now to change fronts, and retrace the same ground their victory had so lately brought them over, and with the like success.

This racing back and forth, up and down, to and fro, the turnkey foresaw would end where it began, only that the soldiers would become too much blown to stand guard the coming night, and forthwith sounded a parley. He stated to Capt. Shortland, that the prisoners were mostly seamen, with seamen's propensities and prejudices, who would not be driven by soldiers ; but if he were permitted to take the usual course of clearing the prison, he would answer for it that they should go out quietly. Shortland withdrew his red-coats, the turnkey blew his horn, told the prisoners his wishes, and in twenty minutes not a man could be seen within the building.

Had a certain stone been raised, the lost would have been discovered, coiled in a space that would not hold a

tithe of the now well-fed proportions of mine host of the Baltimore House. Whether this ground sweat moistened the seeds of his growth, or the oft heavy tread of the British soldiery upon his protecting stone above, roused his ambition, to quit the ghostly semblance of a man and appear in the portly shape of an alderman, to drop the ideal shadow of humanity and don the burley front of a boniface, is not known; but certainly no one can recognize in the robust, mirthful face of the dispenser of the finest wild game in the country, the dispirited, lank, lean, sunken-featured prisoner of the cachot, who had stirred up in strife a company of the royal Somersetshire militia.

No sooner did Shortland see that the prisoners paid more respect to the turnkey's requests, than they had to his threats and commands, backed by his company of red-coats, than he furiously swore that they should return to the inside of the building, therein be locked close, and kept without water, till they consented to give the man up. To do without water the prisoners knew was impossible; to give up the man was not only backing out, but it would be breaking a pledge revolting to their feelings; and to avoid the disagreeable result of the captain's threatenings, was only for them to remain outside where the water was, and let the choleric captain find and take his man where and when he could.

Now commenced a scene that had only been enacted upon a miniature scale within the building. If the soldiers plead insufficiency of field to display their deployments, their solidings, their squarings, their facings, their wheelings, and their bayonetings, to advantage, while inside the prison, here they could not; for they soon found after passing round the extensive yard at a dog-trot two or three times, being half blown with their late fatigue and cumbersome accoutrements, the circle was alike too large to be often paced over, or to corner the reprobate clan in their front, that was augmenting here as rapidly as at times it was diminishing at the inside race, at which they

had so lately been displaying the suppleness of their joints to no purpose.

I went into the yard for the sole object of indulging my curiosity, and to see the conclusion of this ridiculous affair, which had been carried on so laughably within the building, when I saw at the upper part of the yard, the two parties balancing about for awhile, one striving to keep clear of the bayonets of the other, without any seeming prodigal waste of farther space between them, till at last the current took a downward sweep towards where I was standing. Not liking to be drawn in, or mix with either party, as I was like to be, if I remained stationary, (being yet too weak from my late indisposition to move faster than a walk,) I went up the flight of stone steps which led to the rear door of No. 5 prison, where I stood sufficiently high to overlook the whole, and be out of the fray, which many supposed would end with the soldiers firing, to such a length had the prisoners carried this tantalizing frolic.

As the crowd wheeled round at a rapid pace, to pass between buildings Nos. 5 and 6, the prisoners being in a solid body of from one to two thousand, and not more than ten paces in advance of the presented muskets of the soldiers, a boy caught up a stone, turned, and threw it directly at Shortland's head, with all the force his young strength could give it. The stone passed as near the cheek of Shortland, who was on a line to the left of the company, as possible without grazing it. He halted his men instanter, and quick as thought, gave the word to fire, as distinctly as the extreme agitated state of his mind would admit.

I shall never, till the latest moment I retain my senses, forget my sensations at that instant. Not from fear alone did the curdling chill take its hold upon me, for my situation was one of comparative security, as the high steps on which I stood, were exactly upon the right of the line as it was halted, about six or eight paces distant; but the

shudder arose from the expectation of the immediate effusion of blood, that must follow from the discharge of the fire-arms upon those in front of the line. There was standing, within twelve paces, the whole of that solid body, which the soldiers were trying to scatter, and who now were faced about, looking unconcernedly upon the presented muskets of those that had the word to fire. The officer in command of the company stepped forward, as soon as he heard the word given out, waved the muskets up with his unsheathed sword, with as much military suavity of deportment and coolness of action, as though he was on drill duty under the eye of the Prince Regent. Shortland threw up his extended arm and cane, to give greater force to the command, and said, as loud as he could screech, 'you dam'd * * * * * fire!' The officer again threw himself immediately before his line, who had dropped their muskets once more to the level of their cheeks, and with the authoritative, 'as you were!' prevented the effusion of blood, that must have followed the carnage of so deadly an aim, at so near a compact body, as was standing in their front.

Shortland saw that his orders were not obeyed, turned his eyes an instant to the ground, said not a word, but left the yard alone, and was shortly afterwards followed by the company of soldiers, without being at all molested by the crowd; nor did the latter display any noisy mirth, or show the least disrespect at the former, within my hearing, while passing out. During the short space of time, from the halting of the line to the prevention of Shortland's second command to fire being fulfilled, I did not hear a word spoken; and when the muskets were levelled from the double rank of soldiers, upon this near body of prisoners, there was not the least fluttering among those in front, to screen themselves by edging into the crowd. The only observable motion was a thrusting of the hands to the pockets, to be in readiness with each his knife.

It appeared to me that one uniform presentiment pervaded the body of prisoners for the instant, amounting to a supposed security, that the enormity of the act was too great to be carried into execution. Had the command to fire been obeyed, it must have killed hundreds, yet there would have been enough remaining to have riven the hearts from their murderers, before re-loading, if no better weapons offered, than the teeth of the aggrieved.

I have not the least doubt, nor had those who saw Shortland's manner at the above scene in the yard, that his mind was made up to be revenged upon the prisoners at the first opportunity, and at the slightest infringement of the prison regulations; and that period, those of more reflective minds saw, could not be far distant, with the present excitement the prisoners were labouring under, which was brought about by various causes. The principal of these were, the withholding of the tobacco money, the men being retained in prison after peace was proclaimed, the stoppage of the market, and the harsh treatment of being driven about like condemned criminals, at the point of the bayonet, when they would and did willingly submit to such restrictive regulations as the civil authorities prescribed.

We crave pardon of him that is burrowed, for any seeming neglect, but to the chain of events, that could not well be broken, rather than to any forgetfulness on the part of his friends, must he attribute his extra half-hour's burial.

After the commotion had subsided, the stone was lifted, and the nearly suffocated man was brought to the fresh air once more, almost exhausted, from being thus long and closely entombed. He declared, he would sooner return to his former cell, than again be doubled into a hole, not large enough to contain a fox in a becoming attitude. 'For,' said he, 'I had the greatest difficulty, while the soldiers were probing with their bayonet's between the crevices of the stones, to refrain

from calling out, that it was fresh air I wanted, and not cold steel!’

A few days after these events, his friends met to commemorate the successful manner they had frustrated the intentions of Shortland, of securing his stray prisoner. After the toasts had all been expended, the escaped, thinking still his ‘disguise’ was sufficient to deceive the jailor’s scrutiny, became daring, ventured into the yard, was recognized and apprehended. Not that the character was shammed, or not well kept up to nature, but, that old Carley, being more conversant with zigzag movements, than with the delicate tints and bold shades of the cook’s smuttings—having had more experience in the vociferous out-pourings of ‘moistened clay,’ than he possessed curiosity to analyze the ludicrous grimace and harlequin antics of a scaramouch dress, was enabled to identify, and, with the help of the guard, to secure his man, who to the present day avers, that he never should have been captured, only for being *cornered*. He was sent back to the cachot, but suffered a nominal punishment of only ten days confinement, after which he was liberated, and soon left the prisons.

The above particulars, with additions, mine host will relate in his own facetious way, to any who may favour him with a call, and who has the curiosity to listen to an interesting tale, made the more diverting, by his peculiar manner of gracing it with well-told incidents, too numerous for an insertion here. The reader must know, as I have before hinted, that his early vocation to ‘reef and steer’ has given place to a calling, in which, not only his friends, but his over-charged larder and well covered board, say, he is better fitted to become popular.

From this time, eight or ten days previous to the massacre, we were not interfered with or molested, but were allowed to pursue our own course, which made many believe, that those who had the command were afraid to carry any harsh measure into effect. This

caused the unruly to be more arrogant, and they showed less willingness to submit to the rules under which they were to be governed, than before any misunderstanding had taken place between themselves and the authorities of the Depot.

These preliminary remarks must be the only excuse the writer has to offer for the tediousness, with which he has unavoidably loaded this chapter. His aim has been to show that the blame rested with both parties; but with this difference, however, that the greatest offence of the one was indulged in mostly through the love of mischief, or carried on under the guise of good humoured frolic, whilst the other persisted in his authoritative commands with the most vindictive arrogance and hatred to those under his control—recoiling and made the more galling to the one it emanated from, by the cool indifference with which his conduct was received, or by the jeering contempt with which his threats were spurned. With one of better temper than Shortland, all collision might easily have been avoided, without endangering his standing as a military jailor, or lessening his renown, by not shedding the blood of unarmed prisoners of war.

Notice came on the third of April, that, in future, half the quantity of hard biscuit would be given to the prisoners, in lieu of the soft bread they had been receiving. This was done to give the contractors, who furnished the prisons with bread, an opportunity of getting rid of his large stock of hard biscuit, which he was of necessity obliged to keep on hand, in case any accident should occur, by the blocking up of the roads with snow in winter, or from any other cause, whereby his contract might be endangered or forfeited, by his not complying with it according to its stipulated agreement. The prisoners were asked in the usual way by the crier, whether they were willing to receive three-fourths of a pound of hard stale biscuit, instead of the pound and a half of

fresh bread they had been accustomed to receive, merely to enable the contractor to be rid of an unsaleable article. The answer was unanimously 'No! no! never!' Orders were given to the cooks to demand such bread as they had always received on the following morning, and refuse the biscuit. This was strictly adhered to.

The majority of those who had nothing but their rations to eat, generally devoured the whole at once, and then fasted till again supplied. With such, it went hard to be without their usual allowance of bread in the morning, and many showed symptoms of riot early in the day, their numbers increasing as the day advanced, which the officer on duty saw, as was evident, by his doubling the guard in the market square, the principal scene of noise and disorder during market hours. At the usual time of retiring to their respective prisons, many could not be prevailed on to go in, but were gathering about the gate at the market, as though they there expected to be fed. One of the doors to each building was left open, for the purpose of admitting those from the outside, which gave egress to all who chose to go out and see the expected 'fun;' for scarcely any doubted there would be riot and disorder before the unruly Rough Alleys, who were now made the more desperate by the gnawings of hunger, could be prevailed upon to retire. Yet none supposed it would amount to any thing more than a few blank cartridges, with an attempt to force the men into the prisons. And I am reluctantly compelled to say, there were too many eager to bring on a conflict, if for nothing else than to exhibit their bravery under such a fire, ever displaying a contrariness, by doing aught to vex the soldiery. In proof of this, at the risk of being prolix, I will narrate the following.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the day of which I am speaking, I went to the square, where many more prisoners had assembled than usual, and who were

much more disorderly. To overlook the intentions of the riotous, I climbed to the gratings, and stood immediately outside, and some five feet below, the military walk. I was soon after surrounded by a gang of the noisy, whose body had surged that way, and who began to assail the guard with the most opprobrious epithets. One of the number mounted the gratings, for the purpose of getting into the square, regardless of the two sentries on the other side bidding him desist, but who seemed loth to proceed to extremities to prevent him. The one on the walk above, after telling him to get down, and receiving a curse for his officious meddling, coolly turned the butt of his musket against the blackguard, and dropped him to the pavement. He, with two or three of his companions, gathered stones, mounted the picket, and absolutely drove the guards beyond the reach of their missiles. Had these fellows been taken into custody, there would have been an end to unquietness. But who could expect subordination, when the soldiery were not firm enough to enforce their commands?

At eight o'clock at night, the Rough Alleys had congregated about the market to the number of hundreds, when they, at their watchword, 'keno,' by their united strength, levelled the gate to the ground, leaving a free passage through the square, to the store-house above. Their cry was 'bread, bread! give us our bread!' The garrison were alarmed, the officers came out, begged them to be peaceable, that they should have their bread, as soon as it could be obtained, and if possible during the night. The prisoners saw the advantage they had gained, (by those in command exhibiting a fear or panic beyond their control,) and would not leave the square; but remained for the most part quiet, with the exception of an occasional whoop, yell, or other noisy vociferation, as ever emanates from a disorderly crowd which has in any way gained its point.

At ten o'clock the bread was given to the cooks as

usual, from them distributed to the different messes, throughout the prisons, and all retired quietly to rest, after being locked up as heretofore. This was the only instance that the doors were not closed at sunset, while I was there, and the only time the turnkey could not prevail upon the men to retire, when desired by him. It must have been anticipated that prison-bread would have been wanted that day, else so large a quantity as 9000 lbs. could not have been procured after night-fall, and that of the same quality as always given out. Probably the former orders to the bakers had not been countermanded.

Had the officer in command ordered his men to keep back the rioters at all hazard, as they were forcing their way through the gate, he would have been perfectly justified, for it lay within the bounds of his duty; but he relied upon the strength of those ponderous barriers, which gave way ere he supposed an effort was in agitation to remove them, and before he could rally the soldiers, the square was filled with a half-famished, angry, overwhelming crowd, which it would have been dangerous in him to attempt to *drive back* with the force at hand, although amply sufficient to *hold in check*, before gaining the square.

The sixth of April was unusually pleasant, a circumstance so seldom, that most of the prisoners were enjoying themselves out of doors, as best they could; and so great a proportion of them had turned out, in the after-part of the day, that the gamblers were compelled to remove their tables of chance into the yards, or rest upon their oars, for the want of patronage. Some were amusing themselves one way, some another, for they had every variety of game that each could remember from his school-boy frolickings.

A number were playing ball against the cross-wall, dividing the barrack-yard from that of No. 7. Among this party were four who had been captured when on boat duty, and belonging to commodore Chauncey's ship

Superior, on Lake Ontario, and I think his bargemen ; at all events, they prided themselves much from the circumstance of having sailed with so renowned an officer. They were no ways riotous, but were known throughout the prisons for being, in seamen's phrase, 'ready dogs and ripe for fun.' These men messed next to the one I joined in No. 5, and with whom I was well acquainted. In the course of the play, the ball was often thrown by accident over the wall, in the barrack-yard, and for some time, was as often thrown back by the sentry on the other side, till he through sulkiness refused to toss it again to the players. They tried to persuade him again to give it to them, as it was the only one they had, it affording them amusement and recreation, and lessened the tediousness of their captivity. The only answer they could get from the sulky sentinel, was to 'come and take it.'

This they considered as daring them to it; and, 'Chauncey's Tigers never took a stump,' at it they went, without implements, or any thing except what they could pick up in the yard, and in full view of the sentries upon the walls near-by. No notice of these doings was apparently taken by the officers of the garrison; but individuals from the committee of prison No. 5, begged them to desist, saying they were bringing not only themselves but others into trouble; as the innocent must suffer, if a conflict was brought on, by their indulging in this foolhardy frolic. Those engaged at the mischief, thought it too good a joke to leave unfinished, and kept busily at their digging, till the hole was sufficiently large to allow a man to pass through.

The firing now commenced in the market square from a body of soldiers headed by Shortland in person, several rods from the place where the hole was made, and not the least endangering those who were the alleged cause of the massacre, nor was any one hurt within the range of the wall that was picked. An increased number of soldiers now first showed themselves upon the walls, over-

looking the whole, formed into squads, who kept up a constant firing, began the moment the reports were heard from the square, and continued as long as any prisoners were in sight.

When the gate opened at the upper end of the market, to allow the soldiers to enter, the prisoners at the opposite end, supposed them to be none but the relief, having nothing in their appearance to indicate any other object, except being in greater numbers than usual, making their appearance the moment the alarm bell was rung, and accompanied by Shortland. Neither were the prisoners undeceived in the character or meaning of this body, until they formed a close front, and, while at a double quick-step, came to a charge at so close a proximity, that those in front found it impossible to retreat sufficiently rapid, to keep clear of the bayonets, by the others in the rear standing their ground, not seeing the manœuvre of the soldiers, and consequently knew of no approaching danger, till Shortland gave the word to fire. So little did this crowd of prisoners suppose they were in peril, that one, who has since told me the fact, was carelessly looking through the gratings, a little apart from the main body, nor dreamed his person was in jeopardy, till the squad of soldiers approached, one pointed his musket downwards, within a foot of his knee, and blew all below to a jelly, splintering and mangling the thigh above in a horrible manner—almost beyond the hope of cure, till the third amputation alone staid mortification. This man is still living, and can testify to the above remarks.

On the men rushing to the prisons for shelter, they unexpectedly found all the doors closed but one to each building; and these soon were choked by the great pressure formed, by all hurrying to be out of harm's way, thus retarding as always, the admittance of the many that were continually increasing the crowd. Upon the wall, opposite the open door of No. 5, were a number of soldiers

posted, who kept up a continued fire upon this body of men, that were struggling for an entrance, as did the platoon which followed them from the market square. Here were more injured than elsewhere in the yard altogether; for the soldiers upon the wall opposite were much more sanguinary in their aim, than were those in other portions of the yard and surrounding wall, who kept their muskets elevated, so that they rattled the slate from the roofs of the buildings at every discharge. I was looking from a two-story window, and while there, a squad fired three vollies, the balls at each time striking around the window; which showed they fired to *obey* orders, but elevated their muskets through humane motives of their own.

After all had gained the inside of the prisons, the doors were fastened upon us, and we remained in anxiety and disquietude through the entire night, which was not alleviated, by their being kept closed on the following morning, long after the usual time for them to be thrown open. Many, more timid than the others, supposed preparations were making for a more wholesale slaughter.

The wounded were called for an hour or two after we had been locked up, and such as were willing to go to the hospital, were assisted to the door, when the guard took them in charge. Many who were not badly hurt, would not go, having at all times a natural antipathy against going there, and under the present circumstances, they were more than ever opposed to give themselves into the hands of those belonging to a nation, whose soldiery had so recently butchered them in cold blood.

To show the wanton cruelty of the soldiery, I will relate but one instance, which came immediately under my observation, and one that is not mentioned in any report I have seen, although his name is among the list of wounded furnished from the hospital, where he was sent after being brought into the prison. This boy, belonging to No. 5, was in the yard when the firing began, gained

the door in the rear of the building, found it fastened, ensconced himself closely in its recess, till the firing had entirely ceased, and he could see none in the yards, when he ran out, with the intention of reaching the one at the farther end of the building, and, while at his greatest speed, was levelled at by those upon the wall, and shot through the thigh.

And yet there is another I cannot pass over without mentioning. This victim was of excellent standing and deportment, fine talents, amiable in disposition, and possessed a form of a manly, unblemished symmetry, a countenance of bland, comely attractions, and a mind equally to be praised. John Washington had always been foremost in assuaging any acrimonious feelings which arose between the prisoners and their keepers, and was alike respected by both parties. He received a shot soon after the firing commenced, while attempting to gain the prisons with others—fell by the side of the wall, against which he sat, imploring his murderers to spare him; but who, disregarding both his cries and his prayers, discharged their muskets while within a yard of him, and afterwards thrust their bayonets into his body. This was repeated by their unfeeling comrades as they came past, in mere wantonness of savage cruelty, even while life was not yet extinct. The death of this man was much deplored, and its savage harshness excited more horror in the minds of the prisoners, and hatred towards its worse than Calmuc authors, than any other which took place during the massacre. It was said he had seven balls lodged in his body, besides his bayonet wounds, and all but the first shot, after he had fallen and was unable to rise.

The whole number injured never can be ascertained, as the report came from the hospital, immediately under the direction of Shortland; and however ready the English always have been, in their official accounts, to swell the list of killed and wounded of their opponents, no one will suppose them to take especial pride in making

the sufferers here, in this massacre, greater than the reality. For he that would say, after the commission of an act that shall be a blot and a stain upon the page of England's history while history lasts, 'I am sorry that it is done,' (Shortland's words at the first interview with the committee, on the morning following the massacre,) would fain wish the world to know the extent of the crime should not, by its enormity, hide his sorrowings from generations to come. According to the report which was made out from the hospital, there were five killed and thirty-nine wounded; two dying before or immediately after their dressings; while the one that came from the committee of the prisoners, since published, made the killed seven, and the wounded fifty-six.

The sanguinary intentions of the commandant may be better understood, when it is known that the soldiers used buck-shot and slugs, as well as bullets, in loading their pieces. Many who were wounded by the buck-shot, did not report themselves to the hospital; three, in particular, came within my knowledge, whose names are not included in the official return. I will not mention the number of those hurt, as currently rumored and believed in the prisons, for it varied so far from the 'official' list, that candor will not sanction the insertion. I think it not unlikely, however, that there were as many more wounded, without ever being reported, as appears in the hospital return.

In the investigations that followed, the delegates from among the prisoners were heard in part, but not listened to or believed, as is evident by the official report that emanated from those appointed to investigate the affair, which any one can see, by referring to the newspapers of that period, but which I shall be pardoned in not inserting, as it is altogether foreign to my design.

When we were permitted to go into the yards, we found the sentries all withdrawn, nor were they again stationed within them during our stay in prison. The

regiment which was on duty on the sixth of April, was replaced by another, and every measure adopted to prevent any future unpleasant rencontres between the soldiers and the prisoners, who were henceforward allowed to do much as they pleased. Had it not been for the sentinels upon the walls, we had nothing to remind us that we were at all under the surveillance of a British soldiery.

It was alleged that the sanguinary conduct of many of the soldiers is to be attributed to the following circumstance: all spirituous liquor was prohibited by the authorities of the Depot from entering the prisons; and the only way to obtain it was by stratagem. This was mostly carried on by the women and others that came to the market, who secreted it about their persons, or among the vegetables in their baskets, and smuggled it into the possession of the traffickers in that line within the buildings. The sentries, when on duty in the night time, for a gratuity above the usual price, likewise managed to introduce, either in leathern bottles, bladders, or with their musket barrels, no small quantity. A plan was set on foot, by some worthless fellows, for a larger purchase than usual, which they obtained, and paid for it in money of their own make, without the soldiers discovering the cheat, till daylight proved the deception of the transaction, by the base coin they had received in the dark; when they were afraid to make a complaint, lest their own criminal conduct, of smuggling liquor while on duty, might be called in question, and prove a greater evil than the loss of the night's adventure. They were compelled to chew the cud of discontent in silence; but the smothered venom rankled in their hearts, and they swore to be revenged. For this, probably, was the firing kept up by many, long after they had orders to cease, as the soldiers that had been thus treated were on duty at the time of the massacre.

Had Capt. Shortland possessed a disposition the least

conciliating, no conflict would have ever taken place between him and the prisoners, either in controversy or in deadly strife. But his long habits of commanding, and his ungovernable temper, were ever uppermost at the least fancied disrespect shown to his wishes, person or station. He early learned enough of the American seamen, to know, that, unlike the French prisoners who long and patiently suffered and submitted to his irritating conduct and provoking contumely, they *would not be driven* by soldiers, although they were easily persuaded by the civil authorities of the Depot, (turnkeys, clerks, surgeons, or their own committee,) to do aught that was required. For this did he display his littleness of heart, which ultimately came to the sad result I have been recording. He that had supreme command, he that was governor of all, could not brook the idea that the requests of others should be respected, while his commands were contemned.

If I have been more particular in recording what took place in yard No. 7, where the alleged cause of the firing existed, it is because I was an inmate of the same, and consequently had a greater opportunity of noticing the occurrences therein, than I had in those adjoining; although in the others, there were many circumstances, of which I was not an eye witness, concerning this atrocious affair, that are worthy of record. A platoon of soldiers followed up quickly each body of the prisoners, as they sought shelter in their own respective dwellings, whose doors were previously closed, as in No. 5, and in more than one instance, individuals were shot after gaining an entrance and supposing themselves in safety.

I believe it is pretty generally known, that the British authorities disapproved of Shortland's 'hasty proceedings,' and openly decreed that he should receive a reprimand for the blood he had caused to flow, and privately granted him a knighthood for the gallantry of his conduct. So

soon did the one follow the other, that had there been any delay in administering the first, the second would have claimed precedence.

It should be equally as well known, that the British government made provision for those, or their families, who were disabled or killed at the massacre. This pension is continued to them to the present time, much to the relief of the afflicted, as can be seen by any one who has the curiosity to visit the Washington Medical College, in the Monumental City, where still stumps upon his wooden leg a last remnant and a sad relic of the massacre of Dartmoor.

CHAP. XII.

A CHAPTER WITHOUT A SUBJECT.

FROM the time that the money was withheld which was due to the men, affairs in the prisons were for the worse. There was less willingness to submit to the regulations, and not so much desire and activity shown, in securing those who had committed thefts and other misdemeanors, as formerly; the majority thinking by to-morrow, or the next day, or within the week, a fleet of cartels would come around to Plymouth, sufficiently large to take the whole out at once. As each day passed by without their hopes being realized, or receiving the least intimation that any preparations were making for the release of the captives, the 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' was deeply pictured upon the countenances of every one that was met throughout the prisons.

The painters and sculptors had been busily engaged since the massacre, in designing and executing emblematical pictures and tablatures, commemorative of that unhappy event, hawking them through the markets, where

they found a ready sale with the country people, who appeared as highly exasperated at the murderous conduct of Shortland, as were the prisoners themselves, many of them refusing to take their marketings to his door for sale as formerly. These countrymen said there was but one opinion abroad concerning this affair of the commandant, and that he was execrated as a cold-blooded, deliberate murderer.

During the first week in May, seven weeks after the ratification of peace had been received, notice came, that a 'cartel was in waiting at Plymouth, and that four hundred and eighty prisoners must hold themselves in readiness, to answer to their names, beginning at No. 1, on the following morning at sunrise.'

This brought joy and relief to all; to those that were to be called out on the morrow, because they, for a certainty, were so soon to be on the way to the sea-board; to those next in succession, because they were to be next on the list; and to the remainder, because as the break was made, it could not be long, before they too must follow.

The night was spent in assisting those that were to depart, in making ready their baggage, tricing up their beds and hammocks, which were to be rendered up to the king's store-house, there to be kept till another war should furnish prisoners again to occupy them. It would be difficult to say which were the most happy, those who were to be released on the morrow, or those that remained behind. Some were telling to their departing messmates the many kind expressions they wished to be conveyed to their relatives and friends, should those departing be landed near by where they resided, while others, who could afford paper, took the surer course, by inditing, in such language as they possessed, their welfare, and expectations of speedily seeing their friends in health and happiness.

Flags had been preparing since the massacre, in com-

memoration of that event, on which were depicted a tomb, surmounted by an urn, with the names of those who were killed inscribed thereon—a seaman at one corner, with a female at the other, bent in sadness, together with an inscription in large capitals, giving the name in full, of the perpetrator of this wholesale murder, in the most conspicuous part of the whole group. With these flags, flanked on either side by the stars and stripes, the detachment set off, after giving three hearty good cheers, as a parting salute to their messmates in prison, which was promptly returned, by the six thousand yet remaining, with a wish for fair breezes and gentle gales, to waft them to their native soil.

Another long and tedious nine days rolled round, before others were called out, each day seeming a week of common time, so irksome was this lengthened suspense. On the twelfth, notice came for three hundred and fifty to be in readiness to depart, as the others had done, on the morrow. This draft, when ready to take up the line of march, found they were to be under the guard of a portion of the same Somersetshire militia, which had fired upon them on the day of the massacre. The prisoners refused to go—told the officer they would rather be sent back into the prisons, than to risk themselves with the cut-throats, who were appointed to escort them to Plymouth. On its being represented to the commandant, that most likely a collision would take place between the prisoners and soldiers, before they reached their destination, other guards were sent for, to the distance of three miles, the detachment kept waiting in the highway till their arrival, when they proceeded on the march in quietness.

As hard as the times were, by the increased scarcity of money, my bread-table afforded me employment, and still a small income, which I was employing to the best advantage, to make my voyage across the Atlantic more pleasant than the last had been. I made a number of

small bags, filled them with flour, tea, sugar, salt, soap, and such light articles as they would contain, and my slight purse could afford—necessaries, of which I had so sadly felt the want while on board the privateer, as well as after being captured. Besides these *delicacies*, I had added many things to my wardrobe, making it both ample and comfortable. The altering of the clothes which I purchased, from time to time, together with the mending and patching of those requiring repairs, afforded me many hours of employment which otherwise would have been tediously heavy.

So indifferent had the garrison become, as to the security of the prisoners, that many were allowed to escape without hindrance. These generally found their way to Plymouth, threw themselves upon the hands of the agent for captured Americans, claimed his protection, were put on board of the first cartel in readiness, and sent off with others who were regularly released. When this was ascertained by letters received from those that had escaped, so greatly was the number augmented, that the agent sent an official notice to the prisons, that he would show no further protection to those who came out before their turn. Notwithstanding this, the number was larger than before; for between Sunday night and the following Thursday, seventy-eight went out—eleven scaling the walls in open day-light, with their baggage, within full view of the sentinels, who abstractedly looked on without *seeing* their movements.

At this time a hot press was going on in Plymouth, to supply those vessels of war with men, that were fitting out to act against the French in the hostilities brought on by Bonaparte's return from Elba; and several of the escaped prisoners were pressed, who, after making their situations known to the proper authorities, were sent back to the same prisons they had but so lately clandestinely left. This prevented any farther departure of those in confinement, except as they were regularly called out in rotation.

Many escaped previous to peace being made, which was no difficult task to one who had the means. The usual mode was the following, which I had from a person who after getting beyond the walls, was taken before he reached the sea-coast, brought back, and confined for a limited period in the cachot, or prison's dungeon, as a punishment for the same.

The plan and price (from one to two pounds sterling) was agreed upon during the day, with the sentry posted in the yard, who likewise must purchase the confidence of two or three others, and then wait till they were so placed on guard, in some dark night, as to hold the connection between them, when the prisoner was notified all was in readiness. He that was to go out, gained the top of the prison through one of the cockloft skylights, none of which were grated, and with his rope already provided, descended to the yard. After the rope was detached from above, by a companion, it answered by throwing one end to the sentinel, to aid him in reaching the top of the wall, when he passed freely by as many of the guard as understood his purpose, and he was in safety outside the prison limits, beyond the control of the soldiery. If then he had the requisite means, and suitable clothing to travel genteelly, by stage or otherwise, he had no difficulty in reaching the coast, and securing a passage across the channel.

But if he could not change his prison habiliments, it was a moral impossibility for him to traverse the country only by night, and lying concealed during the day; for there was a standing reward of £20 for the apprehension of every escaped prisoner, as well as deserter from the army or navy; and when a stranger was seen, if at all suspiciously clothed, he was hunted down by the country people, with an eagerness but little known to American yeomanry, who most generally would aid, rather than hinder, a prisoner of war in gaining his liberty.

In some few cases, where the soldiers could not agree in the division of the bribe, the one dissatisfied gave

notice to the officer of the night, when his post was filled by another, who guided the runaway to the guard-house instead of the path to his freedom.

A party escaped one night, agreeing to pay the bribe on the wall, which was done in forged notes, purporting to be on the Bank of England, made by an inmate of No. 5, who was expert at imitating and manufacturing the like—constantly keeping them on hand for sale. One of the soldiers passed some of his portion before knowing they were bad, when he was apprehended, convicted of the offence, and suffered the penalty of the law, without letting it be known how he came in possession of the counterfeits. Knowing that the criminality of receiving a bribe, while on duty, was the same as passing the forged paper, his military pride would not allow him to disclose his dereliction of duty, and thus brand his name as a traitor, the rather preferring to suffer for the convicted offence, than by self-condemnation.

The one who had proved himself such an adept at forging, was apprehended when he answered to his name, at his discharge from the prisons, taken into custody by the proper authorities, and was not heard of afterwards.

The prisoners had been called out pretty rapidly, till the next draft would include the mess to which I belonged entire, with the exception of myself, for I stood much higher on the list than any of the others. Among the many that had escaped, was one who belonged to the letter-of-marque, in which a part of my mess had been captured. As I answered his description well enough to pass, without too great a scrutiny, I was prompted by my messmates to go out with his name, as it would not only lessen my stay in the Depot, but it would enable me to continue with my old associates, to whom I felt much attached, till we arrived at the port of our destination. As another was endeavouring, like myself, to go out in the same manner, and with the same name, it required no little rehearsing to have the particulars of the escaped one

by heart, lest I should falter, when the questions were put by the clerk of the Depot, in his endeavours to select the right one from the two. For the information concerning this man, every assistance was rendered by my mess-mates, and many others who belonged to the same crew with my friends, came voluntarily forward in my behalf, till I felt certain of obtaining my liberty, and still a little longer having as associates the same kind hearts, with whom I had sojourned during my abode in prison. If my getting out depended altogether upon the zeal displayed by the members of the mess and their shipmates, a large number offering to testify, 'I was the real Simon Pure,' my departure with the next draft was no longer a doubt.

It must not be supposed my opponent was idle the while, for he too had rallied his forces and brought them into the field, till the two parties made quite a display, each set upon gaining its end, if for no other purpose, than to exult over the other's discomfiture. On a comparison, I found a sufficient number of volunteers under my standard, to put down a greater force than my opponent could rally, even should he bring in a few auxiliaries, who could know nothing of either party's wishes or doings. After these preliminaries were duly settled, I felt no little importance at the cause of so much excitement, and being at the head of a clan whose numbers certainly were not to be questioned, but whose appearance and respectability could not be out-done by a select draft from a fatigue party of Falstaff's own. I now waited with much anxiety for the arrival at Plymouth of the next cartel, which did not take place for three weeks after the last detachment had departed from the Depot.

This was the most tedious time of all others, while the Americans were in Dartmoor, and for many reasons. No money had come into the prisons for nearly four months, and during that time there had been a constant drain, which had reduced the sum total of the circulation, to a small amount, and the remaining portion was in the hands

of but a few, who generally made the most of it, as is customary in larger communities. Nearly all business ceased, and among the rest, I reluctantly had to quit my bread table of chance, for the want of patronage; not that my valuable customers had looked elsewhere for their evening's wheaten roll, but solely because they had not the half-penny to risk for it, and had to content themselves with the scanty brown loaf of their every-day rations.

The last two days and a half that I stood at my board, shuffling my cards, displaying their flashy figures and lucky numbers, to lure the eyes of the hungry passers-by, or entice the half-penny from the pocket of the miser, I had not a call. I, with all the blandishing smiles, cheering looks, and satisfactory sayings, one is master of, was striving to retrieve a lost business, and still a little longer to prop up a tottering (rotten is too personal for the times) concern, by throwing as far ahead as possible a second bankruptcy, which was as inevitable as was the loss of the capital of our mess, when Irish Pat and Well-bred Jim took their spreeing tacks on board, and luffed up to the stall, with no landmarks except well-filled rum bottles, and no desires but to enjoy them.

After spending the remainder of the third day cogitating what was best to be done as the present was rather dry work, and stock becoming stale, we gave it up, and sold our remaining loaves to a neighbouring shopkeeper; the board we could not give away, even with throwing in the balance of the license yet to run, so abjectly poor had all become within the prisons. For the rest of the time, we were gentlemen at large, a character more irksome to maintain, than pleasant to boast of, even when among a community who were independent of labour.

This second failure, I am happy in being able to say, did not bring the jeering and humiliating consequences of the first, thanks to the finesse we used, by selling off below cost, and having the management and settling up

of our own business. Now could we hold our heads as high, cock our hats as saucily, and strut on 'change as proudly, as our neighbours, notwithstanding the emptiness of our pockets. Verily, experience is every thing, and none need expect to arrive at notoriety with his first essay. To the senior partner, the Doctor, however, was the concern indebted, for the adroitness of withdrawing from business *with credit unimpaired*, who, at all the principal undertakings, represented the digit, when, lest the concern might seem odd, the junior made good the 0.

Although the following is near akin to a scene already recorded, yet, let the reader bear in mind, such things *will* occur in history—in romance never.

I was sauntering through the markets, to while away a weary hour, when my attention was attracted by the unusual quantity of large bales of goods, a German Jew was lugging into the square, and piling upon a long temporary table, he had brought with him in detached pieces, and set up for their reception for a brief spell, till he could exchange them for a material of less bulk but of far greater value. This Jew had been on a speculative expedition to the many fairs that had been held through a wide district, meeting with but poor success, and was determined to lessen his stock and save transportation, by attending this market. The very circumstance of his being a stranger, was enough to insure the brewing of mischief, by the gang of Rough Alleys who always were hovering about; and my only excuse for loitering, was to see what by-and-bye might bring up.

The Jew was of short stature but immoderately fat, swollen in every part to unseemly vulgarity—body like a puncheon, cut down at both ends—legs like well-stuffed sacks—cheeks full and preponderating—eyes like yolks of eggs swimming in molten fat, and with a beard to insure his redemption, as far as length, thickness and want of dusting would go. He understood enough of English to make his wishes known to his customers, with

the requisite number of gesticulations and grimaces, when in his most lively mood, and they not disposed to cavil as to price or quality of goods in controversy; but his speech was so mixed up with slishes and slavers, cant and twang, Hebrew and Low Dutch, that his meaning might be made any thing or nothing of, without bringing in question the knowledge or ignorance of the interpreter.

He was shortly beset by six or eight of the genteeler rowdies, and was over-anxious in showing his politeness while displaying his goods to his worthy customers, who had given him the preference of their dealings, instead of those of longer standing in the market—the Israelite seeing in perspective, the consummation of his wishes—the lessening of his stock of goods and the swelling of his pockets with silver, his god.

While most deeply engaged in concluding a sale, a bale of cloth on his bench made a slight move, which his quick eye discovered, but noticed it not particularly, till it took a second hitch half round; when for an instant, he ceased operating, stared with a look of astonishment, but as all was now still and none seemed to notice it but himself, he was shortly with the customers, as eagerly as before, spluttering mongrel Dutch and displaying his goods.

Again was his gaze attracted by the sidling hitches his bale was making, and quick as lightning he bobbed below the table; but seeing nothing there that could create alarm, and no one near the uneasy bale, he concluded it was but a phantasy of his own brain, and at the next instant was measuring off the cloth he had sold with an eagerness proportionate to the price he had sold it—treble its value and double his first expectations. At once his arms became paralyzed at their utmost extension, as he was running off the cloth with the yard stick, at seeing a rope alternately whipping the air and pavement, with its undulating movements, reaching from his table to the gratings, some sixty feet or more; nor could he recover

self-motion till the bale had lazily tumbled from his bench, and was sluggishly wending its way towards the gratings, following the rope in all the clumsy and grotesque tumblings, such clump-shaped bodies usually assume, that have no locomotive powers of their own, and freakishly undertake a pilgrimage either for health or recreation, without first knowing whither they shall go, the way they are to journey, or the abilities they have of consummating it, without calling in auxiliary aid of some kind.

When the Jew saw the bale was in earnest in leaving its former protector, his motions were as quickly returned, as they had suddenly left him, and he started in pursuit. The ninety and nine were left at hazard, to secure the one, it proving he had so far departed from the doctrine of his Hebrew fathers, as to have wandered into the New Testament, and was willing to work out the test of this parable, the circumstance promising an inkling of his entire conversion hereafter. When coming up to his bale, he lustily laid hold of it, but stopped it not; he next threw himself bodily across it, yet, howsoever great the weight, the unseen power was greater—the bale still moved on—weight, in the language of our present locomotives, no object.

The Jew, the while, was venting his fears, chagrin, and disapprobation in oaths, that were no oaths, to the bystanders, as nothing definite could be understood, although shelves, skivers, skewers, scythes, grizzles, splints, hot shot, wapper-chaps, blood-an-oonds, and pudlocks were pouring out in abundance, yet so interlarded with dogs, robbers, cut-throats, hell-cats, thieves and devils, each garnished with ish, pish, splish or glish, and bespattered by the froth and spittle continually flying from his parched mouth, that no linguist at hand was expert enough to enlighten the surrounding crowd whether the Jew was cursing or blessing them, or asking for assistance.

When he found nothing else would stay the sliding mass, he clutched his hands in the rope that confined the

bale together, and flopped down with his largest proportions upon the rough stone pavement, extending a leg each side of the bale, to make the purchase shorter, and the surface greater, as he threw his whole weight into adhesive power, and braced back with might and main, as though his devotions were in the exercise. The bale stopped not, and the combined mass was still moving on, with stolid gravity and majestic indifference to the lavish inducements held out for it to stop, when some five or six of the surrounding crowd, more philanthropic than their fellows, imitated his example, by the first attaching himself to the Jew, and the others to their comrades in succession, till the whole were strung along together upon the pavement. The hindmost having less weight to carry in the drag, had leisure to cheer, while swinging his hat in the air—'clear the track, ye cripples, we're on a cruise—six tandem, with a Jew for a leader! hurrah, for a merry one!'

The strain put upon the hook proved too great, and after dragging the whole some twenty feet, it tore out, when the rope pursued its course, and the Jew recovered his goods, with the loss of nothing except the entire covering which happened to be between him and the stone pavement, in his heavy slide, gathering an ample coating of mud to hide the deficiency; and even for this was he more than remunerated, if deep scratches count any thing, in the way of recompensing a severe fright.

To manifest his disdain at such a trading community, the Jew set about collecting his cloths, and lugged them to his cart outside the gates, with a hurry and zeal nothing behind what he had displayed when in chase of his travelling bale of woollens. In his change of employment, he so far regained his English as to be understood to say, 'tey Frenchs tish tampt teevshs, tey 'nglischs tish tampt scheatshs, tey tampt Yankischs tish tampt devulschs.'

From the first of June up to the time I left the prisons, I saw more suffering than during the whole time previous,

that I had spent within the walls of the Depot. We were all, with very few exceptions, reduced to the allowance given to us by the adopted regulations. Most of the men had not sufficient self-denial to lay by a portion of their rations till the after-part of the day, but ate it as soon as obtained, and then fasted till again supplied the next day from the same source. To such their sufferings were severe, and the more aggravated by the extreme length the days had gained in this high latitude, it being light enough to turn out by half-past two o'clock in the morning, with remaining light sufficient to read, at nine at night. The rarefied air in this elevated district brought a chillness to the atmosphere, that added keenness to appetites already too sharp for the scanty amount given for its satiety. To the peculiar location of these prisons, is to be attributed the great sufferings of the inmates for the want of food, more than to the quantity they received. I never have been a large eater, but rather am below mediocrity in comparison with others, and know that I do not require as much food in bulk now, as was then given to each of the prisoners; yet when in health, I do not think I was ever otherwise than hungered, after being thrown upon my allowance alone.

This want of food had a singular effect upon the captives, and displayed itself according to the temperament each possessed, affording a study and insight into human nature, not to be obtained from other sources. It entirely hid every good and redeeming quality, and showed in bold relief their worst dispositions, beyond the control of him who possessed them; there was no disguising his harsher propensities, for verily they were beyond his command. Most became morose, sullen, and quarrelsome in the extreme, if meddled with, or many times if spoken to in tones of friendship; while others would sit for hours in careless inertness, without exchanging a word with any, or replying when asked a question. Some by their restless behaviour, fierce aspect and glaring eyes,

seemed ever upon the look-out how they could pounce upon their fellow-mortals, to do them injury, regardless alike of the strength arrayed against them, or the danger they brought upon themselves. I have often seen those who were closely connected in sympathy and friendship, pass and repass in their hurried walks, for hours together, without deigning to look towards each other, or exhibit a gesture by which a stranger might suppose they had ever been acquainted. It was a common saying among the prisoners, that such were 'in their fits, and it was better to let them remain alone till the fit passed off.'

The greatest degree of suffering appeared to be from two to six o'clock in the afternoon, their harshness easing off from thence to bed-time, whether they had any thing to eat or not.

All amusements ceased—no music, no story-telling, none of that joyous hilarity which was before so manifest throughout the prisons; even Black Tom could not get enough to join in his chorus, to make it worth the hearing, should he, when the fits were upon his comrades, be prevailed on to tune his voice to strains more soothing than were depicted upon the countenances of the surrounding crowd.

When first thrown to rely solely upon my rations, which was for about three weeks of my latter stay in prison, I adopted a plan from which I gained much relief, and suffered but little in comparison to those who ate the whole of theirs at once, and whose torments were severe. I will detail my mode of lengthening a short allowance, for the benefit of the next generation, should another war place any of them under the like starving predicament, with a request, should it prove a relief, that they will give credit where credit is due for the information.

As soon as I received my bread in the morning, I cut it into three equal parts; the one I ate at eight o'clock, the other at twelve, and the last from four to six, accordingly as I could tough it out. I never deviated from

this rule, except once, to know the meaning of a full meal, and again to see how it would seem to fast twenty-four hours. The first plan worked well enough, had I the means of following it up; but the last I found the worse, the longer I persisted in it; and the two, when examined with impartiality, came to the same result—an increased appetite on the following morning, and a greater desire to devour all, as the day previous. I returned to my former plan. After passing the positive four o'clock, and entering upon the privileged probation till six, I have made the bargain with self, to walk so many times the length of the prison, say fifty or a hundred, as I felt a desire to vent my spite on some one, (self came in for the largest share in all these buffetings,) when completed, to have a slice of my third and last portion, as a reward for my perseverance, and to stay my stomach till supper time. This has been repeated till the hour of supper arrived; when, on looking for the dainty remainder to refresh my care-worn spirits, to quell the internal grumblings, and to satiate my appetite, I found all was bargained away as rewards for my toilsome walks; albeit I might, when none were looking on, have taken a second cut at the bread, when one should have sufficed, according to the articles of agreement, and labour bestowed. Still, I do not say this was the case, and feel I ought to be the last to cast reflections upon the party concerned, especially where no evidence is extant for said party to clear up this important affair, now so shrouded in mystery, by the length of time passed by since the occurrence took place. The musings while at my task, however, often beguiled me into other thoughts, directed my mind to objects less wearisome than my unpleasant situation offered, and lessened the misery of knowing my wants could not be relieved. Upon the whole, I found these walks did me no harm in body or mind; but, on the contrary, they imparted ease to the one, while they added vigour and elasticity to the other.

So plainly were the passions depicted upon the countenances of those who were 'in their fits,' that I was in the constant habit of watching and studying their temperaments, till at last I could tell at a glance, the disposition of him I was studying, be he ever so great a stranger. I should not have feared a second encounter with my 'first impression acquaintance,' on the decks of the Pheasant, even should he don the form of the slippery one, who lent his aid to make his tongue wag thus oily; and if I could not have detected his aim before entering upon the platoon drill, I would have taken the shilling, and enlisted under his banners; that is, always supposing the trial was to be made while he was under the influence of 'the fits.'

It appeared to me, while closely watching the progressive effect of hunger upon the tempers and feelings of those that were suffering most for the want of food, that I could imagine a point, when man could resort to the flesh of his fellow mortals, to satiate his *morbid longings to destroy*, rather than to allay the gnawings of hunger. And I feel confident in saying, when any arrive at this stage, their torments of hunger give place to a worse feeling—that all the nicer attributes of humanity are lost; nothing remaining but a gloating desire to destroy, of a tenor much stronger than a wish to devour.

To such a length was this rather singular freak carried, of studying the countenances of others, that for some years afterwards, I could not go into an assemblage without having my imagination entirely taken up in peering into the thoughts and dispositions of such as my eye rested upon, entirely absorbing every thing else within view, and diverting my mind from the object for which I was brought thither. Rarely was I mistaken in my opinion of such as came under this not very polite scrutiny, and such a hold had this habit taken of me, by long indulgence, that it took some years to combat and get rid of it.

But the sufferings for food were in no comparison to that

for the want of tobacco, with those who had been accustomed to its use for years, and who now were so suddenly and so cruelly deprived of the means of obtaining it, by their agent, Mr. Beasley's peculiar manner of reading his instructions, or the singular construction he saw fit to put upon them. The more inveterate chewers generally set apart their pay while they received it, for the purchase of tobacco, and it barely gave them a sufficiency, with the greatest economy, to last them till pay-day came again, so high was the article in prison.

Many sickened, were taken to the hospital, and there died, merely from being at once deprived of this narcotic weed. The physicians said, these men had no disease, but by being long accustomed to the use of tobacco, they could not entirely relinquish it at once, without endangering health and even life. But what were the health or lives of a few thousand American seamen, in comparison to the opinion of Mr. Beasley, with regard to his instructions? Or if he was in doubt, could he not have been set aright by transmitting his wishes to the authorities at Washington? I was not released till nearly four months after the ratification of peace was made known in England, and there were some hundreds yet remaining when I left. Surely the agent could have had his opinion substantiated, refuted, or cancelled, by those who sent him to his station, had he thought proper to submit it to them. I do not know that he was ever accused of an itching palm, but his conduct savoured much of that which would, in these degenerate times, give him a worse appellation.

It was amusing to see the many shifts to which the chewers would resort, either to make much of what they had, or adopt something as a substitute. Those who could raise the necessary penny to buy the quid of hazelnut size, would wind it with threads, to prevent its separation, and 'do a day upon it;' they would then fast while it was drying the next, and on the third it would 'smoke a day.' Thus making one chew last the owner

three days; others who could not afford to part with their whole daily allowance of meat, or half allowance of bread, to raise the purchase money for the tobacco, would substitute a strand of tarred rope, a bit of an old hat, if duly imbibed with unctuous perspirations, a piece of leather, hard wood, or any thing which had taste. The preference, however, next to the weed itself, was always given for a slice of the pocket, which had held the tobacco, or a cut from the inner sole of an old shoe, as they possessed more of the desired flavour, than any other substitute which they could obtain.

Many have I seen with their tongues swollen to almost past utterance, and themselves nearly destitute of life or animation, caring but little whether they lived or died. None came under my observation, who suffered more than my shipmate in distress, Nimble Billy. He parted his loaf each morning, giving the one-half freely to a shop-keeper for a morsel of tobacco, and subsisted upon the remainder the following twenty-four hours, saying, if he must starve, he would rather it should be for the want of bread than tobacco. When his daily chew had given out, (he used no economy while it had taste, nor threw it away when its flavour and consistency were gone,) he would sit for hours with his tongue so swollen, as to protrude from his mouth, an object alike disgusting and pitiable.

I have often wondered that seamen should so universally indulge in the use of tobacco, when the nature of their calling so often suddenly deprives them of it, but so it is, scarcely one in a hundred can be found but who use it in the greatest profusion. Perhaps the deprivation of other comforts, causes the indulgence so greatly in this, and I am strengthened in the belief, by an observation occurring to me, that was often used by my messmate, Josh the Tiger. 'If it were not for tobacco,' he would say, 'one-half of the impressed seamen in the British navy would drown themselves in a week. To be 'roused from

one's berth and made stand to the wheel in a stormy tempestuous night, or row guard when so near an enemy as not being allowed to speak, and no tobacco!—I have often wished when at such service, while grinding at the weed, the Turk's bones who impressed me were in the place of the tobacco; for as much as I loved it, I hated him the worse, and would have ground him up sooner.'

So great had our anxiety become, whilst waiting these three weeks for the arrival of a cartel, that had the war been renewed, between Great Britain and the United States, confirming our imprisonment to an unlimited period, or till peace was again made, it would have been a relief from this horrid state of uncertainty, under which we were wasting day and night; for when asleep, we were constantly visited by dreams and phantasies, vague and undefined gatherings of faces, which grinned their chattering grimace with exulting laughs—their lank pointing fingers seemed to hiss in very spite at our spectre looking selves for interrupting them in their orgies, till the scene changed to a full covered board, groaning under the many dainties spread to our view, and while we were striving to gain the mastery of the unseen power, which held us in check of reaching to eat, we would waken only to the horrid reality of our dismal and famished conditions. Often when under the influence of sleep, have I been journeying long and wearily to reach my home, have gained the green meadows where was naught but lilies, and flowers, and a lovely sunshine to make them the brighter; with a waving sea of verdure, wantonly nodding a welcome return, while the coyish breeze, made odorous by the surrounding sweets, gently fanned my fevered brow, now flushed by ardent expectation of soon mingling with those I loved;—and there too, at but a little distance, is the parental roof, with its quiet stillness undisturbed—now I have reached so near as to hail that I am coming! when my joy would waken me, and I would clutch the pillow to my eyes in very despera-

tion, as by its convulsive pressure, I might sleep again or turn my dreams to a reality. Let not the reader suppose this a mere fancy picture, for so forcibly were they impressed upon my imagination, that they are still remembered as freshly as though they occurred but the night past.

I have at times sat by myself, and gone seriously to work to ascertain in my own mind, whether I had ever during life, risen from full dishes and savory meats, and turned from them with my faculties whole and unimpaired. The only conclusion to which I could satisfactorily come, with every redeeming charity for my former indiscretions, was, that I had ever lived in darkness, and that the true light was but now dawning upon me—promising, now my eyes were open, and seeing the gulf that I had unconsciously passed—believing that I had ignorantly subscribed to the sentiment, ‘enough is as good as a feast’—to make up for all my former delinquencies, when again placed in a situation to prove my reformation, without the fear of ever after backsliding.

During this dreary time that we were thus anxiously awaiting the announcement of a cartel, none showed a greater eagerness to be liberated than Double-me-up. He was ever talking about his home, and the fair as well as speedy prospect he had of once more viewing the scenes of his boyhood, and meeting his mother, of whom he was ever speaking with an unusual warmth of affection and an overflowing gush of childish feeling. Upon every opportunity he was saying with how much leniency he would treat his blacks, how they should be better fed and clothed than heretofore, have their tasks made lighter—for now he could feel for their condition by a comparison with his own; whereas before, he thought they were created only for his use. He had been about a month from the hospital, where he had been confined with the small-pox, under its most virulent form, which as completely disfigured his face, as his unaccustomed

hardships had before his person. But he cared nothing for this, his looks and appearance were a secondary consideration to his once more seeing his home and his mother. While this expectation was at its height, and each day lessened his stay in prison, he was seized with a malignant fever, again taken to the hospital, where he remained when I came away, with little hopes of recovery. In all probability his bones lay in the pit without the prison walls, indiscriminately mingled with the hundreds who were there likewise cast, without the possibility of his widowed parent ever knowing his end; for the name entered in the prison register as his was an assumed one, and his latter sickness was constantly attended with delirium.

The Doctor created a diversion in the mess, from the sombreness of the prevailing sentiment in relation to the non-arrival of a cartel, by giving to his navigation class, the following problem to work out.

'Suppose to-day, at twelve o'clock, a cartel be in readiness in the Thames, opposite London, with a three-inch hawser made fast to the foot of the bowsprit, of given length to reach the prisons, including the roundabout way she is to come—how long will it take to haul her round at the rate of thirty-five fathoms per minute, working twelve hours in each twenty-four—how large a vessel, ton measurement, will it take to hold the hawser when coiled in, and how many hands will it require to work her at the above rate, supposing she draws twelve and a half feet of water, and is three hundred and fifty tons burthen? The answers to be in readiness by to-morrow's dinner hour.'

'Crack on two watches, and have no belaying at night, for who would'nt bowse on day and night rather than stay here on six banyan days a-week, with nothing of a Sunday by way of a change,' said Well-bred Jim.

'Put a half inch more to the hawser,' said Little Nap, 'for should it part, there will be loss of time in the splicing, which is more valuable than a few extra spun

yarns, let alone the stern-way she would make, if heading a current while the splicing is going on.'

'Is it to be a hand-over-hand, jib-down-haul pull, or a heavy drag-and-sway anchor-haul?' said Black Tom, 'for each must have a heave-yo song to cheer them, but of different movements.'

'Away with your heave-yo!' said Tiger Josh, with much disdain. 'Singe me for a Turk, if it shall be any thing else than a man-o'-war's capstan trot, to the fife's heave ahead, my jollies. If ye number any thing of my rig and shape in your mess, it shall be no milk-and-water, whishy-washy spree, depend upon it.'

'Eat pea-soup with a fork, or oakum without fat, and call that spreeing,' popped out from Flash-in-th'-pan, bouncing up, as if he had been sitting astride upon an overcharged petard, with the match applied, 'but never couple hard duty with the word, when a fellow knows there's not a shot in the locker, in the shape or complexion of grub, to brace his stomach with, after his watch on deck is done. As for the least snuffling of the main-brace, may I be worked into a snatch-block, and rove with a chain cable, if I know what it means, so long since I have heard or seen it in reality.'

'Profanity! profanity!' exclaimed Jim, jumping to his feet, 'he has spoken of things unknown; and shall not have a pull at the hawser, for naming that which is not, till he asks forgiveness.'

Had not the by-standers interfered, Flash-in-th'-pan would have had the first pull, not at the hawser, but at the fiery nose of the last speaker.

The Doctor observed the debate had taken a course not laid down in the problem;* and while the speakers were indulging in their personalities, he begged them to remember that the cartel was still at her moorings, with the change of the tide against her, where she was likely to remain, unless they all clapped on with a mutual good will, to bring her round. He likewise gave a friendly

caution to the belligerent parties, who were still eyeing each other with hostile aspects, that such combustible bodies (Jim's nose and Flashy's hair) meeting in contact, evidently must cause an explosion, and therefore recommended them for the future to keep on different tacks.

The first proposition of Well-bred Jim was acceded to unanimously, while that of Little Nap was voted down, after citing various instances, where larger vessels had been towed by even smaller hawsers than the one in dispute, without any accidents occurring.

Each of the class had his answer in readiness, but so widely did they differ one from the other, that the Doctor had but little faith in their past labours. He hinted that they were better at guessing than at figuring, threatening at the same time to put them to their first lessons, if he discovered such trickeries in future. Two of the solutions agreed nearly throughout, with a slight difference in the length of the hawser, or distance of the vessel that was towed, sufficient to show they had not compared notes accurately. This gave rise to a discussion, each party striving to prove the incorrectness of his classmate's statements, and the truth of his own, the debate leading the disputants far from the original question, blending in obscurity more than elucidating the problem, and bidding fair to swerve as far from the right track of the cartel, as they were distant from the day they were to be released; when an old salt, who had been an attentive listener, with the dignified grizzling of a half century upon his uncovered poll, begged to say a word, when, he doubted not, he could put the whole in their right reckoning, and make all plain sailing once more.

'You must know, shipmates, that just before this mishap of losing a fathom or so of headway, at least not worth a chew of tobacco from the stall of Old Suck-pump, who is known to make five pieces out of every four he lays in, there was a stiff breeze blowing a little

east of nothe, and directly abeam of the craft which we were bowsing along with the hawser, till we came to a tongue of land jutting into the sound, something this fashion, (squaring his thumb at right angles with his open hand, to aid him in his meaning,) where she must head up directly in the wind to get around it.

'It happened to be my watch on deck, the second after the dog-watch, which, you must know, is the most sleepy of all watches. As the men became tired with their long and heavy pull, one lay down, another crept under the lee of the long-boat, to shelter his shivering carcass from the pelting rain, which the freshened wind had brought with it, while, if he wanted to keep warm, 'twould be better to hold on at his work, as any lubber might have known, for there was exercise for all hands while the squall lasted, even when calling the cook from his coppers; and a third let go his hold, to study the weather, as a make-believe to rest himself from the sweat he was undergoing in this severe task.

'While I was bowsing away, thinking every pull was harder than the last, I looked around, and none were hold of the hawser but myself—every one had skulked from the weather, and was snugly stowed away somewhere or other. I held on, and was pulling away like a marine at the chest of his dead messmate, till she reached the point of land, and took the current that now set strong against her. Towing against a head sea and the wind at the same time, is any thing but an easy job; and you will agree with me, when I say, I had as little leisure then, as we now have any thing to cheer our hearts, while sitting around the mess table.

'What I found tough before, was but play to this; to let go and 'rouse up the watch, would have given the cartel a chance to go ashore and take a four-handed reel, to the tune of a whistling nor-wester, where breakers are used for flooring, with surf and sea-weed for the entertainment; as well it would have been the cause of keeping

us here another fortnight. Stopping a moment to spit on my hands, that my grip should be the firmer, she fell off so that I could not bring her up again for full ten minutes. In this lies the difference of the two calculations. Not liking to bring the officer of the watch to trouble, for he too was asleep, I let this little mishap go by without entering it upon the log, and it would never have been known, if I had not now told it; for when the watch had their snooze out, the weather had brightened again, and the old barkey was heading along, as fast as hard bowsing could force her. This is the sole cause of the error in my mess-mate's calculation, for the cartel fell astern just as much as Ned Mullen is behind with his figures.'

As the relater predicted, his explanation settled the dispute, and the two calculations which came nearest, were accepted as the most correct, without farther controversy. These two expert mathematicians received the usual medal awarded by the mess to the one who should excel in any species of nonsense—the privilege of wearing the fool's cap (made of canvas, looped up with spun yarn, and decorated with bones from the cook-house) throughout the day, the twain to toss up who should first be dignified by displaying it upon his cranium to the laughing crowd.

However trivial this may seem to the reader, few can imagine the relief it brought to minds aching with the tension of anxiety they were labouring under. We were ready to grasp at any thing, whereby we could be diverted from the thoughts of our unhappy situations.

CHAP. XIII.

LAST WEEK IN DARTMOOR.

THE twenty-seventh of June came and passed by, as had the twenty previous days, without any indications of more prisoners being called out, and most had retired to their hammocks, if possible, to forget in sleep, the gnawings of hunger and the horrid suspense with which their minds were racked and torn. About half past ten, notice came, that a large draft was to be in readiness by the break of day, to depart from the prisons.

Now were our sorrows turned to joys of the most rapturous kind. Every one turned out, for to sleep would have been sacrilegious. Lights and moving forms were in every part of the prisons, where before wretchedness and woe stalked uncontrolled without a check—now was naught but mirthful glee, joyous singing and lively dancing. Those that were to depart were busy bundling up the little they possessed, receiving messages to carry to the friends of those who remained, and these in turn were assisting their friends to be in readiness by the hour appointed, to answer for the last time to the call of their names within these dreary walls.

When the bustle had somewhat subsided, a cry was raised, that the 'unpardonable sin had been committed.' This was but seldom done;—howsoever depraved were the Rough Alleys in other respects, there had been but two or three instances of this heinous sin being committed, on account of the serious penalty immediately following the conviction of the offender.

Many of those who had sold their birthrights, could have been at home, in the United States, before this period, had they gone out when their turns came as they were registered. These likewise had sold bed, bedding, and such articles as they were to return to the clerk's

office, when answering to their names for the last time, till they could sell no longer, either the goods and chattels belonging to the king, or the right of their own persons, and were obliged to cast about and secure a 'king's kit,' the necessary passport with which to go out, or, for the want thereof, to remain in durance till the last should depart.

The uproar was in proportion to the magnitude of the offence, when it was known that two hammocks were missing, belonging to those going out at day-break, and should they not be found, the owners would be under the disagreeable necessity of remaining in prison as mentioned above, and let others precede them, a disappointment with many, but little short of death itself. Every one within the walls took an interest in searching for the missing baggage; the lights were brought into requisition, and no hole or corner was left unsearched, till the lost were found. At last, after an hour's search, the hammocks were discovered, and in the possession of those very fellows with whom all expected and wished to find them, Sodom and Gomorrah, who were known to be without bedding of any kind for months.

Time did not admit of more than a drum-head court martial, and barely that; for this case came nearer lynching, than any affair I saw while in prison. Not one of the followers of these chiefs was bold enough to step forward and advocate their cause; but while a part stood aloof, trembling with fear, lest the punishment should not stop with their leaders; but might, through the hurry and confusion, accidentally extend to such of them as might be nearest at hand, after the fury had been expended upon the backs of their worthy and renowned chiefs, the remainder to lull suspicions, vociferously called out to have the fellows well drubbed—were the first to volunteer in handling the cat; and by their earnestness, must have had old scores to wipe out that had been long accumulating.

The trial of these two was soon finished, but not sooner than they were stripped afterwards and triced up between two stanchions by their thumbs, so high that they could barely rest the weight of their bodies upon their feet, while in a straightened position, but if they swerved the least from the perpendicular, or shrunk their bodies from the sting of the lash, the weight fell entirely upon their thumbs.

The crier went through the prison, calling upon all good citizens to come forward, and pay their respects to these notorious ringleaders of the Rough Alley gang, and more especially those who were to depart on the morrow, as it would be the last chance of a parting salute to the greatest thieves in christendom. 'Be it known, however,' said the crier, 'that none are to interfere, till the two from whom they last stole, shall be satisfied that they have balanced accounts in full, with the rate of interest in such cases allowed.'

After the two had each given them his dozen, a mere flea bite of what was to follow, for they were timid young men, who had feelings more tender than the backs bared to their blows, more champions came forward to correct the morals of these two profligate rowdies, than I was aware existed in prison No. 5, and sufficient both in numbers and zeal, to bring about a reformation in Australia, with the prospect of a speedy millenium, if the worthy intentions of these correctors of the misdeeds of others, were suffered to proceed without a check. One had lost a pair of slippers, each of which was worth a dozen; another had missed a pair of trousers—they must have stolen them; a third had a pair (each had missed his pair, and took pay accordingly,) of handkerchiefs, which were taken from the line in the yard; a fourth had lost nothing, but had ever lived in dread, while these fellows were unpunished; a fifth, whose memory was bad, could not think, when he first set the cat in motion, whether he had lost or not, but kept cutting away, fearing the back

might cool, while his thoughts were getting in the right channel, which they did by the time his arm became tired, when he suddenly recollected he had lost nothing—begged pardon of the back for his lack of memory, which was constitutional, and gave up the cat to another in waiting, with about the same motive for flogging, as he possessed—an old grudge.

It must not be supposed the two rowdies were quietly taking all the good things thus showered upon them by the surrounding crowd, without being sensible of the favours they were receiving; for they kept cursing, swearing, yelling and kicking to the right and left, to the destruction of their thumbs—frothing at their mouths and gnashing their teeth—appearing more like fiends infernal than belonging to the human family. They called upon all the choice gnomes and spirits that had relieving power, in the four quarters of the globe, and when they had expended these, they ranged off into both hemispheres of the world to come, summoning with threats of authority, legions of cavalry, squadrons of artillery, and bodies of infantry of the spirits that are, to come forward and release them, take their places, or vouch their acknowledgments to be sincere—that they had more than enough. While one was anxious to make known his sudden conversion to the temperance cause, by lustily vociferating ‘water! water! for God’s sake a drop of water!’ the other was amusing the crowd by hanging by his two thumbs, the legs the while displaying a wrangling combat, one pitted against the other, without the by-standers displaying any preference for either, on account of their clownish way of going through the six divisions of the broadsword. In this exercise their mode of giving point so far diverged from the centre, that it was some time before the more humane portion of the crowd could interfere and let them off, when they scampered away and were seen no more for the night. Had these men been thus punished in the first of their career, it would have been better for them-

selves, and a caution to their companions in rascality ; for they never would have risked a repetition of so severe a chastisement.

I have said that the above sham trial and hasty punishment came nearer a regular lynching affair than any I saw while in prison ; but an occurrence took place before I went there, which I will relate, as it was told to me by different individuals, without variation.

Three impressed men gave themselves up and came to the Depot, *not* till after the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Ghent. They were ever boasting how much better they fared while in the British service, than those did who came to prison early in the war, but to languish and starve ;—tauntingly observing, that while they (the prisoners) were famishing from the meagerness of their provisions, they had been on wages and gaining prize-money, which was displayed to the annoyance of their opponents in controversy, in the greatest profusion.

One night, after becoming some little merry, their insolence became past endurance, by their boasting that the very money with which they were then carousing, was a part of that obtained from the capture of the United States' brig *Argus*, while they were doing duty on board of her destroyer, the *Pelican*.

This the others could not bear—that they should openly boast of fighting against their own countrymen, and publicly riot upon the spoils of the vanquished, among whom was the gallantly remembered Allen, the then commander of the *Argus*. Two of them were seized and stamped in the forehead and across the cheeks, with Indian ink pricked into the surface of the skin, with the word *traitor*—the third with the initial T on the one cheek, and termination R on the other. While this was going on, none interfered in their behalf, till all was completed, when they were sent to the hospital, with a request to have them retained therein as a place for their safety. One of them not liking to carry so legible an evidence

of his traitorship, attempted to cut out the letters, and succeeded, but at the expense of his life ; for the wounds brought on an inflammation, which shortly proved fatal. I have repeatedly seen the one who was the least guilty of the three, with the two letters only pricked into the skin of his face ; for he was permitted to come into the prisons without being disturbed, after the affair died away.

I had but little trouble in tying up my bedding, having had all things in a condition for a start with a ten minute's notice, for the last two weeks. I took my station at the door a full hour before day-light, to be in readiness to push out the moment it was unlocked, to be first at the call-out gate, before those whose numbers came after the one I was to assume. My hammock and bedding were tied to order, swung to my back, with my two clothes bags one under each arm, which I found heavier than I supposed they would be, by the many notions I had crammed into them, to comfort me on my return voyage. After waiting at the door the better part of three weeks, computing time by imagination, I heard the key turn and grate in the lock, which I thought as dulcet as it had proved harsh, when the bolts were turned upon me the night of my first entrance into the prisons. Let no one (said I mentally) hastily express himself on sounds, whether melodious or discordant, harmonious or grating, till he has had an opportunity of judging under different temperaments, and with a variety of positions, unless he is regardless of his reputation as a connoisseur. I hastened to the passage gate, where the names were to be called over, was more than happy, was in ecstasies in being first, stuck fast, nay, welded myself with adhesive tenacity to its bars, as the crowd jostled to and fro, not daring to let go, lest I might be edged to the outer portion, which was rapidly augmenting, and be so far from the gate, as not to be able to slip out before him, who was acting the counterfeit, or to whom I was in opposition.

At the expiration of other 'three weeks,' the clerk

made his appearance, came down to the gate, sauntered about in a strange, unnatural, and unaccountably cool manner, took his station within three feet of the gratings in my front, opened his list and held it so I could easily see the fifth name from the top was the cognominal one I was destined to bear on my travelling excursion across the Atlantic. After running his eyes over the column, he coolly said, as though none felt more interest than himself, in the information, 'I shall call out at the other gate this morning,' a circumstance never occurring before, and why now, no one knew, unless it was, by his seeing a fixture made fast to the bars of the one in his front, which would be troublesome to remove, and take longer to clear therefrom, so that it should open, than to walk to the other side of the yard and there make a beginning, a distance of more than one hundred and fifty feet, the intermediate space, on the side in which I stood, filled to suffocation by those going out, and their friends to bid them adieu.

I was making my way through the crowd as fast as possible, although but slowly, on account of the baggage with which I was encumbered, and I had gained about half the distance, when I heard the name called. I answered so as to be heard throughout a portion of the county, 'here!'—struggled hard to make more headway, wished the 'king's kit' any where else but athwart my back, settled upon the clerk, without a chance of reversion, as my only legatee, the whole of my wrath to come, for his aptness at innovation and coolness in marring long cherished hopes, wondered that among so many idlers none should apply for portorage, thought it deucedly warm, perspired freely, and was in a tremendous stew. The crowd the while were singing out, 'open! open! he's first on the list,' and by their haste to make way, choked up the passage the closer. Again the name was called, which was promptly replied to by my 'coming,' louder than the last, as it was a rounder word; and coming I was, with the

wheezing and puffing of a Mississippi steamboat, but only with the speed of a dredging machine, working against an ebb-tide, by the impediment of my luggage and the closeness of the crowd. I had just gained the sight of the open gate, in time to hear the third call answered by my opponent, who stepped out, went up to the clerk's office, and passed without a question being asked, or a suspicion raised, that he was not the owner of the name to which he had answered. He was next to the gate at first, but fearing detection, dared not pass out till the third and last call. The good intentions of my kind-hearted messmates were thus frustrated, not by any remissness on their part, nor any want of exertion on mine, but by one of those back-heaving circumstances, which fate is ever thrusting athwart the course of the over-hasty, and blasting the hopes of the sanguine.

Have any of my readers ever selected a lottery ticket, through the agency of a dream, or the more potent help of a fortune-teller, whose lucky number was to relieve him of his present difficulties, establish him in business, or provide the necessary outfit, whereby he would be enabled to quash all and every objection to the matrimonial connexion his heart most desired, by providing an establishment which was to outdo all competitors; has he watched the coming up of the prize for the seven-and-twentieth day the lottery has been drawing, and stood by when it came out a blank? If so, he can have some faint inklings of my disappointment; but to comprehend my feelings in whole, he cannot, unless placed in a similar situation, which I hope may never be his lot, be he ever so great an enemy, or ever so snarling a critic.

After shaking hands with my departing messmates, through the iron-grated partition fence, who deeply commiserated me in my ill luck, showing all the sympathy of feelings their kind hearts possessed, I returned to the prison, more miserable in mind than I had been at any

former period, for I was left alone at the mess table, that had so often resounded to the cheer of those who were absent, of hearts not the less kind for the rough exteriors in which circumstances had enshrined them. And need I say I felt an attachment, and have a glowing warmth of friendship to this day, for the mess that had taken me, a stranger, by the hand, one nowise suitable for their companionship—for the mess that had administered to my wants and necessities with a parental care and tenderness, when I was not able, from inability of bodily affliction, to aid or assist myself? Whilst reflecting upon the mishap of our separation, and the improbability of our ever meeting again, by the sickening despondency of heart with which I was visited, I could not but think it a foreboding of our future separation, and that the last interview was to be—the last. And how long, I said to myself, must I yet remain here? Had the interrogatory been aloud, the answer would have been—how long! For no one knew whether it were to be a day, a week, a month, or a longer time. In the uncertainty was the pang; for I would gladly have closed the bargain of the remotest period, and, knowing that to be a certainty, should have felt a relief from the painful suspense of mind under which I was labouring.

After taking my departing messmates severally by the hand, I had exchanged the last words of a separating farewell with each of them, and on letting go that of Irish Pat, a shilling was slipped into mine, one of the only two he possessed—saying it was all the remuneration he could make for the loss I had sustained, when the capital of the mess was squandered, partly through his agency. To comment upon the generosity of the act, would not only mar the glowing sensibility of the writer, as the circumstance is brought to his mind, towards the remembrance of his old associate in adversity, but it would be doubting the reader possessed that respondent feeling, which is planted in every sympathizing heart of the human family.

An order came that the remaining inmates of the other buildings should repair to prison No. 4, with their baggage, and from thence mess out, and draw their rations. About nine hundred were now in the Depot, and more than half of these were blacks. Whenever a cartel was in readiness, if bound to a southern port, as mostly they were, the blacks would not answer to their names when called, preferring to stay in prison to that of going to a slave State, fearing they might be taken up whilst wandering about in their destitute or vagabond condition, and sold into slavery. Their greatest fears were, that the cartel, when arriving at her port of destination, would be kept off, till the highest price could be ascertained for able-bodied slaves. To counteract this, they determined to remain till the last, when they would go out in a body, and by numbers or acclamation, take the vessel to where their bodies and services were less appreciated, than they were generally in southern ports.

After all had gone from prison No. 5, I took a solitary walk through its long, dreary, and now deserted alleys, which were but so lately alive with the moving crowd, and whose walls resounded to the hilarious laugh of the merry throng, or the sickening moan of the woe-worn captive, at his lengthened imprisonment; but now all was hush as the silent tomb. No noise interrupted my sombre meditations; no sound was heard, to turn my mind from that moody train of reflection, in which it had fallen by the silence of the place and combining circumstances, save the deadened echo to my foot-fall upon the stone pavement beneath. None was by to share my lonely melancholy, nor to sympathize with my over-burthened heart-bursting woe and dejection; naught was there to attract my attention to other than my silent musings. I essayed aloud to raise one aspiration to Him, whose goodness had thus far upheld me in my difficulties and distress; but it ended in thought only; a choking sensation prevented all utterance; nor could I have spoken, to be

saved from annihilation. Had a gush, nay, a single tear came to my relief, it would have proved a blessing; but their fountains were as firmly unyielding as my articulation was painfully withheld; both were restrained, all was absorbed with my inward swellings; the throbbings of my aching heart seemingly were alone audible, for it was strained to a tension but ill to describe.

I stopped at the window of our former mess place a moment, to clear the dust from the initials etched in the stone at its side, which had served to give me brief employment during my ill state of health, devoted a few moments in contemplating the scenes that had passed, during the five months I had been a sojourner within these walls—left, and have not since been there, except in imagination, which oft carries me back, not only in my waking moments, but frequently in the delusive phantasies of a dream, am I wafted to the dreary walls of this strong hold in Dartmoor, where I am invariably seated, as of yore, at the mess table, in my humble prison habiliments, surrounded by my former comrades in misery; or, walking to and fro in its lengthy alleys, wearily hoping for the time to come for my release, and racked with hunger of body and disquietude of mind, as palpably painful, as was the reality, till awakened by the anguish of these incubus torments, with many times a fear to sleep again, lest my fevered fancy should again carry me back, and the oppressive agony of these night-mare ravings, leave me there to wake no more.

I soon found the difference, between our well-regulated prison, and the one we were compelled to occupy during the remainder of my stay at the Depot, was very great, and in every way for the worse. The blacks occupied the one-half of the building, while the whites had the other; and the whole were confined to the limits of the small yard in which No. 4 stands, the communication being cut off from the others, for the purpose of cleansing and making ready the buildings, for the reception of the

French prisoners, who were at Plymouth, waiting to be conducted to the Depot.

While in this abode, the only Sabbath I spent therein, we had a discourse delivered by a white preacher from without, who was a good speaker, and one of much zeal; but he met with little encouragement to repeat his call; for within twenty paces of his temporary pulpit, was a keno table, three or four card parties, an alley filled with a pitch-penny gang, a trio of violins, besides some half dozen social circles, each as noisy as the business they were driving warranted, many timing their 'rubbers,' and 'kenos,' and exulting laughs at the turn of their jokes, so as to answer to the preacher's rounding sentences, straining their black throats, to drown the voice of the speaker, who was any thing but comfortable in this motly assembly of Christian, Jew, and Ethiopean, without saying a word of the annoyance of the many dealers in old clothes, who were forcing themselves through the crowd, vociferating loudly in all the fanciful twang and nonsensical gibberish each and all could invent, with their harsh guttural voices, while describing the many qualities of their goods for sale, striving to outdo in eloquence and imaginative sayings the preacher, who at last cut short his sermon by declaring the blacks were so noisy, that he could neither make himself heard to his nearest hearers, nor fairly understand his own voice, among the jargon that was going on around him; and however anxious he was to give instructions, he should not again attempt it, till better regulations were adopted. This could not be, for the blacks, being without their former restraint, Big Dick, who had gone out in his turn, largely out-numbered the whites, looked upon the prison as their own, put down every regulation that emanated from the latter, however for the well-being of both parties, and knew or acknowledged no difference between one day in the week and another.

We soon likewise found, that among the other neglects

of this place, that of cleanliness was left to each of its inmates to manage, as best he might; which in an anarchy like this, cannot be supposed the very best method of keeping down a spurious breed of vermin.

The greatest annoyance we had to contend with, while in No. 4, was the fleas, which in magnitude, I will not say exceeded the fabled musquitoe of New Orleans, but whose bite may be said, without endangering one's reputation in making the assertion, was not inferior to the famous gallinipper of the same section of country. These troublesome, sharpset 'nimble skips' were not to be seen during the day, but the moment that the hour of rest arrived, they were ever rioting upon the wearied, probing the tenderest points, and playfully gamboling at the destruction they caused to the sleeper's rest. Even when glutted to satiety, they would claw, kick, scratch, and sidle about, as though they were over-charged with mischief, and wished to introduce the surplus into the pores of their uneasy and fretful bed-fellow, but from their mercurial temperaments, found it difficult to hold still whilst going through the process of inoculation.

The only way I could sleep, was to draw a cap down to my chin, button and pin up close, slip on a pair of duck trousers, tie them below my feet, secure my hands from all outward approach, leave no vulnerable part unprotected, and then trust the rest to chance. In this way, I could rest the first three or four hours of the night, while others, who took no such precautions, were pelting, fuming, and fighting against a foe, that, however positive of location, could not be seen. As often as one part was assailed, and demonstrations made for a wholesale slaughter, the enemy would decamp, but to pounce upon another assailable position more tender than the last; and so on through the entire night—ever attacking, always fleeing, but fast sticking where least expected or wanted.

As I before said, I found no difficulty in resting the first part of the night, till disturbed by ugly dreams of

shouts, tumults and other vagaries of one's sleeping fancies, which generally terminated by Shortland's bringing his soldiers to a charge with their close columns—on, on they come! the crowd is impenetrable from its density, (I nerveless, without strength or motion, at its mercy,) which in their retreating rush, become entangled in a thorn hedge, without the power of flying farther from the impending torture, when by the rush of the soldiers, with their line of bristling bayonets, I am pierced in a thousand parts—spring to my feet, and find for each bayonet and thorn point, that a legion of these prowling blood-suckers have forced through the strong outworks, carried the citadel, and are carousing upon the spoils of the sacked city, as by agreement before entering upon the siege. To walk till daylight was far more pleasant than to attempt again to sleep.

Strange as it may appear, I had not the least appetite from the day my messmates left the prisons, till after my turn came to follow them; although, previous to that period, when in health, I do not think I was ever otherwise than hungry; and that to a degree of tormenting misery, especially during the longest days, when I had nothing to depend upon but my allowance; yet now I loathed what I saw—cared for nothing except the one exciting subject, 'when, when shall we be released?'

Thanks to a kind Providence, and a good constitution, my health was re-established, my person had gained its wonted robustness, and my usual elasticity as well as strength, were returned in full. Still, I could not eat, but each day sold my allowance of meat, the half of my bread, and saved the money, knowing when I was called out, it would be of service in the purchase of such refreshments as I might need on the road to the sea-board.

On the first of July, a draught of Frenchmen came up from Plymouth, followed by others, in the course as the next four succeeding days, till they amounted to nearly four thousand in all. These men had been t

in the battle of Ligny, the sixteenth of June, two days before that of Waterloo; and so quickly had they been hurried off, that their wounds had remained undressed—many having the clotted blood scarcely dried upon their clothes and persons, with sabre cuts still covered with gore, or reeking with the crimsoned drops trickling from their gashed orifices. Others were without their helmets or military caps, their uniforms rent and torn to tatters, indicating the strife that took place in the deadly *mêlée* of the contending parties, before being conquered. Those whose wounds were such as not to admit of their marching, were sent to the hospitals in Plymouth.

The majority of these men were not over twenty or twenty-two years of age, and many of those who were older had, but a few months previous, departed from these walls, which were again to confine them to an indefinite period. They were lively, cheerful, and skipped about with the playful nimbleness of frolicking school-boys, seeming to care but little for their future imprisonment, or the hardships before them.

We were permitted to converse with these captured Frenchmen through the gratings, till the turnkey saw us giving them our cooking utensils, which we should have no use for, after leaving the place, when he forthwith stopped all further intercourse. Knowing we could not carry them with us, and when left they would become his perquisites, he was determined to turn them to the best account by making his bargain with the new-comers, as he had done before with the articles the former Frenchmen had left behind, by selling them to the Americans, who took the place of the others in the Depot.

As soon as his object was found out, a platform was erected next to the wall separating us from our neighbours, with the mess tables brought from the other prisons, near mounted and passed over to them such articles as he handed to him—tables, benches, stools, stoves, boil-first howls, plates, etc. etc. were rapidly changing hands,

till again prohibited by Parker, the turnkey. After this, each that had aught to spare, either for the benefit of the Frenchmen, or the aggravation of the turnkey, threw it over as best he could—tin kettles, stewpots, frying pans, sauce pans, flesh forks, crockery, jugs, bottles, old hats, and shoes—all took a flying leap from our side, to that occupied by these mercurial fellows, who were singing and dancing about, making every exertion to catch what was thus showered upon them, however worthless or unacceptable; for occasionally some waggish scamp in his hurry, would toss over a paving stone or brick bat, without their knowing what was coming, till the weight admonished them, that it was neither a tin pot nor slipper. The heavier articles, such as tables and benches, were broken up and cast over in detail, till we had nothing more to give them, or to leave to the rapacious turnkey.

To show how easy these French were to manage, in comparison with the Americans, I will merely say, that twenty-five hundred came from Plymouth, under a guard of three hundred soldiers; and they marched in as compact a body, as though under the surveillance of their adored Emperor; while at no one time were there rising three hundred and fifty of the others taken (I will not say marched) to prison, without an equal or greater number of soldiers to guard them.

These Frenchmen knew what the value of small articles were to men in their condition, for whenever they could see a stick, a piece of wood, a rotten branch or limb, or a few strands of rope yarns, they were secured and brought with them, many having an armful of what would not be worth the picking up to a careless inexperienced person; yet to one going to a prison destitute of every thing like wood, these sticks were of incalculable benefit, in stretching their hammocks, making clothes-pins, pegs to hang their garments upon, as well as furnishing material to work out such toys for sale, as their ingenuity suggested.

Much sympathy was shown for these Frenchmen, at their dreary prospect of remaining in prison for an unknown period, by the Americans still confined in the Depot; yet, no doubt, most of them reached their homes, before we did ours; for they were soon released, when Bonaparte's second abdication was known, without being subject to the conniving tardiness of a matter-of-fact-constructive agent, and had not the Atlantic to cross before reaching their native soil.

I had tried every expedient to while away the tediousness of these last few days in prison, but found nothing to answer; day succeeded day with a heart-sickening sameness, bringing no change of feelings, no relief to the aching mind, and no prospect of getting out, only that each hour brought us nearer to the one which was sooner or later to make us free.

On the fourth of July, there was a partial procession gotten up, but it went off much as a political meeting does, where the party calling it, unexpectedly find themselves, on making a motion, out-numbered by those of opposite politics. After the failure, each one sought his own domicil as quietly as possible; not from want of patriotism, but they were too dispirited to enter into any public demonstrations of either congratulation or amusement.

At about one o'clock, by permission of the guard, I climbed over the picket fence, which separated the yard from the grass plat, walked till tired, sat down, conversed with the sentinel, as long as the sentinel would converse with me—wished myself a soldier, no doubt the soldier wished himself a loungee, and with reason, for the sun was warm, and he in full dress; then came along an elderly man, upon the military walk, with a daughter upon each arm, the trio in deep black; they stopped and asked many questions—your native place? parents living? why to sea? when out? etc. etc. raised a smile upon the features of the youngest—thought I had made

a decided hit by the pertness of my answers—began to plume and straighten myself, till suddenly drawn into a kink, by observing I had not on my holiday clothes;—conversation now flagged for want of subject—they too walked on, and I was left again to myself. I half reclined upon the grass—tried a song in a subdued voice, 'twould'nt do—came off much in spirit like the political meeting, and was dropped with less harmony;—trimmed my nails with much nicety—counted my fingers, and was happy at finding the usual number on each hand; by-the-bye, had there been an odd one, it would have excited my curiosity, and given me employment to inquire into the cause;—tried to look at the sun without winking—had the worst of it. I then planned in the sward a square city, whose sides were the length of my jackknife, had opened the main avenues, established the town house, made liberal donations for a church, larger appropriations for the market—foundation laid for a palace, whose lord was I—given the site at the head of the largest square, for a restaurant, with a hint to its keeper, if he failed in providing good dinners, he need expect nothing farther from me but frowns; was cogitating how best to raise a tax without lessening my popularity with the people—to save trouble, heedless of consequences, made a forced levy upon the whole population. Now I began to feel as though I deserved rest after my public labours—was soon drowsy, and slept with a comfort I had been a stranger to enjoying, since my abode in No. 4.

Whilst in a partial waking state, I heard a shout; but whether in reality or a dream I was not sure, till it was repeated; when I awakened without knowing from whence it came; nor dared to breathe nor raise my head, lest the slightest motion should dispel the hope, my agitated mind and quivering heart said could not be true, till a third cheer roused all my faculties, and at a single spring I was at the grated palisade, over which it did not take an instant to leap, without bidding adieu to the

sentry upon the wall, whose station I so lately was envious of possessing, but, now I would not exchange my situation with a prince; neither did the dark-eyed damsel, with her coyish laugh, claim a tittle of my attention or thoughts, for I turned not to see whether she was in sight; I left my new-made city to be sacked by the moles and pismires of the surrounding district, regardless how soon they began their destructive work—indifferent alike whether my constituents should charge me with deserting them in the hour of trial, or who should empty the coffers my recently sweeping levy had so bountifully filled; for I knew by the shout a cartel was in waiting, and I was among the first on the roll call, in my own right and person, without shamming other people's name, age, height, complexion, and so forth and so on.

In climbing the pickets, I learned how it was, that he of the cachot, so quickly scaled it, before the guard could prevent him; for had there been a regiment of infantry in my rear, a masked battery in front, a company of horse on each flank, their presence would not have cooled my ardor or abated my alacrity of movement, nor their united force hindered me from my aim, such an impetus did these shouts give my locomotive springs, and such energy did they add to my daring.

When reaching the interior, I found the crier making known that 'two hundred and eighty men were to hold themselves in readiness to leave the Depot on the following morning.' This included nearly the whole of our brig's crew, without allowing for those who had escaped and died since they were numbered into the prisons. As the Fifer was at the tail end of the list, he was fearful his name might not be reached, and was determined to pass out under an assumed one, in the place of a man that had recently escaped, in the manner that I had attempted before him.

We had ample time to complete our preparations, if any yet remained unfinished, as it was not much past

four o'clock when the order was promulgated, with a prospect, if needs be, of continuing our exertions deep into the night, for the little rest in store for us, by the noisy confusion and hilarious joy going on, so elated were all, that another draught was to leave on the morrow. I made an attempt to get a moment's sleep, but gave it up, as impossible, to such a height of excitement had my mind arisen. I aroused up, gained a window from the attic story, and, for the first time while in prison, saw the stars in the firmament above. More than twenty times during the night did I climb to this window, to see when the first gray of the morning should streak the eastern horizon. The earliest tinge of light was hailed by all, with three hearty cheers, the moment it was distinctly visible, I could not suppress my joy, and gave full vent to my feelings with a lively 'hail! hail! to the light which is the last to me in Dartmoor!'

CHAP. XIV.

LEAVING THE PRISONS, AND MARCHING TO PLYMOUTH.

SHORTLY after the doors were opened, our rations were given to us for the day, with sufficient time to eat, before going to the 'call-out gate,' to answer to our names. I had never supposed mine to be graced with much smoothness, nor overburdened with euphony; and sometimes, when spoken to quickly, or in anger, I was compelled to think it partook a little more of a blunt nature than of any poetical sweetness; but now I found neither bluntness in the sound, nor roughness in the echo, although it was rounded out and chopped square at both ends by a big-mouthed John Bull, of Devonshire breed, whose voice, in every modulation, was harshness

itself; and I hope I may be believed, when saying I would have sooner heard it called than any of the two hundred and eighty that followed; or had it been tacked to the end of each of the others, and sung out with all the sonorous twang the clerk could grace it, I would have said 'here!' to them all, and been the last to complain it sounded otherwise than pleasant.

After being called out, I stepped by the gate, before going to the clerk's office, to testify (a pardonable offence, circumstances considered,) in favour of the Fifer, should it be necessary, who, I was anxious should accompany me, and I felt almost as much regret at the thoughts of a separation, as he would sorrow at being left behind. The crowd here was lessened very much from any previous draught going out, by the circumstance that none was allowed outside the building till these were off.

The Fifer stood in front when the name, that he was to assume, was read out, but he noticed it not, till the third and last call was made; and then would have been passed over, in spite of the nudgings, winks, and coughings, which were showered towards him, had not one in his rear given him a start ahead, with no gentle shove, good naturedly saying 'his joy has made him dumb,' which the clerk took as fact, and suffered him to pass without a question. The Fifer did not seem to feel satisfied at the trick, of assuming the name of another, and said it was worse, if possible, than remaining in prison—that he hated deception, in any shape, as he did the whine of a dog at night, and it often brought worse consequences. He still was lingering about the gate, when, towards the end of the list, his own was called out.

'That's me!' he quickly answered, much elated.

'O, ho!' said the clerk, 'you're dumb no longer; but in answering to your name, you must pass through the gate, so be pleased to walk back.'

'Yes,' said the Fifer as he was returning through the

gate, 'you have called but once, so I have two chances yet.'

'Right,' said the clerk, good humouredly, and repeated the name a second time, when the Fifer responded to it, so as to be heard beyond the prison limits, and stalked up to the office with the pride and bearing of a courtier after receiving additional favours from his prince.

After passing through the clerk's office, the roll was again for the fourth and last time called over, when each man in stepping out of the small gate, which opened to the highway, received a pair of shoes, but with as little regard to size, as to fit; to this he had to accommodate himself as best he could, or exchange with some one who likewise had a misfit.

The gate being low, none could pass out without stooping, and as I bent down for the purpose of diving through, in the exuberance of my joy at once more being free, I said, (rather louder, perhaps, than the circumstance required,) 'my parting respects to all behind'—'a clincher to your respects,' came from Parker, the turnkey, who was standing next to the gate, accompanied with a kick, drove home with a double-soled shoe, which sent me with a battering-ram gait and attitude, a couple of rods on my homeward journey. He naturally supposed by my stooping posture, that the respect was intended in derision; a mistake wiser men than he *might* have been led into. But I pray the permission of setting him aright, hoping in future he may take the will for the deed, and not the position for the meaning. As there was a barrier between us, we merely glanced looks of defiance, each knowing his side of the gate was the safer for the time being. I did not dare to show the least displeasure, lest I might be called back; and he feared to come out, as others had accounts of longer standing than mine, which would have claimed precedence. However, good came out of it; for the circumstance of any one being so 'low (altogether the fault of the gate) as to be kicked out of prison,' offered a

handle for jeering merriment, till I would any other had been the butt, at the risk of being taxed with a callous indifference at all such distinguished honours. I strongly suspect the indignity proffered and so freely given, by the turnkey, without a qualifying 'by y'r leave,' was premeditated, and for the following reasons; although I must confess it was partly deserved for not better calculating my distance before giving loose to my excited feelings, or for interlarding the phraseology with such peculiar gesticulations, that the dumb-headed fellow could not for the want of time properly appreciate my motive.

After the miscarriage of my attempt to get out of prison, the furniture of the mess fell to me, as the only legatee. Among the rest were a table and two benches, that the members had purchased from this same turnkey, at the moderate price of two pounds sterling, being at a reduction of five shillings from the previous sale, he had made to others that had long since gone out, the table again reverting to him. He once more had his eye upon this piece of furniture, intending to make up the loss of the last sale, by putting an additional ten shillings to the former amount, when offering it to the French prisoners, after our departure. This I set about counteracting, and when the fit was at its height of giving to our fellow-captives, I was over-officious in exhibiting my zeal, while breaking it up, and casting it over the wall in piece-meals, when I knew the eyes of this turnkey were watching me from under the military walk at the top of the yard.

Peradventure, by the rankling effect of his malevolence, he thought himself over-paid for the loss of the table, and the kick was given in return change;—granted; but the hurry of the moment, whilst footing up his accounts, did not sanction his adding objectionable items to the bottom, any more than stamping his mark thereon, and forcing it upon one's acceptance through the hands of a rough-shod agent, who, with unblushing effrontery, walks in and takes his seat, as though he was an invited guest, maugre the

backs turned against all such undue familiarity. Now that I have fully learned the value of a deal-board mess table, in all future transactions with this worthy knight of the thick-soled shoe, my determination is, to authorize a clerk to pay him in his own issues, with instructions to toe well the mark, or expect the same coin at his quarter pay day ; but if so fortunate as to be on the credit side of the ledger, I will appoint trustees to receive whatever may be my just dues, and should their commission charges cover the whole of the assets, they may rest assured of having their claim granted without a demurring clause.

The revenge the turnkey was welcome to, but the table should not again have fallen into his hands, for a score of kicks—no, not if I were forced to stay in prison, to keep good my possession. The table, that had so often resounded to the good cheer of such lively hearts! and three of whom were Nelson's own! to fall into such hands? tell it not in Gath!

Like all the preceding detachments, at the head of ours was displayed a raw-head-and-bloody-bone standard, emblematical of the massacre, with 'Shortland the murderer' in conspicuous capitals, flanked on each side by the stars and stripes. These colours had been smuggled into the prisons, by those who secured them after their capture, and had less trouble, or better luck, in concealing them, than the one who attempted to keep the brig's penants, when under the inquisitorial scrutiny of the Leander's serjeant, as noticed in the first volume. After cheering, we set out on our march.

Previous to leaving the prisons, I was determined to watch well the sun, to see when or if ever, it would come to the right place, a trivial circumstance to the reader, but far otherwise to the writer; for it had been a source of annoyance to me, ever since I had made the discovery, that the cardinal points were all wrong. When we had gained the angle of the road, a half mile from our starting place, and the last point from which I could see the

Depot, I ascended the bank, took a long last view of those sombre buildings, in which I had so strangely been an inmate, was running over in my mind, some of the many circumstances, which had occurred since I had been therein, as well as moralizing upon the probability of my never seeing them again, either as a captive or otherwise, and might have continued my musings till missing my companions' company to Plymouth, had not the guard, who had remained near by without my noticing it, put an end to my brown study, by saying we were alone, and must walk quickly to gain the detachment.

I tripped lightly on for some distance, when I suddenly thought of the sun, for the first time since I left the Depot; but now all was right—the sun was where it should be and where I was wont to see it, previous to my incarceration, where it had always risen at the place it should have set.

This change I was willing to believe was the beginning of the clearing up of those clouds of adversity, which had lowered so heavily upon my spirits, on entering the gates—hoping it a prognostic that the chain of sad events was broken, and that my future lot might be as bright as latterly it had been gloomy; yet, amid all my cause of rejoicings, with all my buoyancy of spirits, my mind could not revert to the night of my entrance into those prisons—to the pitiless storm, my debilitated state, the horror of mind, and the gloomy future, without a curdling chill creeping through my veins, which is yet easily remembered, with an involuntarily effort of the imagination to cling to other objects, that can be thrust off without a pang, and forgotten without an effort. Time may blunt the poignancy of scenes like these; but oblivion alone can erase them from the mind. I mentally exclaimed, 'never may those events be renewed, or I again encounter such trials, till the sun shall rise in the west and set in the east.'

The difference of my feelings, sentiments and health, now, compared to what they were, when last I travelled this route, was not greater than the face of the country, the balminess of the atmosphere, and the beauty of the day. Then, I was famished, wearied, dispirited, and on the way to a loathsome prison, teeming with contagious pestilence; now, I was lively, vigorous, robust, full of vivacity, going with an elastic step towards my much loved home. So with the face of nature; at that time, dreary winter enveloped all, making every thing look sad and drooping, naught was to be seen but the withering and hoary effects of winter; all else was shut out from beyond the immediate road-side, by the obscurity of the thickened atmosphere;—as little was to be heard, except the howling of the driving storm, whose drenching rains and murky mists were only equalled by its moaning blasts, adding despondency to dreariness, while all was over-shadowed by an indescribable gloom. But now a bright July sun was shining upon the luxuriant growth of vegetation, which had sprung up in profusion under its genial warmth, giving nature a softened and merry appearance, where then sadness only predominated. Undulating landscapes were to be seen in every direction, swelling in grandeur, till undefined by distance alone;—spread around were meadows, whose smooth surface and unvaried sameness, would have proved irksome to the sight, only for being crossed by luxuriant hedges, with a regularity of growth and nicety of trim, that showed the proprietor had other views besides that of gain, only;—here were hills clad with a growing verdure, giving nutriment to the many cattle grazing upon their slopes and summits;—fields teeming with abundance, maturing a rich return to the husbandman, who with his merry train, is busily gathering the yesterday's mown hay, while the youngsters have dropped their rakes, and are striving, at the risk of their wind, who shall outstrip the other, in being the first at the road-side, to see our motley and chequered

detachment passing ;—cottages, turrets, and spires peeping from amid shade trees, cheerily met the sight, at each turn of the road ;—from every rising hill thickly clustered villages, with variegated hues heightened to romantic beauty by the sun's sparkling rays, were scattered, one beyond the other far into the mazy distance ;—and, occasionally some antiquated mansion, with its time-deadened walls and dilapidated towers, proudly loomed in aristocratical coldness above the whole, till the distant blue rising cut the horizon, and shut out all beyond.

Even while passing the 'half way' stone-tavern, I thought the bar-room from the open window, looked as though some comfort was there ;—in the place of the grate being filled with ignited coals, emitting a darkened smoke with its noxious suffocating gas, were now flowers of every hue and variety, fantastically displayed, showing the taste of the hand that arranged them. The children were gamboling upon the green sward, instead of creeping about with a snail's pace, over the cold and damp flags of the room ; and the landlady's 'God protect ye, till ye get to yer 'appy 'omes,' was a far smoother greeting, than 'where's yer mounnee, lad ? let's see yer mounnee—ye canna come it, 'ithout yer mounnee.'

We did not tarry at this tavern, as when going up ; for we were too eager to push on to think of being tired with a walk of five miles, nor did we stop in our journey, till we came to the 'nine mile rock,' where the guard was changed.

Amongst the relief that were to take us to Plymouth, was my friend the corporal, who had battled so stoutly and successfully with the wagoner, that I should ride upon the baggage, over the hills leading to Dartmoor, in my gloomy journey thither the past winter. He was as much surprised at seeing me, as I was gratified in meeting with him.

We were pushing along by the side of each other in earnest conversation upon different topics, when I was

attracted by a voice near by, as in continuation of a subject.

‘I meant to be the first to help him out of his difficulties, as I was the first to help him to his high station; but he has slipped his cables and ran out, without thanking me for my kindness.’

‘You mean he has slipped from his ways, and bless me, if I should’nt liked to have seen the launch, for it must have been a clean run till he stuck in the mud against the opposite bank, without endangering his keel, for all was loblolly to the depth of his bends.’

I looked up, and for the first time discovered we were between the banks, upon which the countryman, with his donkey and cart, was so unceremoniously pushed and left on its steep declivity, as narrated in the last chapter of the first volume of this work.

The eminence we gained soon after meeting the relief guards, gave us the first view of the ocean; and never were cheers sent forth with more heartfelt joy, than those from the glad hearts of the three hundred voices which simultaneously gushed forth. The soldiers catching the contagious hilarity, joined the inspiring—

‘Hurrah! hurrah! for the bright blue sea,
Three cheers, my lads, for the ocean we see;

until the hills echoed to the joyous sound.

On reaching the tavern, we had liberty to halt for an hour, and I felt an inexpressible satisfaction, that I possessed the means, by the sale in part of my rations for the week past, to return the kindness shown me by the corporal, when the landlady would not receive the eagle half dollar, in exchange for her beer and ‘rasher of beekon.’

While seated in the porch of the hotel, or upon the green sward banks in the shade of the building and surrounding shrubbery, soldiers and prisoners mingled freely and indiscriminately together;—each member of

the many circles with his pot of beer, hard biscuit and cheese, purchased by those who had the means and freely shared with others who had nothing, all alike were gay and happy. The story teller of this squad is now in his element, reeling off some wonderful circumstance he has either seen or heard, now claiming the whole gallantry of the exploit to himself, to make it the more interesting to his hearers. Yon songster of the other circle is gruffly chaunting away with some narrative of by-gone days, all the more romantic by being ancient, out of date, improbable, and remote in location. The old stager is easily known from the novice, by his presenting himself where the pot is oftener replenished—bringing in play such insinuating hints, as to get the first handling of the newly filled noggin, never waiting for the second invitation, and leaving the duty to whom he passes it, a mere sinecure, by the small quantity remaining.

That veteran man-of-war's-man has engaged the attention of those lately recruited soldiers, as can plainly be seen, by the eagerness their gaping mouths and wide-stretched eyes are greedily watching the diagrams he is working in his open palm, to aid him in his meaning, while explaining the manœuvres of the fight that has immortalized him as a hero and a story-teller, by having taken part in the battle, and lauding his exploits ever since; at each narration happily recollecting some wonderful achievement before in oblivion, till by-and-by his tale will be worth recording, if hair-breadth escapes, incident upon incident, brag and swagger, are worth pen, ink, and paper. Now he is explaining the consternation of the French, when he boarded them over the larboard bow, and if their grimaces be but half as ugly as he represents them, they are an enemy to be feared, and their captors deserve all the praise this representative can bestow upon them, for their daring intrepidity and determined perseverance in forcing them to surrender. While his auditory are swallowing this hard fought battle, the speaker has

swallowed the last of the beer, and declares the foe are too stubborn to be beaten from their deck, unless the assailants are strengthened by fresh supplies of the needful. Rather than miss the capture of the Frenchman, his pot is again filled by his listeners, and now the enemy's utter annihilation is inevitable, as this is the third reinforcement he has had, to back him in the fight. This man, though American both in birth and in heart, is as tenacious of the honour of Old England's naval glory, when the French are encountered, as though on his zeal depended its reputation.

The tall hypochondriacal bilious visage, with the mutilated queue, has at last secured the attention of a small group, among whom is the sergeant; and to him is he detailing his unheard-of troubles; how he put to sea in his own freighted vessel, was captured, lost his property, went to prison, where he has remained more than two years, without ever seeing a well day, 'or ever shall again;' for his latter end is near at hand, and die he must, probably before night, if his words are to be believed; nay, he would have been mouldering in dust long since, if but a tithe of his predictions had been verified. Now he is launching into the atrocities of Shortland during the massacre, if one may form an opinion by his oft-repeated pointings to the black-bordered standard. Yes, now we are certain of his meaning, by his raising his hat, and showing how the ball grazed the back of his head, leaving three fingers' breadth of the skull bare, taking away the half of his well nursed and highly prized queue. Hear him detail how he was persuaded to walk in the yard, much against his wont and will; how his low state of health would not admit of his washing his face, trimming his chin, nor gartering his long stockings, much to the amusement of the youngsters, who let no opportunity pass, (greatly to the chagrin of the sloven,) of pointing at his slipped-down hose, and short-legged trousers, which left ten inches of his brawny unscrubbed legs to

keep the connexion good betwixt his clumsy beetling feet and his body corporate. How, when the firing commenced, he had wandered to unknown regions, full twenty rods from his domicil, without the possibility of ever reaching it again, on account of his increased debility, yet the occasion required an effort;—how the faster he ran, the more rapidly the soldiers fired, all aiming at him; he flew swifter than sped the balls in pursuit; but, in turning into the open door, a bullet from one on the wall done the murder, ‘took his brain clean out, deprived him of sense, motion, and life;’ yet, by the tremendous impetus his body had gained, together with the long pent-up locomotion of his limbs, which could not be stayed, he was enabled to reach his mess-place; here he raved, swore, yelled, forgot his sickness, which never after troubled him as before—‘knew he was a dead man;’—how he sat upright all night in his hammock, rocking his body to a moaning death-dirge; was too far gone to lie down, till persuaded by a wag, that his corpse could only be buried in a sitting posture, as disrespectful to the gods as it was unbecoming to himself, wife, and connexions; and how he could not be influenced to go to the hospital, lest, in dressing his wound, the ‘surgeon might deprive him of the rest of his queue.’ Had the wild beasts in the greatest menagerie in the times of the sports of the Roman emperors, been all stirred up at once, their bellying roar could not have been more terrific than was continually belching forth from the lungs of this ‘dead killed’ captain, of Portsmouth, when he came to his mess-place in prison No. 5, with strides ‘long and oft.’ Verily, we thought for the half hour after he was hurt, a concert from a horde of buffaloes was pealing forth, and that the bull of Bashan was its leader. This unusual bewailing in sounds unheard-of, was not at the pain or severity of the wound, but for the loss of his pig-tail queue, which he had most religiously sworn ‘should not be clipped till once more at his fire-side home, surrounded by his

wife and children.' It is to be presumed he is absolved from his oath, as this species of clipping never came into the calculation when he applied for the registering. Had he slackened his speed but a third of an inch, his brain would have been as unceremoniously dealt with, as was his favourite long hair. The hurt was deserved, for giving the writer so great a fright the first night of his entrance into the prisons, with his farthing candle.

There is that mischief-loving fellow, again at his old tricks of tormenting the soldiery. You see he has succeeded in making fast a bit of spun yarn to the skirts of yonder red-coat, who is sitting upon the top rail of the yard palings. If, when he leaps off, his coat is not transformed into a jacket, it is because John Peach has made a slip-noose instead of a hard knot; or that the coat is of material strong enough to hold the soldier dangling. This roguish chap has forgotten the rough handling he received during the firing on the sixth of April, for similar favours previously shown to the guards, and, may be, for his agency in picking the wall; for where mischief was going on, there this lad might ever be found, and always in his glory. In his endeavours to escape, he gains the rear door, finds it fast, lies snugly ensconced out of harm's way, till the coast is clear; now he jumps out, with the intention of gaining the open door, runs like a devil, forgetting his known yellow trousers displays so desirable a mark for those who have old scores to wipe off, receives a parting salute from those upon the wall, among whom is an adept at wing shooting, who pins him through the thick part of the thigh. Should he raise another such a whoop as when brought in and laid upon the mess table in No. 5 prison, the present guard would grasp their arms, hastily form into a square, in readiness to repel the expected onset of a Cossack horde, whose hurrah could not be more appalling than that bellowed forth from the bowels of this porpoise-shaped lad of Marblehead.

There too is the cheek-by-jowl companion of him of

the shot thigh, as merrily kicking up his heels as ever; but his activity is not to be compared to that displayed while the firing was going on at the massacre, as many can witness, who saw him start to reach the prisons with a deer-leap, while the soldier in his rear, anxious to help him on with his run, let him have the contents of his musket, eleven buck-shot, about midway between his head and heels, rearwards. It was difficult to say by the jump he made, the pressing both hands against the diseased parts, and suddenly turning himself into a spinning-top; whether he was desirous of displaying his agility before the crowd, anxious to hold in the grist, to force out the pain, or was striving to make up in his mind, if the lead was intended for ballast, that he could carry more sail on, or was lent to him as a propelling force; the latter conclusion he came to, after continuing his twirling motions forty seconds, at the rate of twenty turns to the second, till he had gathered wind enough to start ahead, when away he went, with a fleetness beyond the bullets that followed in his wake, without once removing his hands from the *seat* of pain, from first to last, regardless alike of the awkwardness of his gait, and the danger of outrunning all, except what he had clinched with such pertinacity of purpose.

I have never seen a party where such universal good will prevailed, as in this, during the resting of the detachment by the road-side, at the country inn, while on the way to Plymouth.

We required no persuasion to be again on our march; but we early found some of our red-coated companions had dipped too deep into the beer barrel, for them to keep that exact perpendicular, so much desired by a disciplinarian. So many were in this predicament, that many of the muskets were shouldered by those they were intended to guard; I myself carried one upwards of three miles, and then gave it up to a fellow-prisoner. Not one except the soldiers, were in the least intoxicated, although the whole party appeared to have as much beer, the only beverage purchased at the inn, as they wished. Some of

the older seamen turned away and scowled in very disgust upon those of weaker heads becoming merry upon beer. 'But wait,' as he was freely expressing his opinion of these muddling heads, 'if I don't show how a man can do it genteelly, then call me a soldier, and the quicker the enlisting papers are prepared the better, for I will enlist to hide my shame for being a lubber.'

Of the whole detachment, there were not twenty but who belonged to the New-England states, which accounts in part for the means that most possessed to purchase his pot of beer and other refreshments while on the march; and it likewise showed a trait of the yankee boys' early training; for whenever was known a lad in that section without his 'spending money' when the holiday arrived, be he ever so poor?

Before coming to the suburbs of Plymouth, the commander of the detachment, knowing his soldiers were not in trim to gain him especial credit, took a circuit of three miles around the city, greatly to the disappointment of those who wished to see its interior. We went through one portion of Plymouth, however, before reaching the landing; and we were uniformly greeted with kind words by the large crowds which were drawn together. Hands were extended for a friendly farewell shake, with the hope of meeting our wives, our mothers, our sweethearts, our sisters, and our friends, in health and happiness, with earnest prayers for gentle breezes and favourable gales to waft us speedily to them. Not a jeer of scorn was offered, nor a harsh expression used, to make us more sensible of our helpless and needy situations, notwithstanding the 'bloody-bone' standard was still flying at the head of the detachment.

This lengthening of the march, to those who had not been accustomed to walk far at a time for months or years, became tedious in the extreme, aggravated as it was by an intense hot sun and dusty roads; and on reaching the landing, the majority were ready to give out by fatigue and the soreness of their feet, the latter in part caused by

wearing the new shoes given to them in the morning, when starting from the Depot.

A sufficient number of boats were in readiness to convey the whole at once to the cartel, which lay about a mile and a half from the landing. When reaching the ship, we found our luggage had been sent on before us, and was waiting our arrival, in as good order as if it had been locked up and forwarded in the baggage-car of a railroad train.

Free permission was given us to go on shore; yet few availed themselves of the privilege, most preferring to remain on board and make ready their hammocks and mess places for the coming voyage. Notwithstanding my fear of being sent back, when first arriving at Plymouth, without an opportunity of saying afterwards, 'I have been on English soil,' I was now quite satisfied with what I had trodden, preferring to postpone my visit till I could make it in better trim. Besides, I felt unsafe in going ashore, lest the cartel might put to sea, forgetting I was a passenger, whose passage was paid in advance.

We lay amidst the larger vessels in port, and within half a cable's length of the Royal Sovereign. The night after we reached the cartel, a ball was given on board of this three-decker, and if her company and interior arrangements were as splendid, as her outward embellishments of illuminations and fireworks shone, it must have been a sight but seldom seen. No free admissions, nor general invitations to strangers, were sent out, else the reader should not now be left in the dark with regard to the whole proceedings of that grand fete; for were we not the most recent strangers arrived? ergo, the most distinguished, and should have ranked highest.

Our joys, like all others, were destined to meet with its alloy; for the vessel in which we were to cross the Atlantic, had been chartered and cleared for Charleston, S. C. On an examination, it was ascertained that but one of the two hundred and eighty on board, belonged to that

place, but four south of the Delaware, and less than twenty that came from elsewhere than New-England. Perhaps the cause of so few being on board, who hailed from the south, was owing to the following circumstance: soon after the confirmation of peace, a selection was made among the whole body of prisoners, of such as belonged to Charleston, S. C. and places contiguous thereto, (without respect to the time they had been incarcerated,) enough to fill a vessel that was chartered to go thither. In the selection, many were included, who, in registering, had given Charlestown, Mass. as their birth-place, and were thus released, without the authorities knowing that the two were not one and the same place.

In the dilemma we were in, by the ship going to a port so contrary to our wishes, a remonstrance was drawn up, and signed by all, against the cruelty of being landed at so great a distance from their homes, at a season of the year of all others the most sickly; and when Mr. Williams, the agent at Plymouth for captured Americans, came on board for the last time, a delegation was appointed to present the remonstrance to him in a respectful manner, but in tones that demanded a categorical answer. His reply was, '*the destination of the ship cannot now be altered;—you are the freight;—regulate this matter when you get into blue water.*'

CHAP. XV.

SAILING FOR THE UNITED STATES.

AT two o'clock, July sixth, the foretopsail was dropped, word passed to man the windlass, and never was an anchor at the bows, and a ship of three hundred and fifty tons quicker under way, than was the Henrietta, the one which

was to convey us across the Atlantic. Every man lent his aid—the more experienced laying aloft with an alacrity proportionate to the anxiety they felt to be on their homeward passage, and the time they had been kept from their favourite employment. The masts and yards were literally covered with living beings, making the duty of the ship's crew a perfect sinecure. We passed the many men-of-war in the harbour, in a proud style, and from them our cheers were returned, with a lively good will.

The vessel that was to be our home for a limited period, was an exceedingly old one, under Russian colours and command, the nominal captain being a Russ; while she belonged to a Scotchman, who was captain de facto, steward, cook, loblolly-boy, and ship's scavenger; for his stubby nose was poking everywhere, and was stuck into everything from the longboat to the cook's smoke-pipe: and wherever he went, his trail could be easily traced by the everlasting verjuice with which he slimed it with his crabbed sourness, from sources as inexhaustible as ever surcharged. Let the reader understand this is merely an introduction of the Scotchman to his notice, his other amiabilities will follow in their turn, as we proceed on the voyage. The first mate was a Hollander, as were most of the crew, with not a word of English, from those doing duty, from the mizzenmast to the fore-castle.

A few days after leaving port, the 'delegation' had an interview with the Scotchman, who, in terms shorter than his crabbed, angular words, said he was captain and owner, and should go where his charter called him. On seeing the list of names, which said, (judging from looks that were eager to acknowledge their signatures,) in terms as determined as his were crabbed, and not easily to be misunderstood, 'they would not be landed in Charleston,' he thought discretion the better part of valor, made a sacrilegious attempt to fashion his look to a smile, but failed, even after committing the sin, by the

features partaking of the acrimonious nature of the man, and refusing to yield, leaving a kankered gangrene where before was only crabbed sourness. He promised to let the delegates know his will in the course of the next day; but after a week's deliberation, his memory required prompting, when he consented and bargained to land the passengers either in New York or Norfolk, whichever way the wind should prove most favourable.

When about a week from port, soon after eight o'clock, A. M. a sail was discovered to the windward, directly astern of us, with indications of keeping in our track; yet so far away as not to be discernable below her top-gallantsails. As she proved a better sailer than our ship, it was not long before she rose, so that her general rig could be plainly seen with the glass. Her appearance gave much uneasiness to some on board, lest she should prove one of the many Algerine cruisers, which were known to be at sea at that time. With the difficulties then existing between the United States and the sovereignty of these free-booters, which were then at their height, one's chance of reaching home was less, than that of exchanging his captivity in an English prison, for perpetual slavery in Algerine work-shops—certainly, a not very pleasing circumstance, should the predictions of these croakers prove true, and we fall into their clutches.

As the stranger loomed up, so as to give all a chance of speculating upon her character, without waiting their turn at the glass, which had not been idle since the sail hove in sight, the men formed into knots and groups, many with evident fear upon their weather-worn countenances, as some with greater experience, pretended to point out the difference of *her* rig, from that of all civilized nations who had square-rigged men-of-war afloat. The fear or excitement gathered strength and stretched farther among the crowd, as the stranger let off a gun, that was shotted, when at three times the distance she could possibly expect to reach us.

'If that don't prove there are no christian gunners on board' said the one who had first alarmed the others by his early surmises, 'I know nothing of a man-of-war, and my eight year's cruisings in a line-of-battle ship has learnt me nothing.'

'Perhaps,' said one, who was yet skeptical as to her being a corsair, or wished to lessen his fears by argument, 'she wishes to speak us; and not liking to run farther out of her course, the gun was to bring us to.'

'Bring your granny's wash-tub to with a pop-gun, and board her in a clam-shell!—did you ever see a shotted gun let off from any thing of christian make for such a purpose?'

'I am not so sure it was shotted.'

'Nor have you sense to know, that the second skip-jack yonder, is a shot or a wad—parting the spray from the top of the waves, there away two miles astern of the mark they are aiming at. If that craft is not a corsair or a pirate, which is one and the same thing, my name is not Bob Saunders; and if we don't all go into slavery, my dream of last night has for the first time told me a lie, for they never spoke but truth before.'

Such conversations were carried on, while I thought the owner of the vessel would rather the strange sail had been elsewhere, than immediately to windward, and coming up too rapidly for him to be long out of danger, should the one in chase choose to plunge a shot towards him with malice.

As the stranger approached, the conversation subsided to almost total silence; nor was it resumed, till she rounded up to windward, put out a boat, well manned, with an officer in full uniform, who ascended the side ladder, nor till he gained the deck, did I recognize the feminine, loquacious lieutenant of the Pheasant sloop-of-war, the same in which myself and a part of my ship-mates had been transported to England. After stepping to the cabin and examining the ship's papers, the lieu-

tenant was crossing the deck to gain his boat, when I purposely put myself in his passage, and was recognized—complimented on my *improved* appearance, wished a safe passage, and in five minutes, both vessels were standing their different courses.

To me, the jibes of my shipmates were more abundant than pleasant; for among the inmates of Dartmoor, there was nothing more derogatory, than to say one was *improving* in person and looks—as much as to say, ‘you are now better here, than you have ever been before, both as to food, clothing, and good society; and when you depart, you must take a lower station.’

After the interview of the delegates with the Scotch owner, his conduct appeared to be suspicious, and latterly it had proved he was using treachery—that his intentions were still to make the port of Charleston, however contrary to the wishes and well-being of the passengers. Preparations were made to give him a Roland for an Oliver, by dividing the men into three watches, placing at the head of each, two of coolness, experience, and tried abilities, who had navigated vessels across the Atlantic, till they knew the track, almost as well without an observation, as with every day taking the sun;—each party to stand a watch on deck, in rotation, should circumstances require it. Every man on board came into the measure, except the one belonging to Charleston, he not caring where he should be landed, provided it was not attended with labour to himself.

As wily as the Scotchman proved himself, there were others who out-generated him; for whenever the reel was held, to ascertain her headway, enough were at hand (to relieve the duty of the ship’s crew) who always reported between decks her progress through the waters; and care was taken to change those, who ‘reported progress,’ sufficiently often to prevent suspicion. So when taking an observation, other eyes were upon the look-out, besides those in the pudding head of the pug-nosed Scotchman,

either peering over his shoulder, or belonging to one who had all at once fancied it cooler by swinging his body carelessly to and fro in the mizzen rigging, with a listlessness that would lull to rest all suspicion, had the eyes entered into the seeming sleepiness of the man; but their sharp, set-look towards the quadrant, as the sun was about dipping, at last betrayed their meaning, and a change of position was the consequence by both parties.

When this man of all works found out the aim of the others was to keep in view the track he was steering, he took such measures, as not to be overlooked in future by so meddlesome an encumbrance, as was his 'freight.' Thus affairs went on for nearly three weeks; while the one party was striving to find out the workings of the other, the second was labouring to baffle the aim of the first, without a word passing between the two upon this subject of dumb-show controversy, made up of inquisitorial anxiety and baffling contrariness. The last four or five days had been almost a constant calm, and the ship being a dull sailor, but little or no headway was made—alike tedious and discouraging.

The 'delegates' demanded an examination of the stores, as the commencement prognosticated a long passage. This was granted them, when they found not more water than would suffice for eight weeks from the time of departure, and as this had been freely dealt out, more than the half was already consumed since leaving port. To add farther to our anxieties for the future, the ship was without a particle of medicine—no provision whatever being made for the sick, should there be any taken down, before the passage was completed; and to make our situation still more painful, the owner was working his vessel to the southward, supposing, when the water became short, the passengers would consent for him to run into any port he could most easily make, which could be none other than a southern one, by the course he had been pursuing.

On the eighteenth day from port, a fair breeze sprung up at ten in the forenoon, when by orders of the owner, the studdensails were taken in, sent below, and put under lock and key; the topsails were close reefed, and the vessel again headed in a southern direction. This was more than flesh and blood could bear, and to restrain the men longer, from what had seemed inevitable for a week past, that of taking forcible possession of the ship, was beyond the control or wishes of those appointed to the future command.

While the men were forming into groups, with but few words, and these in low, sullen, indistinct meaning, in readiness to act at the first signal, the Scotchman and his 'adviser' came on deck to take the sun at twelve o'clock. Their calculation was overlooked by one in their rear, who reported, 'that at most, the vessel has not made more than five hundred miles of the passage, during the time she has been at sea, and at this rate she must be without fresh water, before she reaches the middle of the Atlantic.'

This decided the course which was to be adopted; the men required no second hint to be in readiness, as each had previously his station assigned him, with directions how and when to act. They had carelessly and leisurely fallen in, where shortly they were to be wanted, yet with so little arrangement or seeming regularity, as not to excite the least suspicion in the minds of either the ship's owner or his crew. Although the Scotchman must have known what would be attempted, yet his security lay, in supposing he should see demonstrations on foot, in season to frustrate the designs of his passengers.

At a wink, a little fellow, whose corporate person was compressed within the smallest possible dimensions, to be called man, but whose soul and nerve were sufficient to spiritualize a twain of larger proportions, (we sometimes encounter such, and unexpectedly find them hard customers,) stepped to the helm, and took it from the

Dutchman that was steering, who gave it up willingly, thinking the little man only wanted to exercise his hand, as he and others had often done before. The one that was to have the first command, took the speaking-trumpet from the side of the binnacle, and was carelessly examining its workmanship, while each was gathering to the sheets and braces, ready for the 'bout-ship!'

At the several flare-ups between the owner and his 'freight,' I was more pleased at the crosses of the one party, than grieved at the merriment of the other; so now, while these plans were maturing, I had the greater curiosity to see the first effect upon the irritable Scotchman, of his ship passing into other hands, than I felt a desire to lend my aid to the popular cause. He had taken his seat at the dinner table, directly over which was the glazed sky-light, removed, for the purpose of giving more air below, it being intensely hot. He likewise had thrown off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, for the better purpose of paying his devoirs to his Sunday dinner fare, of plum-pudding, Scotch broth, and other dainties, which, by his longing appetite breaking through his parsimonious habits, he had for once allowed himself the indulgence of a well-covered table. Thinks I, you will have sauce for your pudding of another seasoning, from that you are now sopping your dainty titbits in, before you are done, unless you hurry and come on deck; but I was cut short in my sage cogitations, as was the Scotchman in the anticipation of his luscious mouthful; for, after giving it three or four circular slides around the plate, to gather up a coating of the surplus gravy for the necessary easing, that it should not stick in its downward course, he had poised it for the gulp, when his arm was paralyzed by the trumpet's full-toned command on deck—'square the yards!'

The head of the Scotchman was thrown up with a spasmodic jerk, and remained as immovably fixed as a Bowie knife, after snapping into its unyielding socket—

exhibiting less forgiveness in his up-turned look, than the knife displays malice in its most reckless propensities; but whether his spectre gaze was directed at me, or the swinging compass hanging directly in a line between us, I did not exactly know at first, yet I concluded it must be me he wanted—was willing to interpret the eager look into an invitation for me to come below and take pot-luck with him, and had twice nodded assent to his generous heart and kind offer, in singling me out from the rest, my backward nature requiring a second invitation, before I could bring my timidity into harness, and step below, when he saw by the compass the vessel was falling off from her course, bounced up, as though an explosive bomb-shell had given him motive power, and rushed on deck, knife and fork in hand, the latter knobbed with the reeking pudding and the over-sop of gravy still adhering to it. As good fortune would have it, thanks to her gentle kindness, for my liquorish, longing appetite had prepared me for quite a different reception, he passed by, and made directly at that concentrated extract of lignum-vitæ tanned in hickory, at the helm, thinking to overwhelm him at the first onset, as well he might, when comparing the bulk of both, and the larger having the advantage of its propelling force in his favour; but had it been a stanchion of iron, framed into the deck, the Scotchman would have had no harder job to sweep it away, than had he, when encountering this man of might in pigmy form. The only word uttered by the little man to the dire wrenchings of the wrathful owner, whose utterance was entirely choked by passion, was, '*I am here!*' scarcely removing his eyes from the head sails in seeing how they drew the wind with his course of steering.

The Scotchman finding he could make nothing out of the helmsman, flew off, encountering a stern one to his right, when his speech suddenly came to him, and he exclaimed, with uplifted hands, (implements included)—

'You damned, hang-dog, piratical, cut-throat yankees,

(excuse the profanity, but it is history, decidedly, indisputable history I am writing,) I will have every one of you hung, the moment I arrive in port. Not one of you shall escape the gallows, if you do, may I be damned !'

The man to whom he directed his threatenings was the same, who so coolly put a stop to the descending rope's end, a few moments before the brig's capture, and now showed that his prison tour had not in the least lessened his firm, decided, and unexceptionable bearing, by his coolly looking this fire-ball in the face, till he had expended a part of his wrath, when he as deliberately replied to him, as though in continuation of an argument, by saying—

'If your escape from damnation depends upon our being hung, you are like to have a hotter berth of it hereafter, than your mad ravings afford you here.'

'You, in particular,' says Scotchy, 'I will mark, and have you first strung up; for, by your mutinous look, I believe you are at the head of this mischief.'

'Your vessel is in better hands, than it was a few moments ago; and if you will take advice from one who knows the disposition of those on board better than you can, you will accommodate yourself to the circumstances that have taken place in this ship, and not endanger your person by farther raising their hate. Had you not used deception in your first dealings with the men, and treachery in your after conduct, you might have taken your vessel to a convenient port, but now you must submit to be carried wherever we think proper.'

This was delivered with such a decided tone, in the presence of the hundreds on deck, who were so silent as to hear every sentence, that the man of wrath replied not, but made his exit into the cabin, carrying with him his knife and fork, with its appendage, (piece of pudding,) which had thus gained a short respite, from the yawning gulf intended for its sepulchre.

I was still standing over the sky-light feeling as little

satisfied at the course events had taken, (by the invitation to dinner not being fulfilled,) as I did anxiety to know the last end of the angular piece of pudding, which was like to become a matter of history, by having proved itself of a consistency but little less tough than the upright fixture at the helm, and adhering to the fork through buffetings both singular and direful, when the Scotchman took his seat at the table, that he had so suddenly left, gave the piece in question two or three extra slides around the plate, to gather another coating in the place of the one, which had dropped off during its flourish around the head-piece of the helmsman and after capers about the quarter-deck—with this single difference; in the first, he slid the mouthful leisurely around with the sun, whereas now it was pushed furiously against it—and it vanished! The cross-grained disposition of the owner, never allowing him to agree twice to the same thing, even should it emanate from himself, was the sole cause of this slight difference in the contrary movement while sopping up the gravy.

A facetious fellow, who stood close by the open skylight, purposely directing his conversation, so the Scotchman should hear all, sang out—

‘Bill Halloday, aint I a lucky dog not to be in the skipper’s steering track, for he would have rode me down like a sack.’

‘Why, if you go by length, you ought to hold your own as he did; for you see he carries the same back that he took from the cabin with him—his piece of duff.’

‘It’s the likes of him, to get all he can, and hold all he gets; yet, he got hold of Jim at the tiller, but let him go again, without Jim’s saying he had enough.’

‘That’s it, Seth; he grappled with one of those consistency gents, who takes a stand, and can’t be diverted from it, however good the grip of his opponent.’

‘His grip may be good, but he gripped a stubborn snag, when he meddled with Hop-o-me-thumb, at the tiller,

a chance more stiffish, than one of those fixtures labelled pillars of the church, who hav'nt a joint from neck to heel, except when tipping the contribution box to one's notice.'

'Yes, however small, he proved a mouthful too large for Scotchy.'

'Why didn't he take a slice, as he had his knife and fork in hand; then he'd had meat with his pudding.'

'Oh, the Scotchman wants no more meat of Jim's toughness, and will say, he'd sooner have the whole of a seven-pound pudding sticking in his throat, than that the others should have seen him tugging at Jim, without Jim's knowing it.'

'It's my belief, his wrath will blow up the ship.'

'Not till he gets the good of his dinner; and then, most likely, he'll cool off and say, it's all a joke.'

'Joke me into a warped gravestone, mumbling cold marble for tobacco, with gravity enough to sour a lady's laugh into barbed fish-hooks, but we're losing time while others are getting sail on.'

'Yes; and to keep you company, just fancy me a bleer-eyed toad, squatted upon your head, taking the sun through my fingers, bidding you hold still, else the sun will dodge ahead and make it dinner hour before grog is served out, or we get the light sails on the old barkey; so heave along—let's lend a hand while the breeze lasts—go it! ye whistlers, for a ten-knot breeze,' and the shrill blast he sent forth was only equalled by the display he made of flapping his feet with his hands, or the anxiety the former exhibited in meeting the latter more than half-way, in their flap-about, flail-like swingings, ending with a double shuffle, in which the head, neck, and every vertebra of the spine, came in for each its share, the whole continued till the yards were filled and the reef shook out of the foretopsail.

Application was made to the first mate for the keys, to obtain the studdensails from below. He intimated he

could not deliver them, but good-humouredly pointed where they might be found. In twenty minutes from the time the vessel was put before the wind, her masts were covered with canvass, she throwing up the spray from her bows, and heading homeward with a ten-knot breeze. From the first to the last, there was not a shout, hurrah, nor scarcely a loud word spoken, other than in joke, or what was required in issuing the necessary orders for the management of the ship. The vessel's own crew were well satisfied at having their duty performed by others; they now could lounge the decks with their meershams through the day, and take their nights' rest below, instead of standing watch as heretofore. The nominal captain, likewise, appeared more pleased at the vexation of his employer, than angered at having others attend to the duties of the ship, while his pay was still going on.

The owner's 'adviser' was urgent to retake the vessel from the 'mutinous rascals,' and place her under the guidance of her legitimate crew, even at the risk of bloodshed; and was otherwise extremely officious in denouncing the foregoing proceedings as 'mutinous, piratical,' &c. till he received an official notice, that his person was safe as long as it was confined to the cabin limits, but if it appeared on deck, it should have the benefit of a sea-bath, by a three-hours towing at the ship's stern. Thinking his carcass, when pickled, might be no more acceptable to the dainty maw of a shark, than while fresh it was agreeable to the passengers on board, he never showed himself on deck afterwards, nor did we hear any more of his 'advice' during the passage. This man had been a prisoner like ourselves, and was appointed, for his knowledge of accounts, to keep an entry of the provisions dealt out to the men, during their passage across the Atlantic; the office lifting him far out of sight of what he had been a week previous to the ship sailing.

The day after the vessel had changed hands, a brig was spoken, which gave the ship's place for the day pre-

vious, varying but little from what was made out by the one who overlooked the Scotchman's reckoning, and confirming those in charge of the vessel, in the correctness of their starting point, when they boldly kept on their course, with a full confidence in their abilities of crossing the Atlantic, notwithstanding they were deprived of every instrument requisite for the voyage, except the compass in the binnacle, and the owner would have taken that below, had there not always been enough on the quarter-deck to prevent its being meddled with. The glasses and every thing else which could assist those in command in guiding the ship to her destination, were taken into the cabin and secured. Each day the Scotchman took the sun, but in a way none could overlook him. In no instance was a question asked him on any subject, and to my knowledge not a word was exchanged between the owner and the passengers ever after, except on one particular occasion, during a heavy gale.

I found the small articles I had saved up while in prison, of incalculable benefit to me; although we had a sufficiency of meat and bread, yet we had no small stores given to us, nor any thing warm in the morning. I could now boil my tin pot of water, take my dish of tea, with a hard biscuit and a cold relish, from the remains of yesterday's meat, and make a breakfast fit for a nabob, which proved far more nourishing and palatable, than otherwise it would, but for my provident care in saving such odds and ends, as I was enabled to spare from my scanty earnings while in prison.

The man who hailed from Charleston, was the only one among the passengers, that did not stand his watch voluntarily. He refused coming into the measures adopted, of taking the vessel into the port most convenient to a majority on board, and was not asked to take his turn of doing duty. This the others cared nothing for, had he not continually kept up his taunting insolence at those, who had to turn out of their comfortable hammocks, and

go on deck to face the weather, while he could enjoy his night's rest unmolested. This annoyance he persisted in, notwithstanding his hammock strings were frequently found too brittle to hold his goodly person, as often breaking at the head as elsewhere. Not unfrequently in his pleasantest dreams, did he feel a slip-noose around his ankles, and find himself making the passage of the hatchway ladder, feet foremost, with no variation, only as he happened to be back or face downwards, to grate over the sharp steps of the ladder; a way of being helped up of extreme roughness, whether asleep or awake. But this cured him not, and served only to add anger to his insolence.

One day, after he had been indulging in his jeering and vituperation for some time, he was politely requested to step on deck, as there was a species of duty to be performed, belonging to none who had stood their regular watch. When he appeared, for he saw it was useless contending against such odds, as were arrayed against him, he found a slip-noose to a rope leading from the head of the top-gallantmast, prepared for him by the other members of his mess, and was asked whether he would ascend feet foremost, as he had often done up the hatchway, or standing, as he was. He modestly insinuated, that, so far from claiming distinction of being elevated above his messmates, he had rather still keep his lowly berth below, and looked as though he would any other should go up but himself, while he was casting about to see if any would offer as a substitute. But none coming forward to take his place, and being fond of variety, he chose to ascend head foremost; when the rope was made fast under his arms, and for the next half hour, he was dangling in the air, swinging to and fro, by the rolling of the vessel—now thrashing against the mast, then twirling like a plumb-bob, by the grazing his shoulder against the back-stay, in one of his passages through the air, till the rope was twisted to a kink; when, to undo what was

already over-done, the rope would set about disentangling itself, both from twists and kinks, till one might be led to suppose, it was keeping up its whirlings and twirlings, merely for the amusement of the crowd below ; or, that the lynched might have sung with propriety,

‘I turn about, I twist about,
Slambang, just so,
To ease you of your laugh and shout,
Down there below.’

The Carolinian was content to take his ease ever after, without reminding his messmates of their hard tasks of going on deck, to attend to the duties of the ship, in comparison to his swinging in his hammock ten hours upon a stretch.

During a forenoon’s calm, many enjoyed a swim by the side of the vessel, and were gamboling about in the water, to the number of fifty or sixty, some stretching to the distance of thirty rods or more, when a shark’s fin was seen about twenty paces off, at the other side of the vessel, lazily moving through the water, and slowly sidling towards the ship. It was the intention of those on deck, to have called in the bathers without frightening them, or letting them know one was within sight ; but some officious meddler sung out at the top of his voice, ‘shark ! shark ! look out for the shark !’ This was caught up by others on deck, and from them sent to the swimmers, when over the face of the waters was ‘shark ! shark !’ issued, as well by the bathers as those in the ship, till the air and the waters were filled, with ‘shark ! shark ! look out for the shark,’ accompanied with ‘rope, a rope ! throw us a rope !’ ‘lower the stern boat, for God’s sake lower the boat,’ till it was difficult to say which was the leading melody or which the accompaniment, the shouting of the men, or the splashings of the waters. In the mean while, some few of those bathing, made for the ship, but the greater proportion kicked and thrashed about, like a whale in his flury—cared not or knew not

which way they were going, so they did not go down the shark's gullet, and were making as little progress towards getting on board, as they showed indications of surveying the coast of Spitzbergen.

At last, they all gained the deck except two, who had been farthest from the vessel, and had become so weakened by fright and their hard swim, as to be unable to hold on to the ropes thrown them, or to the chains at the side, by the alternate rolling of the ship. As often as they caught hold, they were raised out of the water, till their weight was greater than their strength, when down they would go some feet under water, and have to gain the surface and try again, with again the like success. This they continued till becoming too weak to swim longer, when they must inevitably have sunk, had not those on deck, succeeded in slipping ropes over their bodies, and hoisting them in, more dead than alive. The shark, now the commotion had ceased, made his appearance on the side of the vessel where so lately the bathers had been, and looked much like others look when coming too late for dinner.

About ten days after the ship had changed masters, she was moving along under easy sail, with a gentle breeze, but with a heavy swell setting from a contrary direction to the wind, when she carried away her foretopmast, bringing down with it the maintop-gallantmast, and yards and rigging belonging to the two. This occurred just as the men were getting their dinner on deck; yet none were hurt, although the deck was covered with rigging, blocks, spars, and the broken topmasts. Under the direction of the brig's carpenter, (noticed in the fourth chapter of vol. 1,) who showed a handiness at any thing, with a willingness, if possible, beyond his skill, the repairs were quickly under way; and at four o'clock, she was again stemming along with nothing to show of the disaster she so lately met with. Every man voluntarily left his meal, to aid in refitting the broken spars, except those belonging to the ship, not one of whom touched a rope.

It was not yet determined, whether the ship should be run into New York or Boston, it depending much upon the weather, which port could be most easily made. Should we enter the former, I like many others, would be landed among strangers, without the means of securing the first night's lodging. To avoid the disagreeable necessity of being at large in a crowded city without shelter, I added straps to my clothes bag, made it into a convenient knapsack, and intended, the moment I touched the shore, to take up the line of march, in company with the Fifer, for our homes in Massachusetts, trusting to chance for support while on the road. The lighter articles of my clothing, I should have taken with me, while such as I could do without, I meant to give to those who were less fortunate than myself, in having a supply, or less fastidious with regard to what the seams contained besides stitches.

The ship had been under the command of the passengers, nineteen days, without speaking a vessel, or any knowing where they were, except by the dead reckoning that was kept; for the owner had secured all the quadrants belonging to the officers under his authority, and used his own with the precaution, that none should again surreptitiously get at his observations. Thus, those in command were left without any certainty of their track or place, except by soundings, to which we had come on the Banks, some two or three days previous, together with other indications only known to the experienced in navigation; but the conclusion was, that the land would be made the next day, or the one following at farthest. What were the Scotchman's views in keeping those who held command of his vessel, in ignorance, how far they had run, and whether off or on the right course, none knew, but all supposed he wished them to become bewildered, when they would give up to him, to guide the vessel aright, which would have been to his favourite southern port, if within an hour's sail of the one the passengers wished to enter, so bitter was he in being

thwarted by so 'hang-dog a set of ragged cut throats,' as he was often heard muttering to himself.

At twelve o'clock, the breeze freshened to a close-reefed topsail blow, and was followed, at six in the afternoon, by a gale of a severity, but few on board had ever witnessed. It increased with such furious rapidity, as to make it almost impossible to lessen sail, send the yards on deck, and house the top-gallantmasts, even with the united force of all hands. Without a rag of canvas set, the ship was driving furiously before the wind, which was favourable for her course, at the rate of ten miles per hour, causing no little fear, that she might strike before morning, should she be further on her passage, than the uncertain reckoning of her present commanders made her; or should the gale continue any length of time, the land inevitably must sooner or later bring her up, for none supposed she had strength to keep off a-lee shore, with even much less wind than was now whistling through her masts and rigging. Under these circumstances, it was thought best to lay her to, however hazardous the experiment, of bringing her up, in the trough of the sea, with such a gale as was blowing. It was decided upon, and she headed up with no other disaster than shipping a sea, which carried away every thing from the forecastle.

Often, in conversation, I have heard seamen observe, that they had been at sea, when the wind blew with such force as to prevent them breathing, when facing it. Here I had an opportunity of clearing up my doubts; for, with the mouth open, I found it impossible to breathe; nor with it closed, only with the greatest difficulty. I am confident, if a man had been confined, with his face to windward, he would have lived but a very few minutes.

The ship made such bad weather on the tack she was thrown, serious fears were entertained that each blast of the gale would capsize her; besides the sea, now risen to mountains in height, was constantly breaking over her

decks with an appalling fury and violence. So critical had the situation of the vessel become, that the Scotchman was alarmed, came on deck, and condescended to open his mouth for the first time, since he had been deprived of the command of his ship, by saying, she never could live on the tack she was then lying, but would, no doubt, ride out the gale, on the other, with safety, if she could again be put before the wind, and afterwards laid to, with her larboard side to windward. I had less experience in these movements, than I possessed curiosity to watch what was passing around me, and I soon learned enough, from the expostulations of some, and the countenances of others, that the experiment was perilous in the extreme, with so ricketty a sea-boat as the one we were in, had proved herself.

It was decided that all should be sent below, except barely a sufficient number to work the ship—not more than ten or twelve, besides those who had the command, and these from the best on board. The Scotchman now freely volunteered to assist. Stripped to his shirt and trousers, with countenance as pale and ghastly as though his doom was already fixed to a certainty, he called his favourite first mate to the tiller, and, regardless of the spray that was flying far over the ship, went to work with a good will, as though he was anxious to divest himself of the contrariness, with which he had been inflated for the last three weeks, and gain favour in the eyes of those with whom he had been angered. Under the lee of the long-boat were a number at their prayers, who could not be prevailed on to go below, till they were laid hold of by force, and thrust through the hatchway. Among those at their devotions, I recognized some of the most vile and wicked in the ship, whose piety lasted as long as did the gale.

I was determined to remain on deck, for, if I must go, I wished to know and see the moment when; and skulked about for some time, to avoid being seen in the

dusk, which the murkiness of the storm, more than the hour of twilight, had brought on; but I was compelled to follow the others, and submit to have the hatches battened down upon us. The deck below was pitchy dark, with nearly three hundred souls thereon, some in their hammocks, whilst others were upon their knees, crying and praying for relief and mercy from the pending destruction now threatening them on every side. Just as I went down, the ten-gallon keg, containing the two days' water for the mess, broke loose from its lashings, and flew from side to side of the vessel, with fearful rapidity, as she rolled with the violence of the sea. Not wishing to be deprived of fresh water for the two following days, should we weather the gale, I set about securing it, and called to some of the other members of the mess for their assistance; but none would lend their aid, one saying all will have too much water before fresh can again be served out; another wondered at my thinking of the keg, when probably the next minute would be the last that any on board should breathe; a third commiserated me at my ill success, in not making it fast, and hoped I should have better luck next time. After getting the lashing, I sat with my back to a stanchion, amidships, in the track of the keg across the decks, and kept shifting from side to side as I heard it coming towards me, still keeping the upright post between me and the keg, to break the force of its fall, till it struck the stanchion, when I laid hold and secured it. Had it gone against one of those who were on deck, fresh water nor his prayers would have done him farther good, for it must have knocked the breath out of him, as quick as a shot would have done it from the mouth of a cannon.

I had just secured the keg, and thrown myself into my hammock, when the vessel was put about. A sea struck her full in the broadside, swept her deck, and nearly knocked her over. As she partly righted, and settled

into the trough of the receding waves, with the water gurgling and fizzing through the seams and cracks of the yielding planks, none thought but she was sinking. The shriek that arose from the three hundred between these decks, is beyond the power of man to describe, and too terrific for memory to retain. Her next rising and plunging forwards, with a buoyancy beyond what she had shown on the other tack, relieved the minds of those confined below—that the critical moment had passed, that the necessary manœuvre for her safety was accomplished, and that she was riding upon the upheaving billows with her best broadside to windward.

I lay running over in my mind many circumstances of the past, with coolness rather than indifference to my fate or what must follow—not that I had more courage than those around me, who were bewailing their end in audible moans for help; for I have sometime said, to self only, that I have less of what makes a man a hero or a highwayman, than I wish the world to know; and some few circumstances have occurred, of too private a nature to be divulged to the reader, as much as I respect him, to turn my former doubtings into the certainty, that the first person singular of this narrative, where no advantage is to be gained, would rather shun than court danger, if positive no eyes are on him; still he may be mistaken—promising whenever he is thoroughly convinced of the contrary, the public shall know it.

As I was saying, my coolness did not arise from any superiority of courage I possessed over my comrades, but that I had been long enough associating with those of superstitious fears, who look to signs, and omens, and dreams, to carry them to the haven of safety, or wreck them upon the quicksands of fate, for me to imbibe some little of their propensities; and the confident feeling with which I was inspired upon the height a little way from Dartmoor, by the bright sun coming into its wonted track, was not yet extinct. I did not *feel* that all was to end

here—that all my buoyant hopes, thus long fostered, were to be crushed at a moment.

My indifference was sufficient for me to collect my ideas, and get them into a regular train of reasoning for a brief spell, but they were soon wandering hither and thither, (for who can direct his thoughts if set with ever so good a determination, without their involuntarily flying off to other objects not originally intended?) in strange fantasies, as foreign to my first intentions as light is from darkness; and they might have gone off into regions unknown, had they not been brought up by the starboard watch being called at eight o'clock next morning, when I found I had fallen asleep amid the roar of the elements, and had not awakened again till the duty of the watch called me to the deck.

The force of the gale had been spent by twelve o'clock, and the ship lying at comparative ease, it was thought best by those in command, not to call the watch to make sail, till daylight should give them an opportunity of seeing about them. But at daylight they were as much bewildered by the fog, as they were lost during the night by the darkness, for one could not discern an object the length of the vessel. This, together with the uncertainty of knowing where they were, prompted them to lay-to, till the fog became less dense, allowing them to run without the shore bringing them up too unexpectedly.

At ten o'clock, the fog cleared away sufficiently for us to descry a schooner to the leeward, that we soon after spoke, by bearing down towards her. She informed us that she had left Marblehead but three days previous, had suffered in the gale of the last night, and that Cape Ann bore so and so, about one hundred and thirty miles distant. The only question put to the schooner after this, was, whether they wanted assistance? 'None—we can manage by ourselves,' had scarcely ceased vibrating over the water, before we were filling away, and crowding on every stitch of canvas which could be spread to catch

the wind, now favourable for our course, with a certainty, should it thus continue during the day and following night, of the ship going into the harbour of Boston.

A consultation was held by those who had the command, and who had so far guided the ship in safety, maugre the owner's rigid contrariness, to compare their reckoning with the information just received from the schooner, and if possible to discover where the difference existed, or when the error occurred, that they should be thus far ahead with their reckoning, from where the schooner said they were. The quarter-deck was covered with chalk charts, and the track of the ship minutely traced from the time she had been under their command, but none could discover when the error was made, although much controversial disquisition ensued to enable one party to fasten the blame upon the other, who in turn, threw it back from whence it came, with the additional weight of an angry frown, to give it a settling point. However, the error existed much to their chagrin, and they resolved to rely upon the information derived from the schooner, and proceed accordingly to gain the port of Boston with the least possible delay, while the breeze was favourable.

Our veteran commanders showed a stormy aspect, that they should thus miss their reckoning. One began strongly to ape the owner in his sourness, when some wag had the hardihood, after well calculating his distance, to tell him he must have taken a pull at the Scotchman's ginger temper, else he would not look so glum. 'The Scotchman, pshaw!' replied the one spoken to, with determined scorn, 'had he met with a mishap of this kind, his contrariness would be excusable.' Another, whose grey hairs were never more to see the sunny side of three score years, declared he would not venture to scull a boat out of a dock, unless it had a tow line made fast to the wharf, so that he might warp back when getting bewildered. He came to the conclusion, he would bind himself to the first master that offered to again learn navigation, if he

never ran farther than from Lynn Beach to Cape Ann, with a flat bottomed punt, freighted with clams.

Our spirits were highly exhilarated at the promise of getting in on the morrow—the crew to see their friends, and the Scotchman to see the hanging, to which we were all doomed without a pardoning clause. Most of the day was spent by the men, in rummaging through their wardrobes, before they could fully satisfy themselves, what was the most becoming dress in which to make their appearance on shore, partly by the fastidiousness of their taste by foreign travel, but mostly from the fashions having changed since the majority of them were last there. However, all had not either of these to weigh upon their thoughts, for a change of what they stood in, was not among their most distant imaginings.

The Fifer, by his heedlessness, had become almost naked, but was more proud and lofty in his rags, than at the commencement of his cruise, eight months previous; 'for,' said he, 'I left home like a fool, without sense enough to know its value; but now I return with the conviction that there are worse places.' Others were on board, who could have cordially subscribed to the Fifer's sentiments, had they his open-hearted honesty to avow it.

That he should not go ashore unbefitting the company he kept, another and myself sat upon the deck, and made from the striped ticking of his hammock bed, a pair of trousers with a tolerable fit, considering the material, tools, and our former experience at tailoring. Our shears was a jackknife, our needle of the three cornered kind, and we were indebted to the ravellings from an old piece of canvas for the thread, dipped in the tar bucket for the want of wax, to lay the ruffled fibres of its slack twist;—the buttons were but few, yet their scantiness was amply compensated by the variety of size, colour, and manufacture—being twist, mettle, bone, leather, and when these failed, a knotted rope yarn was substituted.

CHAP. XVI.

ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

WHEN the watch was called, at eight o'clock, on the thirteenth of August, I went on deck, and was standing aft, listlessly gazing about, but could scarcely see the ship's length, on account of the fog which prevailed. Soon after, as it began to lift at intervals, I was certain I saw a dark object ahead, and called the attention of the officer to it, who had the deck at the time, saying if it was a vessel we should shortly be aboard of her. He gazed attentively for some moments, without replying to my remarks, but could make out nothing through the dense fog; when suddenly it raised from the water, and 'land O!' was shouted by the one in command—'land O!' was sung out by those on deck—'land O!' was hailed by those aloft—'land O!' was answered by the many on the berth deck, and 'land O!' was reverberating throughout the ship, with all the force that ecstatic joy could bring to the aid of the glad hearts that were bellowing it forth.

When the fog had cleared up, after the ship was put about, it was seen that we had been heading directly on to the beach off Cape Cod, with all sail set, by the false information received from the schooner the day previous, who, in all likelihoods, had drifted further from her track, than she was aware, during the buffetings of the gale throughout the night.

Now, those in command discovered that they were correct in their working, and would have gained the port without difficulty, only for the false information obtained from the schooner; thus firmly establishing themselves in the opinion of the numerous crew, the best navigators upon the globe; one of whom declared, that Captain Heminway could take the ship to the White Mountains, gather a freight of cool air, and return in a given time with

his eyes shut, as easy as he could twist an inch of pigtail from his tobacco box. The declaration of the speaker did not endanger his veracity, for the box was minus the pigtail, which he was vainly endeavouring to discover in some corner not before explored. Even the Scotchman's respects were raised in behalf of these veterans, whose knowledge in navigation was far beyond his expectations. At first he vouchsafed a congratulating smile, at their acknowledged abilities, but his parsimonious features refused co-operating with the first inklings of his heart. The puckered lips and contracted nostrils first showed a stubborn determination to hold back, then the eyes snapped their dislike at all such unnatural intentions of giving way, followed by the uncovered teeth grinning a chattering menace at this only symptom of weakness, when all was shrouded under the grim sourness of his nature.

To gain an offing, we stretched out till twelve o'clock, when the ship was becalmed. Now and then a coyish breeze would tantalize us with the prospect of reaching the port of our destination before sunset; when again it would die away, leaving us floating about with the current, like the inanimate sea-weed upon its surface, whichever way it was setting, making every hour to our feverish anxieties, appear longer than days had before coming in sight of land. By the greatest exertions, in improving every puff of wind, we managed to get within a few miles of the light-house, by twelve at night, when, with the tide setting against us, we were reluctantly forced to anchor, and remain till it should change, or the wind prove more favourable.

A good portion of the day was spent in busily scrubbing, cleansing, and fumigating the ship, so that there should be no cause for her detention at the quarantine ground. When the doctor came on board, I thought he displayed more shyness to come in contact with the tatterdemalion crew, than he felt desirous of thoroughly examining between decks, and exhibited as much haste in

signing a clean bill of health, as we displayed anxiety at the fear of being delayed.

At sunrise a pilot came on board, as did Blake of ship-news notoriety. In the same building with the latter, I had been a fellow apprentice; yet such was my diffidence, I let him pass off without an inquiry as to the welfare of my friends, he recognizing in the rough exteriors about the ship's deck, none whom he expected to see. Mayhap, he that once was so forward in showing his propensities for a nautical life, had not now the same inclination for displaying his tarry jacket, or the eagerness for others to know he was afloat, that was manifested eight months previous, when he knew not the degradations he was destined to go through, before his eyes, like the Fifer's, were opened by a sad, dear-bought adversity.

The owner, with the captain, first mate, and the 'adviser,' early left the ship, with the necessary documents, affidavits, etc., to enter his complaint to the proper authorities, and have us forthwith secured by the revenue cutter, while at our anchorage. This caused us as little uneasiness, as though the boat had departed for the purpose of bringing at its return, fresh provisions for the cabin table.

The pilot informed us, there were then lying in the harbour, five cartels whose passengers had changed their original destinations, and had brought the vessels where the majority desired. I have since seen published, that out of the whole number of cartels (nineteen in all) chartered to convey the liberated prisoners to their homes, after peace was declared, only three reached the place to which they were bound, till after landing the men at a port they had previously entered. In some few instances, those in management of the cartels consented and willingly landed the passengers where the majority desired; but far the greater portion were taken possession of, as was ours, by the men, without the consent of their commanders. Whether any had Scotch owners to deal with,

I have never learned, but some met with a sturdy opposition to their wishes, I know, whose owners carried their contrariness farther, if not with the same vituperation, than did ours. At the time we arrived, there was one then lying in the stream, whose captain, a Spaniard, resolutely refused to go on board, or take charge of his vessel, till reparation was made, and he had already persevered with his stubbornness three weeks, with a prospect of holding out still longer.

The reason that so many of the cartels were chartered in England, to go south, was this: so much per head was allowed by our government, to transport the prisoners to their homes, and as many vessels were sailing from Great Britain in ballast to southern ports, for return cargoes of cotton, they more readily took the prisoners at a lower price, to such places as their interests led them, than they would have taken them to a northern port, where freight was not to be had. For this was it, probably, that we were kept in prison months after the peace, such vessels not offering every day. Who were the gainers by these saving operations?

It has since been ascertained, that when the Scotchman applied to the marshal of the district, and made his case known, with his wishes and demands, he was told 'it was an unforeseen accident,' and one over which the marshal had no control; and, beyond being paid for the damage sustained, by the carrying away of the vessel's topmast and spars, (as related in the last chapter,) the owner could get no redress.

Of the two hundred and eighty, who were returning to their country and their homes, not one in ten had the immediate assistance his necessities required, as soon as landed, either in a pecuniary way, or through the agency of relations on whom he had claims; and yet all were alike impatient to get on shore, trusting to chance for help, with no definite idea from whence it was to come. Some, who had been impressed into the British service, and had

not seen the port they were about entering for the half portion of the natural life of man, were speculating upon returning to their old haunts, or sailor boarding-houses, and congratulating themselves upon the reception they should meet, feeling confident their former landlords would receive them, provide for their wants, and wait to be reimbursed from the month's advance, after entering for a voyage, when finding a vessel to their liking, without a supposition that time, in all probability, had swept off those favourite landlords, or had entirely obliterated the weather-changed seamen themselves from their knowledge.

Others, who had not seen or heard of their parents or relations since their boyhood, expected to find them as they were left; when, more probably, after a month's search, some of necessity would be obliged to depart again to sea, without receiving the least information of those their hearts had long cherished the thoughts of meeting, the hope of which had lessened their toils, eased their difficulties, and made light their burdens; or perhaps, they could not know whether their friends were living or dead. This is no fancy sketching, merely to round a paragraph, but one of sad and gloomy reality; for who could leave a numerous family, return at the end of a quarter of a century, and find scarcely a portion alive, or residents at their former domicils.

In New York a soup-house was established for such as came from the different cartels in destitute situations, where they were provided for till finding employment, greatly to the relief of many, who otherwise would, to a certainty, have been in a deplorable condition. The United States' marshal at Boston, was authorized by the government to give to each prisoner returned in the cartels, one dollar, if called for in person. But this was known but to few, till they had been some time on shore, and their first and more urgent wants were relieved from other sources.

The majority, or, more likely, nine-tenths of those on board of our cartel, were seafaring men, who knew no other calling, and were per force compelled to go to sea again, notwithstanding many of them disliked the calling.

Of the green hands, or those who were on their first trial of a sea life, few intended to risk themselves at a business, that had so sadly disappointed them in their expectations, and in which they had been so roughly handled, by the circumstances that had transpired. Perhaps I cannot better acquaint the reader with the determination of some of those whom he has thus far followed in the Cruise, than to place him where I was standing a little outside the circle of a dozen or more, who were lounging on deck, anxiously waiting for a breeze with the change of tide, to carry the ship to the port of which they were within sight. The conversation which first attracted my attention, was principally confined to the all-engrossing subject—shall we run in to-night? when an old stager began bantering one in his front about the probability of his trying the sea again, after the buffetings he had endured. Before an answer was elicited, the Fifer, a never-failing subject for ridicule, and more particularly so now, from the singularity of his dress, came within the gaze of the speaker, diverting the raillery from the one, and drew it upon himself.

‘Well, Fife, since your rig and cut are so like a sailor, I suppose you never mean to mess again on land;—have you christened your suit with an oath, ‘to stay ashore no more?’’

‘When I take an oath, it is for some purpose,’ returned the Fifer, evidently displeased with the freedom taken with his new suit, just donned.

‘You must be either proud of your new dress, or eager to drop old acquaintances, by showing sulkiness when no offence is meant.’

‘Oh,’ said another, ‘he begins to snuff the land breeze, which he hates as he did the sea breeze, when he first displayed his long-togs on board the brig before sailing.’

'I feel as proud in this dress, by knowing I am going to the shore, as I felt mean in my former suit, when finding out the dunce I had made of myself by going to sea, and sooner than go again, I would wear the undressed hide of a jackass the rest of my days, and consent to live on thistles alone, with the satisfaction of knowing I had fared worse.'

'Hurrah, for the Fife! he's a rum one—his cruise has done him good—formerly he whined, now he brays.'

'And Nimble Billy looks all the brighter by seeing land ahead—hey, my old cock?—d'ye think your daddy will know ye, after your travels and improvements abroad?'

'If he does'nt, I shall be sorry, and—

'Be content to take the head of the trough in his pigsty, till you feed enough to fatten up to high water mark, when the old fellow, in driving his porkers to market, will see a stray one amongst them, and may-hap will inquire where you're from.'

Billy said nothing; all took it for granted, however, he was cogitating upon its probability, having met with stranger circumstances since he left his home. The certainty of his never going to sea again was made manifest, by his being overheard to say, to one in his confidence, 'I will never risk myself where I can't get a chaw-tobacco for love nor money, (money he had none—love for the weed in abundance,) and as for getting such heaps of prize money, why, it's not what its crack'd up to be.'

'And the Loafer has lost nothing by his trip, which is more than the steward can say of the ship's stores. Where do you put up, man? for you and I must take different tacks when we look for lodgings.'

'I see nothing to complain of here; and if they want another hand, I will stay where I am;—if no chance offers here, I will try another vessel, for the late fare is not so bad after all.'

'Have you no friends on shore you wish to see?' said one in sober earnestness?'

'Yes; but then I am not so sure they want to see me—ye-uk, ye-uk, yuk, ya, ya,' and he sidled out of the ring.

The coachman was questioned as to his intended future occupation; but he gave no answer that could be construed into a negative, that he should not again go upon the water, so cautious was he of ever uttering a denial. His auditory never would have known his intention, only that a week afterwards he might be seen at his former stand, and at his usual occupation, with nothing in his appearance to prove he had been absent a day.

The steward was well content to make the most of his home business, without again seeking foreign service.

The widow's son (not noticed since at the rendezvous) was likewise satisfied to copy the bills for his mother; and had so far improved as to collect the amounts for *her* use, when he was lost sight of by the writer.

Our carpenter too was more than content to stick to his former business; thinking, no doubt, his wild oats were pretty well scattered, and it was time for him to 'go sailing no more.'

Our 'nice young man,' of mast-heading notoriety, did not stay ashore long enough to renew his wardrobe, but was off—whither, no one knew, which strengthened the opinion, that certain defalcations had not been cancelled by foreign travel.

But few of our green hands ever went to sea again; or, if they did, they must have wonderfully changed their minds subsequently to the writer losing sight of them. Yet, probably, had the cruise of the brig been continued, if at all fortunate, and they made acquainted with the duties on ship-board, so as to go through them with ease and alacrity, the greater portion would have continued to follow the sea from choice. But by being captured thus early, before sea-sickness was worn off, and afterwards thrown into a loathsome prison, seeing nothing but the very roughest side of 'sailor's fare and seaman's duty,' it cooled their notions of the romantic, and made them con-

tent to take the world as formerly, however scurvily they may have supposed they ever had been treated by their fathers, their mothers, their masters, their guardians, or their sweethearts. None of these, who have lived to after life, and have made the least improvement upon the reflections their prison discipline taught them, but will say, '*to me every month's absence has been worth years of former schoolings;*' for from their hardships they could not swerve, by plying the tender feelings and willing ears of mothers with their troubles, and pleading a dislike to their task; nor by playing truant for a month at a time, and afterwards trusting to chance for an excuse to parents or guardians.

A breeze sprang up soon after six in the morning, but so directly ahead, that it was thought impracticable getting up the anchor and trying to gain the inner harbour. We remained quietly swinging to our cables till about two o'clock, when an attempt was made to beat up through the Narrows, and again anchor in President's Roads, till the next tide should help us to work in, although it necessarily must be after nightfall. Whilst beating up, the wind so far varied as to enable the ship to lay her course.

As soon as it was known that we should run in before dark, and now *no mistake*, I unripped my canvas-covered suit, which had not seen the light since my 'first week in prison,' when I gave it a double covering and hermetically sealed it for purposes therein laid down, and I stood in the same dress in which I had commenced my career of a sea life, without its being in the least soiled.

It was my wish that the Fifer should remain with me, till he could hear from his friends; but he refused tarrying with any, saying, naked as he stood he would see his home, should he have to beg his bread while journeying thither, if for nothing else than in humility for leaving it in a freak of disappointment and anger. He had learned to speak of his home, and those composing it, in different tones than when first introduced to the reader; and often

said he had learned more of mankind during the last eight months, and studied farther into human nature than during the whole of his former life; and had seen more changes from bad to worse, without a jot of good from first to last, than he supposed existed previous to his departure.

Such clothes as he had, the Fifer put on while at the anchorage. These were clean, free from any living witness of his incarceration and passage home, (the chief desideratum in trigg'ing up,) and the only good quality that can be told in their praise. The trousers which we had prepared (I will not say made) for his 'go-ashores,' for lack of material, were short at both ends, the waistbands barely reaching the hips, while their legs displayed ankles that a wrestler would be proud to own. His cap was the leg of a stocking, without ornaments of any kind; the shirt of blue and white striped cotton, of as scant a pattern as were the trousers, if their open collar and wristbands were any proof, that originally they were intended for a much smaller man.

He had suffered his whiskers to meet at the chin, and their luxuriant growth showed their cultivation had been attended to. With his tall and erect form, his now swarthy countenance, he would easily be mistaken for a Greek, the short unbuttoned waistcoat helping out with the costume. But here we must stop, if we wish the comparison to remain; for below was neither Greek, Hottentot, nor Indian represented; not that I wish to cast ridicule upon my first essay at tailoring, but am the more willing to throw all deficiencies upon the material, out of which the garment was fashioned; for verily the best was made of it. The lusty proportions of the Fifer proving larger than was anticipated, were in part the cause of the misfit; yet, upon second thought, if any disgrace be cast upon the makers, it was deserved, for working without a measure. The greatest fear was, that the wearer, in a fit of absence, might forget that the stitches were of ravellings, (second-hand at that,) and

in some of his sudden stoopings, put a greater strain upon them than they could bear, without a chance of remedying the disaster by coat-tail screenings or change of raiment, and afterwards lay it to the workmanship. However, we feared not the garment being thrown upon our hands; for, as poor an apology as it proved, he had neither means nor time to remedy the evil, before the ship came to anchor off the end of Long Wharf.

That we should enter the harbour and come to our anchorage in a style commensurate to the profession we followed, the yards were manned, fully manned, and doubly manned, by every one who could clamber up and get a foothold upon them, and who felt anxious to display his joy at again reaching the land of his nativity, with a hearty huzza, to be returned by the surrounding shipping and boats, as well as by the dense crowd upon the wharf, till the welkin should ring with joyous notes of gladness.

Just as the ship hauled taught upon her cable, and the first round of huzzas was pealing forth, with hats circling through the air, a fellow wishing to manifest his joy above all others, let go the lift of the mainyard, toppling one end high in the air, while the other took a corresponding dip towards the water, suddenly cutting short the enlivening huzza, by those on the yard, finding enough employment in securing their holds, without the further swinging their hats, bringing the response over the water from the shipping, the boats, and the crowd, to the half-uttered cheer, in a broad horse-laugh, at the awkward imitation and failure of manning the yards in man-of-war style.

The first boat that touched the ship's side was rowed by two men, one of whom inquired for some person that he named, and was quickly answered by another standing in the ship's gangway, with 'yes, and here is his luggage;' throwing at the same time his and his mess-mate's bags into the boat, half a dozen others imitating

his example, and then all following themselves, till the boat was loaded down with men and baggage. None, however, answering the description of the friend of the boatmen, he was not backward in making known his displeasure at the unceremonious manner the others had taken possession of his boat. 'You asked for your friend,' said one, 'we are his suite. He will follow in the next boat, provided it be a better looking one than this hog-trough punt;' and before the explanation was made out, the boat was nearing the wharf under the sturdy hands that had seized the oars, when first jumping from the vessel's side.

Notwithstanding the forcible manner the one above had been filled, others came up and were as quickly occupied, some in the same unceremonious way, but mostly by invitations of their owners, who seemed eager in being first to proffer the men a passage to the wharf. So numerous were the boats that came off, either for curiosity or to see their friends, that a conveyance was afforded for all from the ship to the wharf, none remaining in the vessel fifteen minutes after she cast anchor, of the two hundred and eighty that came passengers, except the invalids, who were to be sent to the hospital.

As I did not leave among the first nor the last, I was ushered to the steps of the same wharf from which I had taken the boat to join the brig eight months previous, amidst the throng that was pressing forward in every direction, to gain the shore, or to see in the many faces of the crowd, if there were any who could be recognized of either relatives or friends.

When landing, I reiterated my desire of having the Fifer stay with me till he could rig up, or fit himself out with a more becoming suit; but he again thanked me for the offer, now as heretofore hoped we should meet in better circumstances, and peremptorily declined.

'No,' said he, 'my appearance shall disgrace no one, but those I have claims upon;—as I am, I will return to

my home; nor will I change this suit, till I offer myself to her, who, together with my own folly, has been the cause of all my troubles. If she reject me, I will let her see, I now can meet it like a man, as before I should have done.'

When he saw I was resolute in sticking by his side, he suddenly stopped, (drawing himself with that peculiar manly grace naturally his,) and confronted me, saying in tones of decision beyond his wont:

'If you take the front side of the wharf, I will take the back, for alone will I go on my journey.'

On he strode, while I gave my bag a swing over my shoulder and followed after, with the multitude that were moving the same way. For some time the tall form of the Fifer could easily be distinguished above the crowd of the thronged street, till blended in the distance with others, when it was lost to my sight.

Methinks, I hear the reader ask, 'what were your feelings and sensations now, compared with those when last passing this thoroughfare on your Quixotic cruising?' If asked in banter, (by that half ironical smile I know not your meaning,) I have no reply for you; but if in earnest, I will answer it by asking another.

Did your neighbour never possess a smooth-coated dog of the most diminutive kind, who is ever forward in showing his pugnacious qualities, by so doing to make up for its littleness—darting out with his noisy bow-wow, upon every passing one of the canine breed, strutting before them, daring a fight—now crossing and recrossing the path of the mastiff, without being noticed—taking a step backwards, and then prancing up to the rear of this intruder upon his domains, with the threatenings of annihilation, but whose only danger is, that his overstrained bombastic pride, pomposity of demeanor, and pent up self-esteem, may explode, bringing destruction to himself alone; when, he is suddenly brought down from this high notion of his prowess, by being unexpectedly attacked,

worried, rolled, and walloped in the muddy water of the kennel—to appear in all the slink and backwardness of his nature, taking a kick as he had before his surfeit of meat, not because he wants it but cannot refuse? The contrast of your neighbour's poodle is but faint, compared to the feelings of the writer at the beginning and end of his cruise.

Notwithstanding the humility this disastrous expedition brought upon the author, it gave him a greater insight into human nature, than would a tour through the continent of Europe, of a dozen years in length; and these eight months roughing hardships sent the boy farther into manhood, than the like number of years would have done in the sober routine of still life. But, so far from this humiliation following him through life, the writer hails the time of his imprisonment as the proudest period of his existence, the greatest epoch upon which his mind can dwell, in the not altogether unchequered career he has encountered. With indescribable glowing feelings does he look back to the time passed in those prisons; for to the sober reflections, which were unavoidably forced upon him by the circumstances of his situation, does he owe his subsequent prosperity, more than to any information since gained.

It is difficult to say what will or will not be one's future leading propensity, yet as the author has but seldom dealt in predictions, he hopes therefore he may the more readily be pardoned, in venturing to say, that the Scotchman will as soon again charter his vessel to transport American seamen from the place of their imprisonment, to their native country, as the writer will again venture himself on ship-board, for the romantic notion of becoming a sailor.

CHAP. XVII.

CONCLUSION.

How few of the many that were confined within the walls of the prisons at Dartmoor can now be found among the living, to what eventful ends must a portion of them have come, and how little is known of their careers, so precarious is the life of those 'who go down to the deep in ships, that do business in great waters.' Probably, not one in twenty can be traced out, (and the number may still be less,) who yet remain to tell the tale of their hardships, to recount the days of their sufferings, and remember the measure of that agonizing misery and woe, through which they passed whilst incarcerated within the enclosure of those dismal walls.

With but a single exception, I have not met with any, who were confined therein, for more than twenty years, till since the commencement of this narrative, although I have been a constant resident of one or the other of our largest commercial cities during the whole period. Lately, however, I unexpectedly fell in with three, who have long been my neighbours, without the one knowing that either of the others had ever been prisoners during the last war.

Of my messmates in prison No. 5, I have never seen but one, nor heard of only another, since last we parted, when I unfortunately failed of getting out with them, and missed the opportunity of crossing the Atlantic in company together. Probably they have all passed—

'To that country from whose bourne no traveller returns,'

as some were verging towards, whilst others were even beyond the middle age of man, on whom the grasping hand of care had been heavily laid.

I met with the Doctor about five weeks after my return,

who, as second officer of a brig, was going on a voyage to Havre and return. He was desirous that I should go in the same vessel with him, and made use of strong arguments to overcome my determination, of not again trying the vicissitudes of a sea-faring life ;—saying, I had seen but the roughest side, in my short tour, where all was anarchy and confusion, or that I had been under the sway and tyranny of those who possessed but little sympathy of feeling to ameliorate the duty, less judgment to discriminate between wilful neglect and inability to perform, with no justice to award where meritorious actions were performed, and whose word, by the nature of the service they were engaged in, was law, whose nod was condemnation to punishment. ‘But,’ said he, ‘with officers and a crew, whose interests are blended to the mutual welfare of each other, you will find things quite different, and I do not yet despair of making a sailor of you.’

I still felt an unwillingness to yield to his wishes, till I had sought for employment and failed of obtaining it—saying if I could see no encouragement during the day, the next I would repair on board with him and try my luck a second time. I felt no little diffidence, in applying for employment ; for not only was my hand out, but I yet wanted many months of being out of my teens, a bad passport for *boys* wanting places, or *men* wanting work, in the scrutinizing eyes of the master employers of those ever-cautious citizens of the Bay State capital.

To the father of one of the most gifted writers of the day, am I indebted for my safety ; for with him hung the poise, which was to preponderate for weal or for woe. Had he but given a crabbed answer to this, my first application for employment, or had he entered into a close inquiry as to my capacity or former employment, or an inquisitorial catechism of my late doings—‘where from ? from sea ! you won’t do—here’s not the place for sailors to get work, you must look elsewhere,’ it would have disheartened me from seeking farther, and I should have turned

to the Doctor, who was at my side, and said, 'I am yours—do with me as you like.' But the answer of this kind-hearted individual was altogether the reverse;—'yes,' said he, 'take hold at once, and the larger your bill on Saturday night, the better pleased shall I be with your services.'

Among the good deeds, which are recorded to this man's doings, and whose long life of benevolence has ever been proverbial and highly esteemed, he knew not of this, when it took place, nor since; but, I trust his reward will not be the less, for an act of unconscious benevolence to one of crushed spirits, who had not yet arisen from those storms of adversity, by which he had so lately been beset.

It was the answer I received to my inquiry for employment, that saved me from a career, which subsequent events proved must have been short. The brig which the Doctor was so solicitous for me to join, at her return voyage from France in the midst of winter, was wrecked near the shore, and all on board perished except three. The Doctor had twice reached the beach, each time landing a passenger, when, at the third trial, with another who was saved, the boat was capsized in the surf, and he, with the remainder of those in the brig, found his end amid the roaring billows of the deep.

This individual is past being benefited by any panegyric of mine, but in saying he was more than a brother to me—had watched over me with more than parental care and solicitude, at times when I needed the aid of both parent and brother, can do his name no harm; and I most deeply regret he is not here, that I could reciprocate, if only in words, what is due him, for his many kindly acts to lighten the burthen and ameliorate the distresses of one, whose mind and body alike were heavily laden with woe and debility.

Black Tom, the singer of our mess, whose voice so oft blithly cheered the drooping spirits around the table,

whose strains were ever tuned to more soothing melody, than the sombre looks depicted upon his care-worn countenance indicated, or the singular turn displayed by the unusual taciturn habits his confinement had forced upon him, manifested to a stranger unacquainted with his eccentricities, has long since paid the debt of nature, far, far from both his relatives and his home. He too found his end in the bosom of the deep—his dying couch the vortex of the whirling waters, his death dirge the moaning surges of the Indian ocean, his requiem the fierce whistlings of the hurricane's terrific blast, and his winding sheet the seaweed of the fathomless abyss.

Before parting with the Fifer, I took his address, intending to correspond, with a promise from him, that I should be duly informed of his reception at his native village, in the out-landish garb in which he left the vessel; but, I grieve to say, my neglect soon gave place to carelessness, which in turn grew into indifference, till shame prohibited me from ever writing. This is the more to be regretted, as, though of little polish, there are few I have met with through life of better material, displaying more true-hearted friendship, and openness of nature, than this unsophisticated son of Berkshire.

Since last we parted at our landing from the cartel, I have neither heard nor seen aught of him or his doings. Yet, methinks, in my musing moods, I can still see his erect person towering above the heads of the close and tattered crowd, that are pressing their way up the lengthy wharf, which reaches to the cross-streets of the city, when each takes the course that leads whithersoever he may find shelter, or meet with those upon whom he has claims either by consanguinity or friendship, whilst the Fifer keeps steadily on, neither turning nor looking to the right or left, nor stops till he gains his own native village. And at times fancy tells me he is seated at the porch of the village inn, narrating by-gone events, which freshen at each recital by the encouraging solicitude he

receives from the surrounding crowd of anxious listeners, to continue without ceasing. Now the scene changes to the shade of his own porch, wherein he sits in the cool of the evening, amid the well-trained honey-suckle, winding creepers and flowering plants, whose balmy fragrance scents the air, and whose tendrils have been nurtured by hands of tender care and beautifying taste;—hear him striving to impress upon the minds of the younger lads the difference of a shore life, full of gentle ease and tranquil comforts, compared to that of sea service, where is naught but toil, danger, hardships, and stormy commotion; whilst those sweet budding ones of ‘meek blue eye and flaxen hair,’ tell stronger than words can speak, the relation they bear to her of matronly mien, whose glistening tear-drop, care-denoting look, and deep anxiety to drink in every word, clearly evince the interest she feels in this oft-told tale, yet never-tiring subject.

His every fear had been, that ‘Little Filly,’ by not hearing of him, would suppose him dead, and accept the proffered hand of another. ‘For,’ said he, ‘she can have the pick and choosing of the whole country, and it’s natural for such to take up with another, when the one is supposed to be forever gone,’ and his suffused eyes told the sincerity of his words and depth of his anxiety. No one, but such as were immediately interested, would entertain a doubt of her constancy, after seeing the letter she wrote him, which he still kept with tender and reverential care, and the only article that he brought with him from his home. His cruisions must have furnished gossip for his native villagers to dwell upon for years afterwards, by the peculiar earnestness of his manner, in detailing his unheard-of hardships and marvellous escapes whilst in the hands of the ‘British, who forcibly deprived him of his fife.’

From Little Nap’s great solicitude, and ever constant yearnings to see his kindred and friends at his native village, I felt desirous of knowing, whether any yet re-

mained to welcome this lost wayfarer to his home; or whether any were still living, upon whom he could have claims by consanguinity, after his involuntary wanderings upon life's stormy ocean, for nearly a fourth of a century; but before an opportunity offered to have my curiosity gratified, I left that section of the Union, and have since sojourned elsewhere. When occasionally passing through the state, want of time has prevented the possibility of an inquiry. In all human probability, his wishes and longings are indifferent to those of whom he so often spoke, with a fervour and eloquence, far above the station in which circumstances or the fates had so cruelly placed him. He must, ere this, be past the annoyance of that agonizing suspense, of not knowing where were those parents, those brothers, those sisters and friends, to whom he turned with all the heart-gushing feelings of his boyhood days. He possessed less coarseness, and more of that innate evidence of early good breeding, than any I have met with, who have ever been separated from good society, and for a brief spell thrown to associate among those of a low station.

When reaching the residence of the relation with whom I had left my trunk, previous to my going to sea, I found the contents as I had left them;—the 'ten dollar note,' had arisen, from being at a discount of twenty per cent. to par value.

The next day, I took my departure for the home of my birth, which I reached on the following, late in the afternoon, of one of the most beautiful in August. The vehicle in which I had taken passage, at the solicitation of a resident in the neighbourhood, left me a mile or more to walk. In this I was accompanied by none, and in the end, was more than glad to be alone; for I could loiter unmolested by scenes of by-gone days, and reflect upon what had transpired since last I saw them, without having the train of my musings disturbed. Here were landmarks and views in every direction, now familiar by me-

mory, and doubly dear by the length of time I had been estranged from them.

In yonder small irregular mounds, now flattened by time to nearly the surrounding sward, and scattered in the pine grove, to the right of which I am passing, whose trees have grown to the largest size, since the ground was used as a place of sepulchre, instead of that consecrated enclosure at a greater distance, where the mourning procession was in danger of being way-laid by the wily savage, lurking in every thicket by the road-side, can I recall to mind the nursery tales of Indian warfare and massacre, related around the blazing hearth in winter nights, by some querulous matron in her dotage, as occurring during her remembrance; while the circle of listening urchins, with breathless fear, would hug the fireside corner to be farthest from the door, should the dreaded savage again make his appearance;—the narrator gaining earnestness and zeal as our fears increased, till bed time alone gave end to the one, and sleep ease to the other. How oft, when belated at bird-nesting, fishing, or hunting, have we avoided this now beautiful grove, by a circuit of a mile around it, rather than risk the sight of some ghostly warrior savage, or hear the groans of the restless dead here buried.

To the right is the meadow, where was expended the half year's earnings, in powder and shot, by worrying and, sometimes by chance, bringing down a blackbird, which was an earnest of our improvement, and a sufficient encouragement to earn more, against the return of the season for gunning.

Farther beyond, is the woodland, in which our snares were set, that bounteously repaid our week's early rising and frosty mornings' walk, with a rabbit or a partridge, whose aristocratic freedom scorned to turn aside from the path that led to its destruction.

And here, too, is the stream I knew in my boyhood, as hush, as smooth, and as calm, as though Nature had

made it never to be ruffled. Its very smell I should have known, if brought blinded and ignorant to its crossing. In its crystal waters and purling ripples, did we first learn to buoy ourselves upon its surface, feeling a lofty daring when enabled to venture beyond our depth. By its side, were we more than proud to be permitted to make our first essay at angling, with a pin hook and line from a spool of thread, under the protection of our privileged elders, whose age and height we were hoping some time to equal, if for nothing else than to have a 'boughten hook and line.' And the winter? * * * * *! How vividly do those times return to the imagination, when so exciting was the play upon its frozen surface, that none felt the cold, till admonished by numbness, that the frost had taken actual hold of some exposed part.

There still stands the rock, in stately indifference, on which some one for the time, more daring than his comrades, would take his empire stand, and defy the universe to dislodge him from his throne. Now came the fierce and deadly struggle, to see who shall have mastery, assert his right, and make good his claim by his single prowess—only to be toppled off by the rush of united numbers, and make room for another to follow and fare the same; and so on, till fatigue proved the victor of all. How like the thrones of the world.

Away to the right is the hill where was proved the best constructed sleds, all other excellencies giving way to fleetness. The orchard upon the rising to the left can tell of many a dark deed, whilst the family were at their devotional services at church, or safely locked the sounder in the arms of sleep, by the past day's laborious task, which yeomanry are ever heirs to.

Nothing escaped my eager sight, and to see was to devour. Hills, woods, rocks, streams, and by-paths, all alike were interesting, for they brought to mind associations none can describe. And, although the past seemed but a fleeting dream, this was no tell-tale delusion, that

held the cup of delicious sweets to the lip, while it carried the corroding canker to the heart. These, one and all, these, from the least to the greatest, told with unerring truth, that I was among the scenes of my boyhood, and in the neighbourhood of my birth-place.

I gained the front door, found it fast, indicative that the house was tenantless, probably by the inmates being at a tea-drinking in the neighbourhood. The secret fastenings in the rear, were not obliterated from my memory, although I had had no occasion for their use for years that had gone by. By them I soon gained an entrance, and stood alone in the house of my father—under the roof which first gave me shelter. In silence I gazed in reality upon objects I was but lately viewing in imagination, now as familiar as though I had not been a day absent, with almost a fear to turn, lest the motion might dispel the reality, and I relapse into my former dreamings.

There lies in the genial warmth of the sun's slanting rays, snugly rolled in the centre of the bed-spread, the tortoise-shell cat, or its counterpart, that once I was overproud to call mine, which now lazily stretches a good natured salutation to my caress, and tunes her purring welcome to my safe return, as oft before, when naught vexed save crosses at play. Here stands chairs, tables, books, shelves, all as I used to see them before leaving this home, to enter upon the rough passage of life's troubled and changeable thoroughfare. There hangs the portrait of a much loved brother, whose calm and eloquent eyes denote a recognition; but that silent coldness, instead of a rapturous, fraternal greeting, is emblematical the reality has passed to another world, during my absence, as well as bringing to mind, that death has been busy with other members of the family, unknown to me till my return.

There too is the cupboard, whose shelves are loaded with the many dainties to which I long have been a stranger—cream-covered milk, cheese for the autumn

market—butter, bread, pies, such as I have viewed in imagination, both asleep and awake, wondering if such things were—thinking whether in sober reasoning I had ever free access to them or their like, and ceased eating whilst any remained, when, I would have stood ready to dispute for the very offal of those shelves, as it was cast into the tub for the feeding of swine;—but now, that they were spread before me in reality, as luscious and inviting as when seen in my imaginative dreams, I could not taste—were my life depending upon the least swallow, it would have been out of my power to have saved it.

I passed through every room, examined minutely every object and mark, as though the penalty of neglecting a close scrutiny, would be a return to those dreary prisons which have given material for these pages. And what scenes have I passed through since last I saw these objects which knew me in my childhood? Verily, the chastenings have been severe, but, nevertheless, to the purpose. Over my lone half hour's reflections we must draw a veil, and leave them in silence.

THE END.

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